THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

GUST 1935

10

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Gabrielle De Lys

REE WOMEN AND Max Rabb THE ADVENTURES THAT LED HIM TO A PLACE IN THE RADIO SUNL

NEW! Irresistible ROUGE

GIVES YOU A VITAL, GLAMOROUS LURE THAT'S IRRESISTIBLE

This gorgeous, new kind of dry rouge actually stays on all day and gives you a vital, glamorous lure that's irresistible. Because of its superfine texture and special quality, IRRESISTIBLE ROUGE blends perfectly with your skin... defies detection... and looks like the natural bloom of radiant, sparkling youth.

And such ravishing colors... utterly life-like... utterly thrilling! Four shades, created after months of experiment on living models. Choose your individual shade... see how it instantly glorifies your cheeks and sets off the beauty of your eyes. See how its rich, fascinating color clings *indelibly* and lasts until you choose to remove it with Irresistible Cold Cream.

For perfect make-up, match your lipstick to your rouge. Irresistible Lip Lure is made in the same four exciting shades. Try this new, different, cream-base lipstick. Notice how it melts deep into your lips... leaving no paste or film... just soft, warm, red, ripe, *indelible* color glowing from *beneath the surface.*

To have natural lasting beauty, use all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature that gives you divine, new loveliness. Certified pure. Laboratory tested and approved. Only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

ONLY 10¢ EACH AT YOUR 5 AND 10¢ STORE

ASK FOR **Irresistible**

PERFUME AND BEAUTY AIDS
FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, ROUGE, LIP LURE, FACE POWDER, LIQUEFYING, COLD CREAM, COLOGNE, BRILLIANTINE, T.C

"BARBAROUS!" *Says* GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BEAUTY EDITOR

"INTELLIGENT!" *Says* YOUR OWN DENTIST

IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"IT'S worse than a blunder, it's a social crime," exclaimed the Director of the new Good Housekeeping Beauty Clinic. "That girl," she went on, "is headed for social suicide."

But dentists looked at it differently.

"An excellent picture," was their general comment. "It's a graphic illustration of a point we dentists are always seeking to drive home. If all of us gave our teeth and gums more exercise on coarse, raw foods, many of our dental ills would disappear."

Time and again dental science has crusaded against our modern menus. Coarse foods are banned from our tables for the soft and savory dishes that rob our gums of work and health. Gums grow lazy...sensitive...tender! It's no wonder that "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"!

For unheeded, neglected—"pink tooth brush" may mean serious trouble—even gingivitis, pyorrhea or Vincent's disease.

Follow your dentist's advice. Brush your teeth regularly with Ipana Tooth Paste. Then, each time, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. For Ipana and massage help restore your gums to healthy firmness. Do this regularly and the chances are you'll never be bothered with "pink tooth brush."

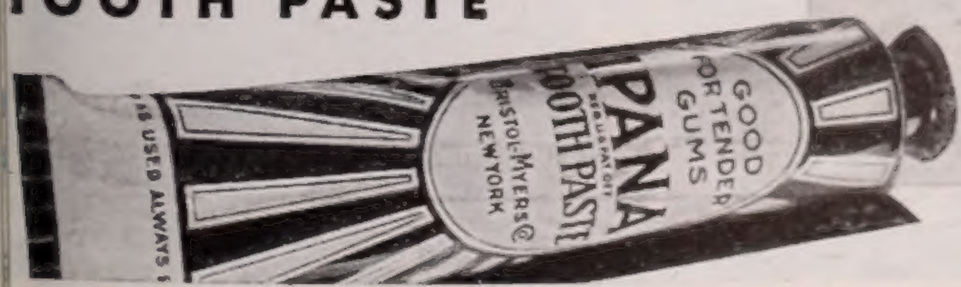
WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Use the coupon below, if you like. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy a full-size tube of Ipana and get a full month of scientific dental care and a quick start toward firmer gums and brighter teeth.

• • •

IPANA and Massage mean Sparkling Teeth and Healthy Gums

IPANA TOOTH PASTE



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-85
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

RADIO STARS

CURTIS MITCHELL, EDITOR

ABRIL LAMARQUE, ART EDITOR

Features

Stars and Their Stories

Thursday Night Miracles (Rudy Vallee)..... George Kent 16

Love and a Dime (Little Jack Little)... Mary Watkins Reeves 26

The Truth About Babs and Her 'Brothers' (Babs Ryan) Ethel M. Pomeroy 32

Three Women and Max Baer (Max Baer)..... Helen Hover 38

Let's Not Fall in Love (Xavier Cugat)... Mary Watkins Reeves 40

Special Features

Hearing is Believing (Sound Effects)..... John Skinner 8

Just for Fun (The Amateur Hour)..... Anthony Candy 14

Men Like Mystery (Fiction)..... 28

Radio's Merry-Go-Round (Special Extra!)..... 34

Scrambled Stars Contest..... 44

Radio Stars Junior—(Children's Section)

Programs for Children..... 45

Three on a Whaler (Story)..... 46

Junior Journal..... 48

The Club Room..... 49

Departments

The Listeners' League..... 6

Board of Review..... 10

Keep Young and Beautiful.... 12

For Distinguished Service to Radio 19

Album 20

I Cover the Studios..... 30

Peek-a-booing in Broadcastland..... 42

Radio Stars' Cooking School.. 50

Programs Day by Day..... 52

Here are the Answers..... 90

Cover by Earl Christy

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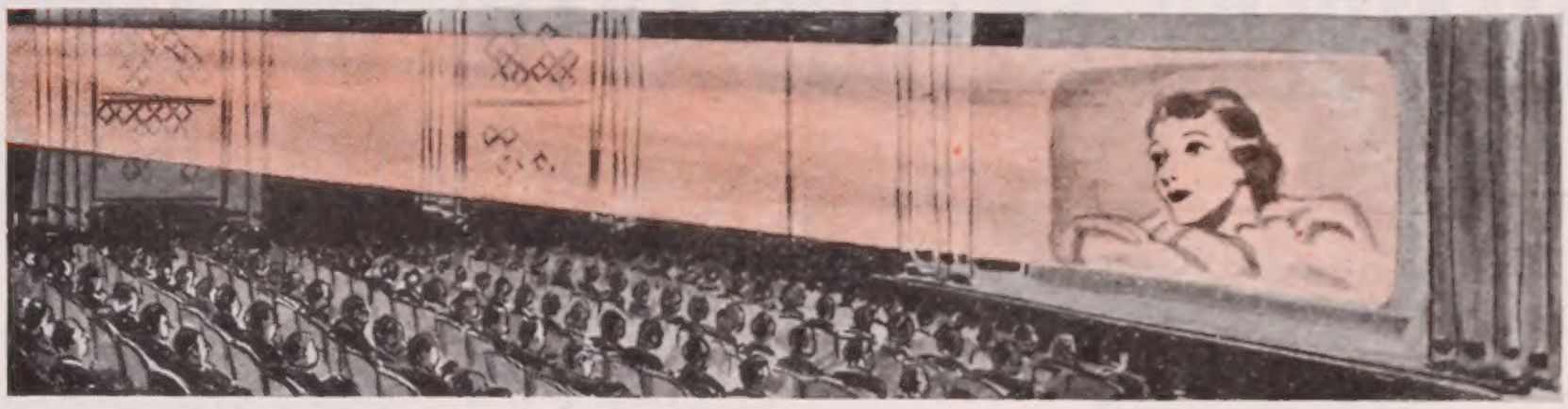
Discovered

IN A HOLLYWOOD PROJECTION ROOM!



The hush in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer projection room turned to a muffled whisper...the whisper rose to an audible hum... and in less than five minutes everybody in the room knew that a great new star had been born—LUISE RAINER—making her first American appearance in "Escapade", WILLIAM POWELL'S great new starring hit! It was a historic day for Hollywood, reminiscent of the first appearance of Garbo — another of those rare occasions when a great motion picture catapults a player to stardom.

Together, A GREAT STAR and a NEW STAR

William Powell adds another suave characterization to his long list of successes...and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer swells the longest list of stars in filmdom with another brilliant name —Luise Rainer!

WILLIAM POWELL *in*

Escapade

with

LUISE RAINER

FRANK MORGAN
VIRGINIA BRUCE
REGINALD OWEN
MADY CHRISTIANS

A Robert Z. Leonard Production
Produced by Bernard H. Hyman
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Aristocrat, sophisticate, innocent—one wanted romance, the other wanted excitement—but one wanted his heart —and won it!...Sparkling romance of an artist who dabbled with love as he dabbled with paints...and of a girl who hid behind a mask—but could not hide her heart from the man she loved!

RADIO STARS

Fan News for New Fans

THE LISTENERS' LEAGUE Gazette

HOME EDITION

Dedicated to the task of bringing artists and listeners togethe

Vol. 1, No. 3 NEW YORK, NEW YORK August, 19

MEMBERS ENTHUSIASTIC ON LISTENERS' LEAGU

THE LISTENERS' LEAGUE *of* AMERICA

This is to certify that

Is a member in good standing of THE LISTENERS' LEAGUE *of* AMERICA and is hereby granted all privileges of this organization

Conducted by
RADIO STARS MAGAZINE

Chapter _____ *Club* _____

Here is a picture of the League Membership Certificate.

MARCONI MEMBERS MAY JOIN CHAPTERS

Many applicants for membership in the Marconi chapter have asked if they might be informed of regular chapters within their locality and if they would be permitted to affiliate with such chapters.

The League approves this desire, if the chapters concerned wish to accept the applicant.

In other words, a Bing Crosby fan in Pittsburgh may like to be a member of a regular Crosby chapter, yet be unable (*Continued on Pg. 85, Col. I*)

THE LEAGUE IS YOUR CLEARING HOUSE FOR MAIL

The League maintains, for the service of its members, a clearing house for mail between fans and artists and between members. Address mail to artists by their name, in care of the Listeners' League of America, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City. It will be sent direct (*Continued on Pg. 85, Col. I*)

THE HONOR ROLL

These men and women, from coast to coast, were the first to affiliate with The Listeners' League of America. Their applications have been accepted and they are now actively at work in behalf of various artists.

This list of names represents those received and acted upon at the League headquarters up to and including May 20th. Members joining after that date will be announced in next month's issue of the Gazette.

The Honor Roll follows:

LANNY ROSS

Chapter 1

Miss K. Murray, 1045 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Helen V. Sullivan, 953 E. 8th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss M. Gray, 5 Kay Court, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Veronica E. Reading, 66 Quentin Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss E. MacDonough, 1515 E. 57th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss H. MacDonald, 1809 Beverly Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss C. Fitzgerald, 1809 Bev-
(*Continued on Pg. 85, Col. II*)

FROM COAST TO COAST COME APPLICATIONS

The enthusiasm with which radio listeners are receiving the Listeners' League of America gives the final assurance that the League is destined for success.

From coast to coast have come applications for membership. Many writers sent with their applications letters that spoke high praise of the League and its purpose. The editors of the Gazette are pleased to pass along some of these comments:

From Leo O. Niclon of West Thornton, New Hampshire, a **Rudy Vallee** booster: "When something which is for the good both of the public and the artist is to be found look for RADIO STARS and it will be at your service. I wish to show my appreciation for this new idea, so I am enclosing an application for membership in your new League. When something good in entertainment is to be had tune in on **Rudy Vallee.**"

Lanny Ross' fans lead all the rest.

From Miss Isabel Gouthro, North Sydney, Nova Scotia, a **Paul Whiteman** enthusiast: "Enclosed you will find my application for membership in The Listeners' League of America in support of Paul Whiteman. I know I am going to enjoy being a member and hearing about Paul. Congratulations

LETTERS PRAISE LEAGUE

to RADIO STARS magazi
Personally, I think it is t
best little magazine on t
market and here are lots
good wishes for its conti
ance."

Marjorie Hecklinger
Outremont, Que., Can., wri
to wish
League t
greatest s
cess. She
a **Fran**
Parker fan

Chaw Mank, of Staunton, Ill., heads Dick Powell fans.

Chaw Ma
of Staunt
Illinois,
tive presid
and secret
of 1000 D
Powell fa
tells us: "J
read of y
League
shake! I
more power to ya. Our D
Powell is nearly 1000 stro
We are not two years old
til July. We boost c
'Powell.' I have met D
personally. Just a word to
fans—Dick values them a
is so proud of his club a
rooters."

Miss Martha Ezell of E
ley, Alabama, president
the Alabama branch of **Ha**
Richman clubs, writes:
think this is a great id
I'm president of the Ha
Richman club here. H
over 100 members. I'm s
that our honorary presid
would like this."

Adela Dusck of 3259 W
52nd Street, Cleveland, Ol
is the president of a v
active **Gene and Glenn**
(*Continued on Pg. 85, Col.*

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

LISTENERS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA,
149 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Individual Application for Membership

I, the undersigned, apply for membership in the Listeners' League of America in support of ..... (insert name of artist whom you are backing).

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

APPLICATION FOR CHARTER

LISTENERS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA,
149 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

I, the undersigned, as president of the ..... chapter (insert name of artist for whom Chapter is being formed), enclose ten or more individual membership coupons and apply for a Charter from the Listeners' League of America. When this application has been acted upon, it is understood that each of these members will receive membership cards and the Chapter will receive its Charter signed by ..... (insert name of artist for whom Chapter is formed).

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

You'll hear one of the greatest shows ever put on the air . . . and you'll learn how easily you can get one of these marvelous new Show Boat song books!

WHAT a grand and glorious show Captain Henry has arranged for you this Thursday! One sparkling hour, packed to the last minute with beautiful songs, rollicking fun and thrilling music . . . with the greatest cast of stars in radio!

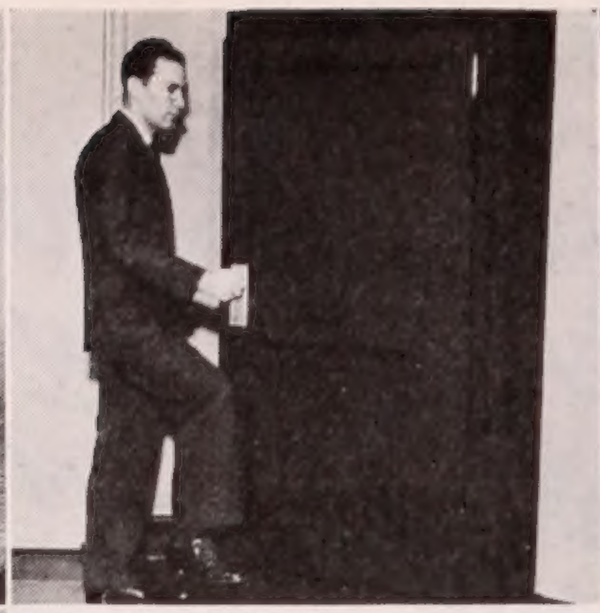
Here they are . . . you'll hear them all! Lanny Ross, Muriel Wilson, Conrad Thibault, Helen Oelheim, The Show Boat Four, Molasses and January, and Gus Haenschen with his famous Show Boat Band!

Don't miss this all-star show! And you'll learn, too, how easily and quickly you can get one of the marvelous new Show Boat Song Books that people everywhere are talking about! A beautiful book . . . 64 pages . . . pictures of all the Show Boat stars . . . 55 of their favorite songs—you'll find that they're your favorite songs, too! . . . and lovely scenes of old-time show boat days along the Mississippi.

So be sure to tune in Captain Henry's Maxwell House Show Boat this Thursday! Coast-to-Coast NBC Network that includes your own favorite station.

TUNE IN THURSDAY NIGHTS . . . OVER NBC NATION-WIDE NETWORK

MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT



Wide World Photos

The brush and disk in the upper left corner achieve rain and surf effects. And above we have the actual sound of a closing door!

Storm gadgets. A metal sheet is vibrated, to produce the sound of thunder. And split peas clatter in a revolving wheel to resemble hail.

Listen now and you will hear train and whistle! A box with a metal top is brushed by wires, to give the exact sound of an approaching train.

The picture at the left shows how the sound of galloping horses is contrived. And that above is the Showboat whistle and anchor chain.

Hearing is Believing

By John Skinner

A simple but a useful gadget! Knocking on a door, talking or screaming in another room are done within this ingenious closet.

One horse and cart coming up! A hollow box is clacked on stone. A box on wheels is pushed by the foot for the wagon sound.

YOU'D NEVER believe it but one of the most important personages around a radio city is the scene painter. If you walk through any broadcaster's halls, you'll see him moving mysteriously about. One look and you can identify him, but not by brushes and paints! No, indeed, the radio scene painter doesn't use that sort of equipment.

He uses gadgets.

He does his painting with sound and his backdrop is the inside of your ear. Whistles, popguns, broken glass, and phonograph records are in his bag of tricks. Without him radio wouldn't be half as convincing. None of the big radio dramas would hit one-half so hard without his nimble mimicry.

Actually the job of the sound-effects man is one of the hardest in radio. In one network department there have been three nervous breakdowns in the last three years! It may be coincidence, but I doubt it.

Let's take a sample script and see how we would survive its responsibilities. Here is one, with these instructions: *Script okay for dialogue on last scene, but sounds have been omitted. Insert effects at proper points for background. Rush!*

Rush, eh? Let's look over the last scene, then. *Hm!* . . . Apparently takes place aboard the Transatlantic liner, *S.S. Moronia.* She's running along in a thick fog in a heavy swell. It is nearly midnight, but Tony Norton and his fiancée, Sylvia Deering, are still up, leaning on the rail and gazing dreamily out into the well of mist that enshrouds the ship. They are unaware of the two dangers which threaten—first, the jealousy of Sylvia's other suitor, Hal Bromley, spoiled son of the rich, and second, the (*Continued on page* 67)

Goofy gadgets for sound effects

Tintex

Brings Color Magic to Your Summer Wardrobe

Tintex—brings Color Magic to Afternoon Frocks, Evening Dresses, Evening Wraps, and Scarfs

Tintex—brings Color Magic to Sportswear, Sweaters, Sports Scarfs and Handkerchiefs

Faded Fabrics Become Gaily New With These Easy Tints and Dyes

Tintex—brings Color Magic to Summer Curtains and Drapes—Slip Covers and all Home Decorations

Tintex—brings Color Magic to Underthings and Lingerie—Lace-trimmed Negligees—Stockings

SUMMER sun and frequent launderings will fade the beautiful colors in your apparel . . . and in your home decorations, too. But never mind. Just do as millions of other smart women . . . use Tintex! In a jiffy . . . and without miss or fuss . . . these famous Tints and Dyes will restore the original color, or give a new color if you wish, to every washable fabric.

There's color-magic and economy in every package of Tintex. And *perfect* results, too! That's why women who know always *insist* on Tintex. 38 brilliant long-lasting colors from which to choose.

Avoid Substitutes . . .
Tintex quality never varies! Perfect results every time. That's why millions of women
INSIST ON TINTEX

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World's Largest Selling

TINTS AND DYES

AT ALL DRUG STORES, NOTION AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

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Lecta Rider
Houston Chronicle, Houston, Texas

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Pittsburgh Press, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Leo Miller
Bridgeport Herald, Bridgeport, Conn.
Charlotte Geer
Newark Evening News, Newark, N. J.
Richard G. Moffett
Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville, Fla.
James Sullivan
Louisville Times, Louisville, Ky.

R. B. Westergaard
Register & Tribune, Des Moines, Ia.
C. L. Kern
Indianapolis Star, Indianapolis, Ind.
Larry Wolters
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.
James E. Chinn
Evening and Sunday Star, Washington, D. C.
H. Dean Fitzer
Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo.

Vivian M. Gardner
Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.
Joe Haeffner
Buffalo Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y
Andrew G. Foppe
Cincinnati Enquirer, Cincinnati, O
Oscar H. Fernbach
San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.
Jack Barnes
Union-Tribune, San Diego, Cal.

★★★★ MAJOR BOWES AMATEUR HOUR (NBC).

★★★★ FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE AND GUESTS (NBC).

★★★★ RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL CONCERT WITH ERNO RAPEE (NBC).

★★★★ GULF HEADLINERS WITH WILL ROGERS (CBS).

★★★★ STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS WITH RICHARD HIMBER'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★★ A & P GYPSIES WITH HARRY HORLICK'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★★ PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE WITH FRANCIA WHITE, JOHN BARCLAY AND AL GOODMAN'S ORCHESTRA.

★★★★ CAPTAIN HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC).

★★★★ PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC).

★★★★ ONE MAN'S FAMILY, DRAMATIC PROGRAM (NBC).

★★★★ JACK BENNY (NBC).

★★★★ CITIES SERVICE WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC).

★★★★ HOUR OF CHARM WITH PHIL SPITALNY AND HIS ALL-GIRL ENSEMBLE (CBS).

★★★★ MUSIC AT THE HAYDNS'.

★★★★ VOICE OF FIRESTONE FEATURING RICHARD CROOKS.

★★★★ COTY PRESENTS RAY NOBLE AND HIS DANCE ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★★ THE SHELL CHATEAU STARRING AL JOLSON; GUEST STARS (NBC).

★★★★ LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS THE HIT PARADE WITH LENNIE HAYTON (NBC).

★★★ COLONEL STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD (CBS).

★★★ WALTZ TIME WITH FRANK MUNN, BERNICE CLAIRE AND ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★ WOODBURY PRESENTS BING CROSBY (CBS).

★★★ HOUSE OF GLASS (NBC).

★★★ PENTHOUSE PARTY WITH BABS AND HER BROTHERS AND HAL KEMP'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★ HOLLYWOOD HOTEL WITH DICK POWELL (CBS).

★★★ LAVENDER AND OLD LACE WITH FRANK MUNN, BERNICE CLAIRE AND GUS HAENSCHEN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).

THE TOPS

The following programs were ranked as leaders by members of our Board of Review for this month. All other programs are grouped in four, three and two star rank.

1. ★★★★Lux Radio Theatre (NBC).
2. ★★★★Jack Benny (NBC).
3. ★★★★Ford · Sunday Evening Hour (CBS).
4. ★★★★Town Hall Tonight (NBC).
5. ★★★★Ford Program with Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians (CBS).
   March of Time (NBC).

★★★★★ **Excellent**
★★★★ **Good**
★★★ **Fair**
★★ **Poor**
★ **Not Recommended**

★★★ PLEASURE ISLAND WITH GUY LOMBARDO.

★★★ RHYTHM AT EIGHT WITH ETHEL MERMAN AND TED HUSING (CBS).

★★★ BOND BREAD SHOW WITH FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (CBS).

★★★ LADY ESTHER PROGRAM WITH WAYNE KING AND ORCHESTRA (CBS).

★★★ KATE SMITH'S NEW HUDSON SERIES (CBS).

★★★ MELODIANA WITH ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA, VIVIENNE SEGAL AND OLIVER SMITH (CBS).

★★★ EVERETT MARSHALL'S BROADWAY VARIETIES WITH ELIZABETH LENNOX AND VICTOR ARDEN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).

★★★ THE FITCH PROGRAM WITH WENDELL HALL (NBC).

★★★ MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND WITH RACHEL DE CARLAY, ANDY SANNELLA AND ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★ SILKEN STRINGS WITH COUNTESS ALBANI AND CHARLES PREVIN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★ CONTENTED PROGRAM WITH GENE ARNOLD, THE LULLABY LADY, MORGAN EASTMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★ TODAY'S CHILDREN (NBC).

★★★ LOWELL THOMAS (NBC).

★★★ SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).

★★★ PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA AND PHIL DUEY (NBC).

★★★ VIC AND SADE (NBC).

★★★ IRENE RICH FOR WELCH, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).

★★★ THE ARMOUR PROGRAM WITH PHIL BAKER (NBC).

★★★ HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD WITH TONY WONS (NBC).

★★★ THE JERGENS PROGRAM WITH WALTER WINCHELL (NBC).

★★★ ROSES AND DRUMS, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).

★★★ NATIONAL AMATEUR NIGHT, WITH RAY PERKINS (CBS).

★★★ BOAKE CARTER (CBS).

★★★ EDWIN C. HILL (CBS).

★★★ EX-LAX PROGRAM WITH LUD GLUSKIN AND BLOCK AND SULLY (CBS).

★★★ THE ROXY REVUE WITH "ROXY" AND HIS GANG (CBS).

★★★ ENO CRIME CLUES (NBC).

★★★ CLIMALENE CARNIVAL (NBC).

★★★ RCA RADIOTRON COMPANY'S "RADIO CITY PARTY" (NBC).

★★★ ONE NIGHT STAND WITH PICK AND PAT (NBC).

★★★ GRAND HOTEL WITH ANNE SEYMOUR AND DON AMECHE (NBC).

★★★ BEN BERNIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★ ED WYNN, THE FIRE CHIEF (NBC).

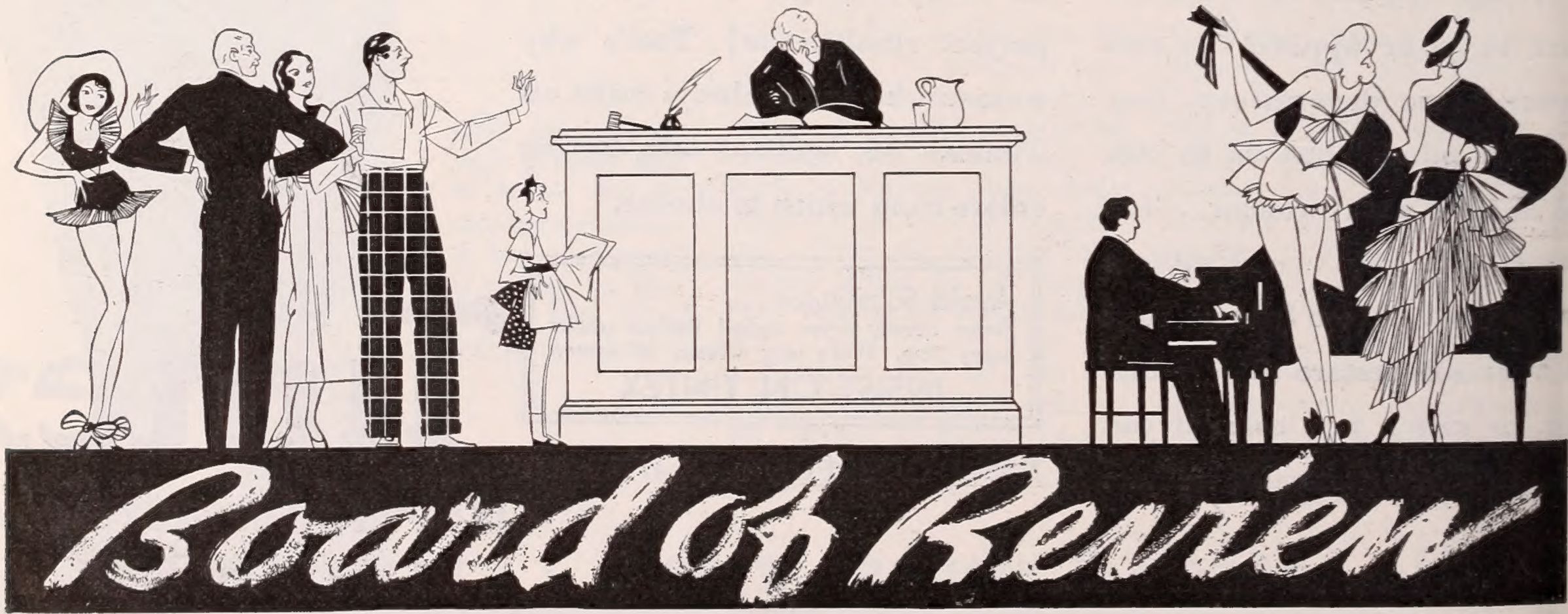
★★★ NATIONAL BARN DANCE (NBC).

★★★ THE GIBSON FAMILY (NBC).

★★★ THE CAMEL CARAVAN WITH WALTER O'KEEFE, ANNETTE HANSHAW, GLEN GRAY'S CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA AND TED HUSING (CBS).

★★★ MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC).

★★★ PENTHOUSE SERENADE—DON MARIO, TENOR (NBC).



★★★ HARRY RESER AND HIS SPEARMINT CREW WITH RAY HEATHERTON AND PEG LA CENTRA (NBC).

★★★ THE IVORY STAMP CLUB WITH TIM HEALY (NBC).

★★★ CAREFREE CARNIVAL (NBC).

★★★ CAMPANA'S FIRST NIGHTER WITH JANE MEREDITH AND DON AMECHE (NBC).

★★★ DICK LEIBERT'S MUSICAL REVUE WITH ROBERT ARMBRUSTER AND MARY COURTLAND (NBC).

★★★ LET'S DANCE—THREE HOUR DANCE PROGRAM (NBC).

★★★ COLUMBIA DRAMATIC GUILD (CBS).

★★★ CARSON ROBINSON AND HIS BUCKAROOS (CBS).

★★★ LAUGH CLINIC WITH DOCTORS PRATT AND SHERMAN (CBS).

★★★ ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT (CBS).

★★★ THE ADVENTURES OF GRACIE WITH BURNS AND ALLEN (CBS).

★★★ THE GUMPS (CBS).
(NBC).

★★★ MARIE THE LITTLE FRENCH PRINCESS (CBS).

★★★ HEART THROBS OF THE HILLS WITH FRANK LUTHER, ETHEL PARK RICHARDSON, NARRATOR (NBC).

★★★ UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION (NBC).

★★★ "DREAMS COME TRUE" WITH BARRY McKINLEY AND RAY SINATRA'S BAND (NBC).

★★★ BEATRICE LILLIE, COMEDIENNE WITH LEE PERRIN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★ KITCHEN PARTY WITH FRANCES LEE BARTON, MARTHA MEARS, AL AND LEE REISER (NBC).

★★★ EASY ACES (NBC).

★★★ DREAM DRAMA, DRAMATIC SKETCH WITH ARTHUR ALLEN AND PARKER FENELLY (NBC).

★★★ FIRESIDE RECITALS: SIGURD NILSSEN, BASSO, HARDESTY JOHNSON, TENOR; AND GRAHAM McNAMEE (NBC).

★★★ STORIES OF THE BLACK CHAMBER—DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).

★★★ THE STORY OF MARY MARLIN, DRAMATIC SKETCH WITH JOAN BLAINE (NBC).

★★★ THE GARDEN OF TOMORROW, FEATURING E. L. D. GAYMOURE, NOTED HORTICULTURIST (CBS).

★★★ CAPTAIN DOBSIE'S SHIP OF JOY (CBS).

★★★ ROADWAYS OF ROMANCE, DRAMATIC SKETCH; JERRY COOPER, ROGER KINNE AND FREDDIE RICH'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).

★★★ MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT—TALKS (CBS).

★★★ FIVE STAR JONES—DRAMATIC SKETCH (CBS).

★★★ CIRCUS NIGHTS IN SILVERTOWN FEATURING JOE COOK WITH B. A. ROLFE'S SILVERTOWN ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★ FRIGIDAIRE PRESENTS JACK PEARL WITH FREDDIE RICH'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).

★★★ FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY (NBC).

★★★ HOME ON THE RANGE—JOHN CHARLES THOMAS AND WM. DALY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★ TONY AND GUS—DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).

★★★ LUCKY SMITH—DRAMATIC SKETCH WITH MAX BAER (NBC).

★★★ EDGAR A. GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY (NBC).

★★★ MEXICAN MUSICAL TOURS—ANGELL MERCADO AND HIS MEXICAN ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★ LAZY DAN, THE MINSTREL MAN (CBS).

★★ SALLY OF THE TALKIES (NBC).

★★ GENE ARNOLD AND THE COMMODORES (NBC).

★★ VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS).

★★ GIGANTIC PICTURES, INC., WITH SAM HEARN, JOHNNY BLUE AND ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★ THE SHADOW—DRAMATIC SKETCH (CBS).

"That's a mean crack. Why don't you be nice and tell Lucy how to get rid of tattle-tale gray?"

"How would I know? I've never kept house. You tell me and I'll tell her."

"All right, listen . . ."

"Lucy's trouble is left-over dirt—her clothes are only half clean. So tell her to change to Fels-Naptha right away. That *grand golden soap* is so *chockful of naptha* that dirt almost flies out. And I mean *ALL OF IT*, too!"

"I'll remember—anything else?"

"Sure! Tell Lucy to wash everything in that gorgeous trousseau of hers with Fels-Naptha Soap. It's gentle as can be to silk undies and stockings. And it's nice to hands, too." © 1935, FELS & CO.

FEW WEEKS LATER . . .

"Look! I told Lucy what you said about Fels-Naptha—and now she won't keep house without it. It's a life-saver!"

"That's why I tell everybody . . .

BANISH TATTLE-TALE GRAY WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

Dorothy Page

Gertrude Niesen

Maxine

KEEP YOUNG AND beautiful

THE eyes of the Radio World or perhaps we should say ears, have been focused on Phil Spitalny on more than one occasion, but never so eagerly as when he presented his "all-girl" orchestra for the first time on the Hour of Charm program. Needless to say, for you probably tune in on the hour every Thursday night, Spitalny's feminist experiment in orchestras was a sensational success. Surely it was most appropriate that this leader of the feminist advance in radio, this maestro of a troupe of thirty talented girls, should be sought out to describe his conception of an ideal "Miss Radio," a woman who in his imaginative mind would be qualified to reign as Queen of Radio.

Phil Spitalny, maestro of the Hour of Charm program, gives his concept of beauty.

By Mary Biddle

Here is his composite selection. The ideal Miss Radio should have the soulful eyes of Zora Layman; the personal beauty of Olga Albani; the figure of Gogo DeLys; Beatrice Lillie's sense of humor; the purity of voice that is Virginia Rae's; the sartorial taste and poise of Kay Thompson; the personality of Bernice Claire; and the diction of the NBC hostess, Eloise Dawson.

The soulful eyes of Zora Layman! It was a wise maestro who made such a choice, for the eyes are the windows of the soul in the highest spiritual sense of the word. They are the windows into which passersby look to see if they like the personality within.

There is music in the eyes. Oftentimes it is the music of love. No, I'm not getting too fanciful or sentimental about this, for love, whether it be in the romantic sense, or love of one's profession, or love of the sheer joy of living, is the most becoming thing that can happen to a woman. It lights up the eyes from the inside. It makes them responsive. It makes them sparkle. It makes them *interesting*. Eyes are most interesting when they look interested. Clever women know that. Flatter a man with your eyes, make your eyes say that you're interested in every important opinion he is expressing, that you're hanging on every word he is saying—and you've chosen the most expressive language in the world.

What is the drawing power of *your* eyes? Are they magnetic and compelling? When people catch your glance, do their faces light responsively? Whether you believe in love at first sight or not, you must admit that there is a certain electric magnetism in the eyes that attracts one person to another on the instant.

If you have eyes that attract, that compel—get interested in something! Eye make-up does wonders, but it can't perform miracles. Eyes that look bored with the world, tired, dull, listless eyes, can't be made interesting until they get interested in something.

When I was interviewing Phil Spitalny, after one of his broadcasts, he made an apt observation about women and their interest in music. "Music is essentially a form of emotional expression. Women are far more emotional than men. Why shouldn't women, then, be better suited

Is there music in your eyes? Here's a new beauty note!

Zora Layman

Gladys Swarthout

Lily Pons

Ray Lee Jackson

to interpreting music than men?"

Why shouldn't they? Look into the eyes of these women in radio that I have had pictured for you. You'll get a better interpretation of what I mean when I talk about "music in the eyes". It is the emotional expression in them. Lily Pons' eyes are sparkling, vivacious, brimming over with animation, as gay as Mendelssohn's "Spring Song"; the dark intense eyes of Gladys Swarthout are warm with sympathetic understanding, the reflection of a rich and lovely personality; Maxine's eyes are as wistful and appealing as the voice which made Phil Spitalny choose her for the Hour of Charm program; Gertrude Niesen's as exotic as the "exotic personality of song" slogan for which she has been known; and Dorothy Page's eyes are emotionally beautiful enough for any "Queen of Radio" (you will remember she was chosen "Miss Radio" by the readers of RADIO STARS in 1934.)

Perhaps you haven't talent as a musician, but you *do* have talent in the art of being an appreciative listener. Either way your eyes will gain in emotional expression.

Round about this time a vacation will do your eyes a world of good. New sights, new people, new surroundings, a new outlook from your window when you awake in the morning—all these things will kindle new lights in your eyes.

Here's another slant on the eyes, before we go into a discussion of eye make-up. Maybe it will be a point to consider when we get into television. The effect of color on the eyes is a fascinating study as well worth the attention of any girl who wishes to be attractive to men. The vibrations of yellow, as recorded by the nerves of the eyes and sent to the brain, are stimulating. Red is likewise stimulating. Remember the old saying, "Red and yellow catch a fellow?" But listen well to this. Soft blues and pinks are the colors most men adore. Soft blue is restful, and its esoteric meaning is "devotion." Wear soft blue when you wish to create a confidential "just you and I" atmosphere. And don't forget that touch of blue eyeshadow on the eyelids to add to the effect.

The little booklet that we are happy to be able to offer you this month (absolutely free) gives you a chart of the eyeshadow shades that go with various types of coloring. If you have brown eyes, you shouldn't use brown eyeshadow exclusively, for example. You may find gray or mauve more becoming. It's fun to

(*Continued on page 69*)

These Frocks by "Carolyn"

Makers of gay smart dresses advise, "Wash them with IVORY FLAKES*"*

Cape frocks . . . jacket ensembles . . . prints — the most exciting new frocks are being designed to take trips through lukewarm suds of pure Ivory Flakes. The Carolyn Modes we show, for example, are all tagged "washable with Ivory Flakes." And listen to what other creators of America's smartest daytime clothes say—"We have found that pure Ivory Flakes give the best results in laundering our washable fashions." Of course, Ivory is *pure*—that's why it's an "Ivory-washable" season!

Good news for you—and good luck for your pocket-book! You get *1/5 more flakes for your money* when you buy the big blue Ivory box. Ivory Flakes are your biggest bargain in fine-fabrics soap today!

$99\frac{44}{100}\%$ PURE

Major Edward Bowes

JUST

Ho-hum! More amateurs! Where's the gong? But wait—here's something surprising you haven't heard yet!

By Anthony Candy

WHAT? Another story about amateurs?

Exactly, but this is a story with a difference. It is a story about amateurs to end all stories about amateurs.

Since the red-ringed day when Major Edward Bowes took personal charge of his own amateur hour, the amateur has become the football of broadcasting. He has been booted on and off programs, in and out of auditions, over and under the ether—and today he emerges from running the critical gauntlet as a *whatzit?*

Have you ever seen a *whatzit?* Probably not if you live beyond eyesight of Radio City. A *whatzit,* you know, is an amateur with talent who started his radio chores just for fun. He took a dare, or somebody sent in his or her name, or perhaps it was just a case of ambitious itch. When he got his first pat on the back, he was merely an amateur, as eager for fame as a tout is for tips. When he got his second pat, or perhaps it was a check for five dollars, he sloughed the simon-pure skin he had worn and turned "pro," or an amateur who works at it.

You see him and his brothers and sisters in the corridors of the broadcasting temples, kids who have hitch-hiked from Oregon and Ohio, who have robbed the baby's bank to get their chance in radio. Hungry kids, most of them, with big ideas and little talents. Nine out of ten of them are not good enough to be called professionals; as amateurs, they are already beginning to look shopworn.

"Even if we are lou-zay, we will get something for all our trouble — besides the gong!"

We call them the *whatzits.*

Their patron saint, of course, is Major Bowes, the sentimentalist of the famous Capitol Family broadcasts who, by dint of rubbing an amateur the wrong way, made himself the hero of the best get-rich-quick story of the year. For his broadcasts, the Major receives something in excess of five thousand dollars each week—unless the little bird who told us is a liar. With a heart as big as the Capitol Theatre that he owns, they say he loves the amateurs on his shows like a father. And who wouldn't, at those rates?

But what of the *whatzit?* What happens before he becomes a *whatzit*—and what happens afterwards? If you'll join me in a game of Let's Pretend, we'll find out. Just for

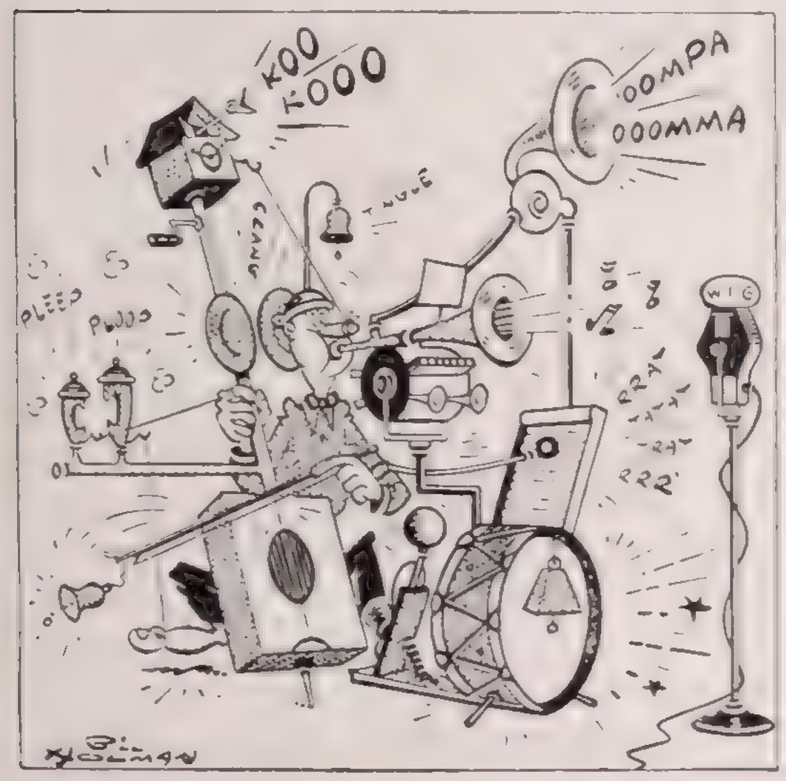
"I'm being gonged!!!! Well —it means an extra five-spot for me anyway! I can use it!"

FOR FUN

the heck of it, we'll be a hill-billy trio and we think we're pretty good, by cracky!

We write our letter of application to Major Bowes or those second-magnitude godlings, Fred Allen and Ray Perkins, detailing our skill on the zither, the fiddle, and the sweet potato. As we write, we keep in mind that fact that three sorts of acts are wanted. First, amateurs who are really excellent singers; second, amateurs who are stunt or novelty performers; and third, amateurs who are terrible.

If our letter is selected, we are called to a studio for an audition. Major Bowes listens personally; some of the others employ a committee of judges. These auditions are heart-breaking proof of the old wheeze that "many are called but few are chosen." I happen to know Ray Perkins has called eight thousand five hundred and used two hundred. Fred Allen has heard over sixteen hundred and used one



Just one of those little things! Looks simple, doesn't it? It's even simpler than that!

hundred and seventy-six. Major Bowes has found places for one hundred and forty-four out of two thousand seven hundred and ninety.

But our luck holds and we are selected for one of the big amateur hours. Which means, first of all, that we'll be eating soon. Amateurs who, in the early days of the craze did it all for fun and glory, now get their palms crossed with silver. It isn't publicly known but confidentially, even if we are *lou-zay,* we get something. A five spot, on one show: fifteen dollars on another. And here's a bit of valuable inside information: if we get the gong, we'll get an extra five dollars.

Which presents a pretty problem, doesn't it, to the ambitious amateur

She knows she's got something! But many are called, alas, and few are chosen!

who wants both the extra money and a successful début on the air.

The gong money, by the way, came to be paid because some of the sourest performers insisted on pouring their vinegary notes into the mike despite the gong's interference. It has been necessary to pry loose more than one outraged tyro.

For instance, the red-headed fat woman from Rhode Island, who couldn't read a note of music but followed them up when they went up and down when they went down had to be dragged away by force. She sat muttering into her double chins for the rest of the program and then refused to quit the studio until they had put the remainder of her song on the air. She'd come all the way from Providence to sing that song and sing it she would! When it began to look as if she would spend the night on a pallet in the studio, a bright announcer expressed sympathy and led her to a mike, got an engineer on the job, and introduced her thus:

"By special arrangement, Mrs.

He pours sour notes into the mike! Couldn't drag him away from it by force!

Wilhelmina B. Blank will sing the so-forth-and-so on." Mrs. Wilhelmina sang her song and departed with her dignity regained. When she reads this, she will learn for the first time that the mike she sang into was "dead," and that her only audience was the sympathetic announcer, the dog.

Amateur hours are heaps of fun, admittedly, but as a hill-billy trio we want to know something more important: Is it a living?

Well, we can always hope for the best. Right off, if we win we get prizes of fifty dollars or twenty-five dollars on one of the shows. If we are good, we get theatrical engagements or perhaps an air contract.

David Hughes, for instance, was a fifty-year-old slate maker up in Vermont—on relief for the last four years, too. He won fifty dollars on Fred Allen's program and is promised a program for the fall.

Wyoming Jack O'Brien came to New York to rustle up patrons for a California dude ranch. He hypnotized Major Bowes' audience with his cowboy songs and NBC immediately gave him a job pinch-hitting for Johnny Marvin who wanted a vacation.

Here is an odd one. If a certain man hadn't used the word "lousy" on a little New York station, Susan Gage would be back home in Pittsburg. Right now, she's playing . . . but here's the true story. When her father died, three years ago, she was just eighteen. His last wish was that she should continue to study voice. She entered a famous institute and graduated, expecting to find work shortly. Someone told her New York was the city for a singer. She had just enough money for a three-month-ride (*Continued on page* 55)

Thursday Night Miracles

By George Kent

Thursday evening finds Rudy making ready for his hour on the air. He has just received a salary raise and a contract renewal till 1941.

BACK IN 1929 when everybody had jobs and Radio was very young, a wise old stork flew over the housetops—and two miracles came into the lives of the listening world. The twin miracles of Radio! You know both of them. One was Rudy Vallee; the other, the thing he created with his voice, his baton and his brain—his program.

Ever since, Thursday nights at eight o'clock, they have been with us and, if anything, have grown more remarkable with each passing year. Indeed this little story is a sort of birthday cake, baked with ink, paper and sentiment (not to mention *yeast*) to celebrate the completion of six years on the air of these twin miracles. The exact date is October of the current year.

No better time than this to think about the Vallee hour, none better for asking the questions which have been boiling for an answer, these many months. How, for example, explain its phenomenal success? Is there a secret formula, and if so, what is it?

Other questions, too, more pointed: How much does the program cost and what does Rudy get per week? Is the program as popular as it used to be? And how long will it, can it, continue? Questions about the guest stars . . . Questions about the routine . . . And finally, one which asks: Why call Rudy and his program miracles?

The answer to all these questions is a long story. But, let me say at once that a miracle is something you wouldn't think possible. And it's a miracle that Rudy and his program have been on the air, come October, three hundred and twelve consecutive weeks, without pause or lay-off of any kind, sitting still in New York, or in Hollywood, or traveling from town to town. This, if you don't know it, is a record.

The program has come to you from farmhouses, from sleepy little hotels where the weight of two pianos cracked the beams, from tents, vaudeville stages, barns and movie studios. Only three times has Rudy himself been absent, one of them the time his mother died. No musical program, they tell me, has been on the air longer and the only talk program that has more years of service is Amos 'n' Andy.

Considering the age of the program, it's a miracle that the Vallee program should at this writing be rated first in popularity. And if you averaged its standing for the six years, week after week, you would find it ranked first, second, third—never lower than fourth. Letters come to Rudy at the rate of from twenty-five to two hundred a day. Add the mail his guest stars receive and the postal skyscraper will total close to four million letters for the period. These are not dream figures but accurate bookkeeper additions.

The statisticians have calculated that since 1929, Rudy and his program have been heard by almost two billion listeners. But what has it cost? And has it been worth while?

Well, for time on the air, for the salaries of guest artists, for music and dramatic rights, for the salary of Rudy and his band—the cost has averaged about one million dollars a year. For the six years easily six million. This, I am told, is another record. Other programs have cost more—for brief, spectacular stunts. But none more over the long haul. If you want to get a vivid idea of the cost, try to imagine a daisy chain of

Why are Rudy Vallee and his program 'miracles'? Are

By accident he discovered that he could sing—and he rocketed swiftly into fame. Autograph hunters find Rudy considerate and generous. Thousands write him for autographed pictures.

the thousand-million or so yeast cakes which had to be sold to defray the cost. Instead of counting sheep, count the little squares hopping over a drug store counter! For every Thursday night, a couple of million.

And the real miracle is, to me at least, that it is worth every cent of the cost. The proof of the program is in the contract and Rudy has just got a sweet raise and a renewal until 1941—or for another six years. Think of it, brood over it! He asked me not to mention his salary but I think I am at liberty to tell you it is around four thousand dollars per week. And so the new arrangement is worth, to our friend with the curly hair, something like a million and a quarter of dollars.

These records and calculations are exciting but to me the best part of the story concerns the feature which has won for the program the name: *"The Show Window of Radio."* And caused Rudy to be described as the Ziegfeld of the air—a Ziegfeld who glorifies not only beautiful women but scores of plain but talented youngsters. There are always a few of them at the broadcast and when the audience goes they remain. Rudy also remains. He locks the door and listens to them—his own private amateur night.

If they have something, he nurses them along, playing phrases of the music over and over, singing along with them, working to set them right. (*Continued on page 56*)

On tour, Rudy visited the Indian Village at Miami.

they still popular? Read this extraordinary story!

An Intimate Subject.... but thousands of women asked me to explain why Kotex

CAN'T CHAFE—CAN'T FAIL—CAN'T SHOW

"CAN'T CHAFE"

Means much on active days

To be happy and natural one must be comfortable. The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. You see, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But mind you, sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

"CAN'T FAIL"

Is important, too

Security means much to every woman at all times . . . and Kotex assures it! It has a special center layer whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. This special center gives "body" but not bulk—makes Kotex adjust itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 *times* more absorbent than cotton.

"CAN'T SHOW"

Gives evening peace-of-mind

The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines. What an aid to self-confidence and poise. The ends of Kotex are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.

IT'S only natural that women should be vitally concerned about this intimate subject. And I've discovered this: once women understand the 3 exclusive advantages that only Kotex offers, most of them will not be satisfied with any other sanitary napkin!

By reading the facts presented here, you can learn what I believe every woman has a right to know. You need never have times when you're ill at ease. For now there is a simple way to carefree, perfect poise on the days it's hardest to attain. Here's a modern sanitary napkin—Kotex—that has removed all annoyance from women's most perplexing problem.

Kotex brings women 3 gratifying comforts that you can understand by simply looking at the construction of the pad itself.

With all of these extra Kotex advantages costing so little, there's no economy in accepting ordinary kinds.

For greater protection on some days depend on Super Kotex. For emergency, look for Kotex in ladies' rooms in West Cabinets.

Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

QUEST

the positive deodorant powder for personal daintiness

A new scientific discovery makes possible the perfect deodorant powder for use with Kotex . . . and for your every need! Quest, sponsored by the makers of Kotex, is a dainty, soothing powder, pleasant and safe to use. Quest assures all-day-long body freshness. Buy Quest when you buy Kotex . . . only 35c for the large 2-ounce can.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

BUY THE NEW KOTEX SANITARY BELT. Narrow and adjustable. Requires no pins.

For DISTINGUISHED Service to Radio

A merry group this! And a part of the inimitable Grand Ole Opry whose programs have delighted innumerable eager listeners.

If it hadn't been for a letter written in pencil on cheap tablet paper by an Arkansas farmer's wife, these paragraphs would never have been penned. The letter was to the point. It said:

"You can give all your medals to the big Radio City programs but they still won't be as good as one I've been listening to out here for ten years. It's the kind of show us home-folks wouldn't trade for all the symphonies and joke-crackers in New York. Its name is WSM's 'Grand Ole Opry.'"

That started us to wondering if we were too conscious of network broadcasts, and neglecting some of the fine entertainment being presented by individual stations. Apparently, we were, for on listening to the Grand Ole Opry we heard a show that has made an amazing record.

It has played for four consecutive hours each Saturday night for ten consecutive years. In Amos 'n' Andy language, "Ain't dat sumpin'?"

The Grand Ole Opry's head-man is George D. Hay, otherwise known as the Solemn Old Judge. Its cast of sixty are authentic hill-dwellers and dirt farmers with nary a professional among 'em. Talk about your amateur hours, here is an amateur night in which no performer ever gets the gong.

As a program, the Grand Ole Opry probably has more fist friends than any other single air-show. Its performers

—Uncle Dave, the Possum Hunters, the Gully Jumpers, DeFord Bailey, to name just a few—have recruited armies of loyal listeners.

Because they have served radio both well and long, and because their program has given pleasure to so many listeners, we have selected Grand Ole Opry and Station WSM, Nashville, Tennessee, to receive this month's Radio Stars Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Curtis Mitchell

Shirley Lloyd

Singing for a joke with an orchestra at a dance, Shirley Lloyd achieved a hit. Now, at eighteen, a blues singer she is heard nightly over a national network with Herbie Kay's orchestra from the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago.

Shirley Howard

Shirley Howard came to radio singing from newspaper work. Discovered by Rudy Vallee at an amateur performance, she soon became a star on a national network. In addition to broadcasting, she now is making personal appearances.

Tito Guizar

Born in Guadalajara, Mexico, Tito inherited musical talent from both parents. He studied music in Mexico and in Italy and presently was singing in Grand Opera. But Mexican and Spanish folk songs absorbed him more than classical music and he came to New York to make records of his renditions of those melodies. Thence he went on the air, to broadcast his Spanish and Mexican songs over a nation-wide network. After an excursion into movies, he will return to radio.

Arlene Francis

The voice you hear introducing the talented singers and instrumentalists of Phil Spitalny's all-girl orchestra is that of charming Arlene Francis, the lovely mistress of ceremonies of the Hour of Charm. Arlene, one of radio's most talented young actresses, has been schooled on the dramatic stage and by Rouben Mamoulian. Since her air début in 1933 she has been heard in innumerable air features, including Roadways to Romance, Mickey of the Circus and others.

Peter Van Steeden

One of our most popula young maestros is Peter Va Steeden (left), whose orches tra may be heard Wednes day evenings on Fred Allen' Town Hall Tonight program

Elizabeth Day

The glamorous lady on th right, Elizabeth Day to he proud friends, plays Sall Jones, the leading feminin rôle in "Five Star Jones, a popular radio networ serial, which depicts the ac ventures of Jones, an ac reporter, and his wife, Sally in a typical American towr

Love and a

It tugs at the heart—a grand little tale of Little Jack Little and a girl and a little dog!

Little Jack Little

By Mary Watkins Reeves

THE mayor of Philadelphia was furious. It was merely five a.m., for heaven's sake, and that confounded doorbell had waked up the whole household. Grunting and fuming as it behooved a man of his position to do when his slumber had been so outrageously interrupted, he yanked on his bathrobe and padded barefoot down the stairs. Outside it was three below, still pitch-black dark, and a generally lousy setup for a New Year's morning.

The mayor of Philadelphia was flabbergasted. One flip of the night latch and a freezing gust of wind blew through his Georgian door a boy, a girl, a snowdrift and Wedding Present. The boy blurted nervously: "Good morning, Your Honor." The girl giggled. The snowdrift proceeded to flatten disgustingly on the only Persian rug in the house. And Wedding Present tucked a curly tail between his legs, cocked one ear, and just stood.

The mayor of Philadelphia was firm. It was *not* his custom, he boomed, to wed young couples at the odious hour of five a.m. Moreover he perceived that the ages of sixteen and nineteen, as stated on said marriage license, could place such a marriage under immediate annulment without the full parental consent of both parties involved. And furthermore, he felt it his duty to convey to the youngsters before him his emphatic opinion that persons of their degree of adolescence should be asleep in their respective homes, instead of prowling about in sleet-coated evening attire in search of a matrimonial agent. So saying, the mayor of Philadelphia politely retired to his bedchamber.

The mayor of Trenton was nicer about things. But that was several hours later, and I'm getting ahead of my story. I've left the boy, the girl and Wedding Present deposited in a fresh snowdrift outside the Georgian door.

"You oughtn't to have giggled, darling," commented the boy, moodily jamming the license back inside his overcoat pocket.

"I couldn't help it, Jack—his *toes* were curly! Didn't you *see* 'em?" she laughed back. Then "Gee, don't be mad with me!"

"Aw, I'm not mad! Powder your nose an I'll kiss you and we'll find us some other guy.

So she powdered her nose and he kissed he and they started down the walk.

The boy was radio's own Little Jack Little—fresh, at the time, from Iowa University. Th girl was a half-pint of brunette fluff named Tea Tea Hellman, *in toto,* from Albany.

At exactly ten p.m., that evening, Jack an Tea had met for the first time.

At exactly eleven, they thought they were i love. At exactly twelve, there was no doul about it. And at exactly one, they announce their engagement to a baldheaded waiter i Childs.

Long, long before breakfast time the nex morning, "Mr. and Mrs." was the name. Th point being that there wasn't any breakfast t be before. All they had was love and a dim

So saying do I present to you the intimat and hitherto untold details of the champion ro mance of Radio Row. The romance of the Lit tle Jack Littles. Nothing quite like it eve could happen again in the next million year

It never would have happened at all if A Jolson hadn't been singing at New York's Win ter Garden. And if a theatre manager, wh knew both Jack and Tea, hadn't been giving New Year's Eve box party. I don't mean on of those affairs where half the guests are sup posed to bring sandwiches and the other hal chip in on the lemonade. I refer to the charm ing gesture, decreasingly frequent of late whereby a host buys a block of seats to a hi show and invites his friends to witness the per formance. Anyway this was in 1922, when song called "Mammy" was the craze of Man hattan. And an evening dress wasn't an eve ning dress unless it had a daring scalloped her that struck madame at the knee line. An people had jobs.

And gave box parties at $8.80 per.

Dime

Jack, of course, had to be late that night; or we could have got this romance under way a lot earlier in the evening and not had to go around jerking people out of bed. But he was late for a very important reason. Two blocks down Broadway, at the Strand, he had his first job—vaudeville accompanist for Yvette Krugel, once famous "Miniature Prima Donna." He didn't sing in those days but he was mean stuff on the treble cleff of anybody's Steinway. And he'd had to play the last show at the Strand before he could go to the party.

Lots of people saw it happen—the meeting of Jack and Tea during an intermission. You know how you do when you sit in the second balcony and eye the ermine and tails in the boxes. Lots of people saw a handsome youth bend over a pretty little brunette in a dandelion chiffon dress—and thought nothing of it. Most likely they sighed with boredom and reread *"Who's Who in the Cast"* for the fifth time and didn't realize that history was being made before their very eyes. But then they couldn't have suspected, any more than the boy and girl did, that the two of them would actually be headin' for a weddin' in just three hours; that come 1935 they'd still be happily married; that the boy was going to grow into one of radio's most popular singer-maestros. To say nothing of composing "Jealousy," "A Shanty in Old Shanty Town", "Ting-a-ling," "After I've Called You Sweetheart" and some more hit tunes.

Their host introduced them. And all Jack Little could see was a mouth like a red satin bow, a mop of coal-colored curls, and the biggest pair of frost-blue eyes he'd ever gazed into. Tea's sixteen-year-old heart began playing a jig-time, too. *He* was *divine!* (I know. She told me so.) There was a firm fresh blondness about him that almost hurt, it was so handsome. And the way he smiled!—

There weren't many words, and there wasn't any music, but Jack and Tea went into a duo arrangement of Love at First Sight, just the same.

They walked out on Jolson, fifteen (*Continued on page 59*)

Sandra should not have him! I wouldn't let him go! Even death should not take him away from me!

Illustrated by Floherty, Jr.

"Good flyers make bad husbands," Barry was saying. But I took the microphone from his thin hands.

men like MYSTERY

In the preceding issue—

I first met Sandra, radio's glamorous singing star, the day Barry and I were married in the Little Church Around the Corner. She was an exotic creature, with a marvellous voice and a subtle, magnetic power of attraction. I did not then suspect the quality of her interest in Barry, and in the swift, happy months that followed I forgot her, and I believe Barry did, too. But naturally they saw each other often. Sandra sings for the same radio broadcasting company for which Barry is the popular "Flying Reporter." I had heard their names coupled occasionally, but I paid no attention to it. Prominent and popular people always are targets for envious tongues. Barry often flies far from home, to report some revolution or strike, some flood or famine—wherever anything is happening, there Barry will be. But, although I, too, am a flyer, Barry does not like to have me accompany him—which means that we often are separated. Bill Willoughby, another flyer, has always squired me about when Barry was away. Bill and Grace Meldrum, a noted newspaper writer, and Barry and I have, been firm friends since my first ocean hop had landed me among the "front page personalities." Bill had been in love with me before Barry and I were married, but I guessed that Grace was secretly in love with Bill and hoped for a romance between them. It was Grace and Bill who first felt that Barry was becoming seriously involved with Sandra, but I wouldn't listen. It was only when Barry told me that he had to go to Cuba because of some rumored political upheaval there, and mentioned casually that Sandra, too, would be there, that a sudden fear tortured me. And then Sandra came to see me—to demand that I set Barry free! I was not the woman for him, she insisted. I had no subtlety, no fire, no mystery—and men like mystery, she declared. But when I pointed out that, even if I were willing to divorce him, Barry's popularity might suffer—radio people have to be careful of their reputations—Sandra made the startling suggestion that I find "a nobler way out." I knew what she meant—that I should set out in my ship and not come back! All night my thoughts whirled in tormented confusion. Barry did not come home. Was he with Sandra? Had they planned their trips to coincide? Did he love her? Did he want her? Should I set him free? Should I do what Sandra suggested? It seemed the only solution. . . .

Part Two

HAVE YOU EVER noticed how different things look in the morning, after a troubled night? You have, I'm sure. . . . We've, all of us, known those nights of torment, when dreadful shapes seem to crowd about us in the darkness, to point with fearful fingers and mutter with ominous tongues. And how absurd, how insubstantial they seem when morning brings back sanity and strength.

The sun rose warmly. The air was sweet with the fragrance of opening buds. Suddenly I felt happy again. I laughed softly to myself.

What a fool I had been last night! A silly, melodramatic fool! To think only of escape from something that hurt intolerably. . . . To dream of flying away into space, to leave to Sandra what never should be hers! Last night I had been a quitter. . . . I had gazed upon the rents in the lovely fabric of our marriage and had thought of throwing it away—as if it could not be mended again, and more beautiful than before!

I laughed again. I knew now that I would fight for what was mine. Fight—and win! I knew now what journey I would take. I would go with Barry. How simple it all was!

I had bathed and changed into a tailored frock of orchid-colored wool, when Barry came home. He had in his hand a small sprig of forsythia which he had picked from one of the shrubs near the doorway as he came in. He bent and tucked it into a fold of my violet scarf—and kissed it. And my heart grew suddenly warm and light, as I thought of an April day three years ago.

"Morning, Ginny dear," Barry said.

I thought his voice sounded tired. His eyes looked tired, too—drained of color, somehow. But he smiled, and, as always, I felt a little quiver of emotion at the upward curve of his lips at the corners. Barry has such a handsome mouth, that seems so fittingly to frame his deep, rich voice. Always, looking at him, I think of a line of Rossetti's—*"The mouth's mould testifies of voice and kiss. . . ."*

"I should have phoned you, dear," he was saying. "But it was so late when I got a chance, I thought—I hoped you might be sleeping. I was at the studio for a while," he went on. "Then I went out to the field, to check up on things. I—" He looked at me thoughtfully for a moment. But, whatever he had been about to say, he did not finish.

"I know. . . ." I said. But again I seemed to feel that knife-blade searching for my heart. Suddenly I felt that he had spent some part of that night with Sandra. For a moment despair seized me again. Fear. Anger.

But fiercely I fought them down. I must think clearly now. Must be wise. And strong. I had been so sure of myself. So sure of Barry. I hadn't made him feel that I cared deeply where he went or what he did. I hadn't clung to him possessively. Leaned upon him. Looked up to him. Made him feel, as he was, essential to my happiness. I had wanted him to feel free. How absurd that was! You can't be married and be free—not really. I knew that now. You can choose to ignore certain subtle responsibilities that marriage involves—but you can't escape the consequences! I laughed wryly.

Barry looked at me questioningly. A troubled shadow darkened his eyes.

"I'm laughing at myself," I explained. "I'm such an idiot, really, Barry. Did you know it? Did you guess, when we were married, that your wife was a fool?"

"No!" His lips curved faintly again, but his eyes did not smile. "No, Ginny—that's one thing you are not! Unless—" he bit his lips, "unless marrying me proves it."

"Marrying you has proved quite a lot of things," I said softly. "Shall I tell you about them, some day?" Then, as he still looked doubtfully at me, I said: "I'm going to Cuba with you."

"No—" His voice broke raggedly. "You're not."

"You don't want me—to go with you?"

"That's the last thing in the world I want." He turned abruptly and started for the stairs.

"Breakfast will be ready in fifteen minutes," I called after him, trying to keep my voice steady. "Will you be down?"

"I'll be down." Slowly, heavily, he went up the broad staircase.

I sat down abruptly as he disappeared. Again my thoughts whirled in dizzying circles. Was Barry in love with Sandra? Did he want to get away—to be really free? Somehow I couldn't make myself believe it. Not this radiant morning. Even in spite of his words, I couldn't believe it. And yet—Sandra was going to Cuba. . . . What could I do? In my troubled heart I could find no answer.

Integrity is always at a disadvantage against duplicity. An honest nature cannot fathom the falsity of a dishonest one. I felt that Sandra and I were fighting for Barry, but between us hung a misty veil, a tissue of deceit, and I did not know how (*Continued on page 70*)

I Cover the Studios

By Gadabout

BEHIND VOICES YOU'RE HEARING

• • • Al Bowlly's singing makes Ray Noble's dance music even more pleasant, but I wish you could watch Bowlly work. His appearance—dark and dangerous—makes him potentially the smooth menace George Raft tries to be in the flickers—only Bowlly is much more handsome than Raft. He is one of the few men in radio with the swashbuckling, devil-may-care look of the pirate. That's why I've never asked about his career. I'd rather think he is fresh from the bloody Spanish Main.

• • • Annette Hanshaw. There's something new about this girl—something strange that keeps us who know and watch her wondering. Once, when Annette was with Show Boat, she was scared green of everything, anything. Each broadcast was a jitter of things gone wrong and the audience was a green-eyed monster that would eat her up if she dared to look at it. Even under the beneficent, care-free influence of Walter O'Keefe's mad company, she continued her timid way, reading a prayer book between songs to quiet the jangle of taut nerves. But Annette's changing! Lately she has come out of her dressing-room to rehearse with her eyes flashing and her head up. A smile for everybody. She no longer asks the orchestra in a scared voice if she could have a shift in tempo. There's a dramatic story here. She's winning the battle over a sad inferiority complex.

• • • Leon Belasco. This man, whose Greek-like accent is a sparkle on the Phil Baker program, is a sparkle everywhere he goes. With Frank Black, praised in this column not long ago, he is one of the friendliest of orch leaders with the men in his band. He handles his musicians like an instrument, without the nervous raging of some of the band leaders. Because of his quips with the boys in the control room and his regard for the needs of vocalists, his rehearsals are a joy to attend.

WHEN THE AUDIENCE IS AWAY

You and I are standing while the last of Walter O'Keefe's caravan passes into the night. Walter, beside us in the wings, is nervous. He shifts back and forth on his feet like a prize fighter and watches Kenny Sargent sing a song. Every other instant, he looks at the clock. Then, just as Kenny finishes, Jack O'Keefe slides up and whispers in his brother's ear. O'Keefe's eyes light. He dashes out on the stage, skips through the closing spot, and runs across to the exit as the curtain comes down. Why? Well, his brother had whispered: "It's a boy!" and Walter was on his way to see his new son.

• • • Now we're watching Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard and wondering the only thing one wonders while watching Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard: Are they, or aren't they, married? (*Continued on page 65*)

'Welcome Valley," the new evening dramatic series, is starring Edgar A. Guest.

Ace of sartorial splendor is Maestro Guy Lombardo, leader of the Royal Canadians orchestra.

In "Mississippi," Maestro Ben Bernie, whose programs never fail to delight, displays the glory of an earlier era.

Gleanings by our own gossip gatherer from many radio rendezvous

Radio's only six-sister team—the King sisters. From top to bottom, left to right, they are: Louise, Maxine and Donna, Alyce and Yvonne, and Anita.

(Left) Ray Collins, Zephyr of Mickey of the Circus. (Below) "Baby Stars." From left to right, top to bottom, Joan Kay, Elinor Harriot, Patricia Dunlap, Ginna Vanna, Betty Lou Gerson, Marjorie Hannan, Loretta Poynton, Betty Winkler.

The Truth About Babs and Her 'Brothers'

Babs, Charlie, and Little Ryan learn where happiness lies

"*The truth about Babs and her 'brothers'*" . . . . That has an almost ominous sound, as if one were about to speak in hushed whispers of strange and mysterious things! But, in this instance, the truth is a simple story—brave and touching, as simple things so often are. A story it's good to know, because it reveals sincerity and courage and that loyalty to the best in oneself that no experience can shake.

That's Babs' story.

The small, eager, brown-eyed girl, a senior in High School, who ran away from home to seek fame and fortune in the show business, learned early how to take the hard knocks, defeats, discouragements that beset the quest of a career—to take them head high, chin up, eyes smiling. You can't down a girl like that!

So when tragedy broke into the citadel of her personal life, Babs knew how to shut it away—to close and lock the door upon grief and disillusionment, and carry on.

You've read, perhaps, that Babs' "brothers" are not really her brothers—that Charlie and "Little" Ryan are brothers, and that Babs and Charlie were married. Yet even that has only recently become known, hinted at by vague and incomplete rumors in gossip columns.

It's odd that their almost-four-years-old marriage was not announced till it had reached the bitter moment of breaking up. But till then it had seemed best to keep it a professional secret. Even Fred Waring, for whom the trio worked all during that time, was unaware of it. But when the secret romance was shattered, and a cruel shadow blotted out all its beauty, they had to let their marriage be known—because otherwise they couldn't explain why they felt they must leave the associations that always had been congenial and successful.

"We never would have left Fred," Babs told me as we lunched together one day, "if things hadn't happened —as they did—"

You can understand that. When you are wounded, the first impulse is to escape from surroundings that once were all of happiness and now are strange and unfriendly with secret hurt.

Perhaps they shouldn't have been divorced. . . . Divorce is a cruel and a painful thing. It leaves a wound that is not easily healed. On the other hand, perhaps they shouldn't have been married. They were so young. They couldn't realize that marriage is itself a demanding profession. And they were giving all they had to another profession—their music. Perhaps it was the success of their professional partnership that made them unduly confident of the personal one.

The professional partnership began four years ago—when the three of them were not much more than eighteen—when Babs was chosen from half a hundred aspirants as accompanist to the singing Ryan brothers. That partnership was a success from the start. Babs not only could play at sight their music with its intricate arrangements, but she could, and did, make new arrangements for them. She could, and did, sing with them in her sweet, clear voice. In the rhythm of their music the lives and aspirations of the three blended as harmoniously as did their voices.

Naturally Charlie fell in love with Babs. You can't wonder at that! *"You're lovely to look at, delightful to hold, and Heaven to kiss . . ."* must, to Charlie, have seemed to be written of Babs. She is lovely. She has beauty and grace and a natural, unaffected charm of manner. Strength without hardness. Sincerity without unkindness or animosity. A generous, giving nature, and an honest one.

And you can understand, meeting Charlie, that he would, to Babs, have been a sweetheart hard to resist. Both the Ryan brothers are amiable, attractive lads, with an ardor for music equal to Babs' own, with qualities of genuineness and sincerity similar to hers.

And so Babs and Charlie were married—though then

only their families, whose approval they had, knew of it. And they worked happily together, building up their trio, establishing themselves as radio entertainers. Charlie was the business manager of the trio. "Little" was librarian, taking care of their ever-growing file of scores and musical arrangements. And Babs selected all the songs, made the arrangements for the trio, and taught them to the boys. She wrote the bits of dialog they bring into their programs. Wrote additional lyrics for the songs. And the three of them gave heart and soul and mind to building up the trio as nearly as possible to the high standard they set for themselves.

Fred Waring, who heard them nearly four years ago, lost no time in placing them under contract. And, Babs told me with characteristic sincerity, he gave them more than they could ever repay. He taught them diction and phrasing. Taught them how to select songs suited for them, and other important essentials to the successful presentation of their programs on the air.

And the three youngsters were so responsive to his teaching, so earnest, so whole-heartedly devoted to their work, that their progress in popularity and success was gratifying and inspiring.

They worked together tirelessly, correcting each other freely and frankly. And there was neither animosity nor bitterness in their mutual criticisms. But—Babs and Charlie were married. And, working so closely together all day, day after day, inevitably they took their problems home with them, to bicker and quarrel "far into the night" over things that had come up during rehearsals. They couldn't get away from it, you see. There was no radically different element in their home life to refresh them from their work. And so a residue of resentment grew. And—

"We were terribly unhappy—" Babs said.

And so they had to tell Fred Waring—tell him of their marriage—and of their imminent divorce—tell him that they must leave him, because they could work together no longer.

Like any true friend, Fred tried to help them to solve their problem. Tried to arrange things so that they could stay with his program. But Babs felt that it just wouldn't work—and she's too sincere, too brave to remain weakly in a situation she felt to be all wrong. She couldn't "muddle along". . . .

So Babs and her brothers left Fred Waring. And Babs and Charlie were divorced.

Babs tried to train two other "brothers". But that didn't work, either. And she was still unhappy. Not even the music was right now! Not even the music . . . Suddenly a light broke through the dreary shadows. The trio always had been successful. Despite what had happened to the marriage, why couldn't they keep the trio as it was?

She thought about it earnestly. The brothers were thinking about it, too. Without Babs, they hadn't been able to do anything that satisfied them.

The door was closed and locked now upon the little ghost of happiness-that-had-been. It could not trouble them again. And the three were of one mind, as always, where their music was concerned.

"So there we are," Babs said, "singing together as if nothing had happened. People can't understand it. They think it's funny! But to us, it's just right."

You can understand it. There never had been a shadow of a cloud on the professional partnership. They had learned how to work together for the success of that. So they carry on.

"We rehearse in one of the rehearsal rooms at the music publisher's. We argue and quarrel over a phrasing or an effect, just as we always did—but when we leave that room, it's all forgotten. When we meet next day, everything is amicable and (*Continued on page 66*)

By Ethel M. Pomeroy

Babs and her "brothers"—Little and Charlie Ryan—a trio whose exquisitely blended harmonies thrill thousands who hear their Wednesday night programs. The "brother" at the right is Charlie.

Radio's Merry-Go-Round

Above, Leo Reisman, a noted orchestra leader, instructs his young son. Below, Joe Penner serenades fair Harriet Hilliard.

Above, Johnnie Morris with "The Foursome" in a new broadcast. Below, Marian and Jim Jordan as Molly and Fibber McGee.

That handsome head at our left is old Bert Wheeler's of Wheeler and Woolsey. And across the page Robert Woolsey wears his cigar as usual. These two popular comics of movie fame have recently guest-starred in the Hollywood Hotel show.

Radio's Weekly-Go-Round

Above, the Marimba Symphony Orchestra of White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. Below, Walter Blaufuss' Breakfast Club.

Above, Dale Wimbrow "Mississippi Minstrel," and daughter. Below, Tommy Harris thanks friends who wrote him while he was ill.

ew glimpses of

dio favorites by

ur ever-faithful

photographer

Above, "Come on in, the water's fine!" But Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa shyly shrink. And with such beautiful suits, too! Below, Betty Lou Gerson comes no'th from Chattanooga, Tennessee, and lands a network contract. We are hoping that television will soon be here!

Above, Claudette Colbert receives from Jimmy Fidler the Tangee award for the year's outstanding individual performance on the screen. Below, Marie Carroll, one of the colorful performers in the important drama cycle of the American School of the Air.

Radio's Merry

Above, Mother Schumann-Heink, at seventy-four, flew from Chicago to Newark for a concert, and back again to Chicago for her Sunday broadcast on the Hoover Sentinels Serenade program. Below, the Morin sisters —Evelyn (left) Pauline (center) and Marge.

Above, Gina Vanna and Tony Wons discovered a cool summer setting for their rehearsals for their House by the Side of the Road program. Below, Gene Arnold (right) interlocutor and singer of the Greater Sinclair Minstrels, with his End Man, McCloud.

Go-Round

Three Women

Max rehearses his radi program, "Lucky Smith' Peg La Centra, at h left, sings sweet song

By Helen Hover

MAX BAER has crashed radio.

It's a simple statement of fact and one which every radio fan who listens to the Lucky Smith series on the NBC chain on Tuesday nights knows. *But*—I wonder how many of you know just what radio means to Max? Know that it's another stepping stone to his secret ambition.

Oh, yes, this big, happy-go-lucky fellow with the giant body and the movie star face, has a secret ambition right under that curly head of his. You'd never guess it, so I'll tell it to you right now. Max Baer, champ boxer, hoofer, night club entertainer, singer and now radio actor, wants to be a gentleman. Gentleman Maxie!

Don't laugh. At whichever angle you look at his life, you can see him slugging his way directly to that goal.

His career, stripped to its barest outlines, shows it. From butcher boy to pug to champ to radio star and—society, maybe. Don't forget, radio is the most conservative and high-hat element of show business. To prove how discriminating and exclusive it is, no other boxer has ever been signed up for a regular air series. But Maxie's done it. It means something, doesn't it? Not everyone could have achieved that.

His women, about whom so much has been written, are important mile-posts on the way to his goal. From the Waitress to the Actress to the Débutante, they each represent forward steps.

His career has been gone over countless times in the sports pages, and as such it's the inspiring but routine story of the poor boy who slugged his way to a million.

I'm going to tell about the women in his life. There is, I'm sure, an impression in the minds of most people that his life is cluttered up with blondes, brunettes and redheads. Let's clear that up right now. There have been three women who really mattered to him. The newspapers have mentioned many more, but these we can dismiss, because as soon as a man raises his head above the crow there are a lot of ladies ready to sue him. One fadin actress sued him for breach of promise, got her name i the papers and then on the strength of the publicity wer on a lucrative vaudeville tour. The suit, incidentally, wa forgotten.

But to get back to the three women—

The first was the Waitress. She was Olive Bec blonde, flip and cute, and she worked in Max's home tow Livermore, California. Maxie was geared to her strid in those days. He was a big, magnificently proportione giant who worked in his father's butcher shop. He wa really in love with Olive then, she belonged to those day when he worked in the butcher shop. But when thos

The women Max Baer has known are mile-posts on th

and Max Baer

Wide World

Max has a quick brain when it comes to tossing off witty sallies, too! Right, at the Roney Plaza Cabana Sun Club, in Coral Gables, Florida. Socialite Mary Kirk Brown, to whom he is reported to be engaged, swings a mean right!

werful arms and rippling muscles started to move Baer t of the Small Town class, he shifted gear to a faster eed and Olive could not keep pace with him.

Max had never known life outside his home town. ow, as he started to travel around the country in boxing uts, he saw for the first time the glamorous, perfectly lered lives of people who had money and belonged a high social set. Max wanted to have money, and he nted to Belong.

But his career was a few steps ahead of his social life. at beautifully built body with shoulders like prize bulks lumbered ludicrously across a waxed drawing-room or, and those huge paws which smacked hard knockouts n't quite know how to handle a small, fragile tea cup.

It was the Second Woman who taught him. She was Dorothy Dunbar, an actress, and he met her in Reno where she was getting a divorce. At first sight she and Max might seem an oddly assorted pair. She was eleven years older than he, a worldly, independently wealthy woman of breeding and education. He was—well, he was still Maxie the pug—big, uneducated, gawky, with very little money and a loud, rowdy sense of humor.

What could have attracted them to each other, then? Well, to Dorothy Dunbar, he was like a playful, affectionate Great Dane who would follow her blindly. He was in awe of her and she knew it. With his boyish good nature, his abject devotion to her and his complete willingness to put himself in her hands, she felt that she could smooth away the rough edges of his personality and make him a social success.

To Max Dorothy, with her poise and sophistication, her knowledge of the world he craved to enter, was a thrilling person. So they were married.

Then began the social education which transformed the two hundred pound heavyweight into a man-about-town. Dorothy taught him how to order from a French menu, how to eat endive, how to bow over a woman's hand instead of slapping her jovially on the back, and made him add a morning cutaway suit and silk hat to his wardrobe. And Max was an eager and absorbed student of all such matters.

As a matter of fact, in his enthusiasm he went slightly haywire. When he came to New York he presented an outlandish appearance that had the town gasping. He hit the city in a 16-cylinder car with shrieking sirens, a secretary, a valet and a host of hangers-on. At a morning breakfast date where he was to meet Jack Dempsey in a small restaurant, he appeared in striped trousers, formal morning suit, cane—and silk topper over a black eye!

But the marriage of Max and Dorothy was scheduled to go on the rocks. Max was getting ahead too fast in his boxing career. He had now become the foremost contender for the heavyweight title (*Continued on page 60*)

way to his goal. Each one of them represents a forward step

Radio enthusiasts, Mr. and Mrs. Cugat tune in on their favorite programs in their charming hotel suite.

Every dog has his day—in the bowl! But our guess is that this canine would be very willing to miss it!

Despite their determination, Fate engineered th

By Mary Watkins Reeves

BY every law of love and romance they shouldn't be married at all, really.

The Cugats, I mean. Xavier, handsome tango king of the *Let's Dance* program; and Carmen, his flashing-eyed Spanish songstress.

Cupid gave them up as a bad job, after two years' trying. Cupid's efforts weren't a drop in the bucket. It *took* things to get that romance going! Precisely: Gary Cooper, a war in Morocco, a storm over the Pacific, three tickets to the opera and a case of mumps!

All those things—for the sake of one romance!

No, the Cugats shouldn't be Mr. and Mrs. When they first met in Hollywood you couldn't have *given* either one the other on a platinum tray, despite the fact that Xavier was attractive, wealthy, one of Europe's most outstanding young concert violinists; that Carmen was talented enough to be soloist for the Chicago Symphony, lovely enough to be movie stand-in for Dolores Del Rio.

You see, the Cugats didn't want to fall in love—*they had to!* Fate engineered that romance, in spite of them.

Do you realize that same thing could happen to yo Do you realize you may be *made* to marry a certain p son? Do you believe in fate? . . .

Xavier Cugat, aged twenty-five, was dead set on idea of becoming Spain's Fritz Kreisler. A fiddle an bow and four or five stiff Beethoven sonatas were idea of the way to have a lot of fun j any old evening. And to tell the tru Xavier Cugat, aged twenty-five, was doing so badly for himself. When he six he'd been packed off from his home Barcelona to study under the gr teachers of Madrid, Berlin, Vienna. his tenth birthday he made a sensational début with Habaña Cuba Grand Opera Company. And from t time forth there was no stopping him. He concert-tou practically every world capital every year. He becam famous artistic and financial success.

We find him in Hollywood, then, in 1928. Taking year out to be the all-important musical director for W ner Brothers films. Xavier Cugat—darkly handso aloof young Spaniard. Rich, gifted, intimately kno

Let's NOT Fall

With Xavier's fiddle and Carmen's song the Cugats enjoy many a happy hour of marvelous music together.

Margo, of Rhumba fame, makes merry with Godpapa Cugat while he works on one of his clever caricatures.

omance between Xavier Cugat and Carmen Castillia

ly by the few whom he chose to invite within the walls his palatial hilltop mansion. A young genius in love h music—and ambition. A young genius who should e been in love with love.

Carmen Castillia, aged twenty-one, was dead set on oming Mexico's Lily Pons. An aria in *C*, the footits of Carnegie Hall and a daily stretch of breathing rcises constituted the only life she knew or really ed about. At school in Mexico City she'd won a olarship to study voice in New York. By the time was nineteen she'd guest-starred with just about ry symphony in the United States, had appeared with Chicago Civic and Los Angeles Opera Companies. Ve find her in Hollywood, then, in 1928. Beging in pictures as singing double for a number of stars, id-in for Dolores Del Rio. Beginning, Hollywood l, sensationally. The girl would undoubtedly be a tillating success. For she was slender and gay and kly beautiful; and she had a voice sweet enough to e a nightingale tuck its head under its wing. Carmen tillia—lovely Mexican maid with a promising screen ire. She knew that, and she was serious about it. And that was the reason she, too, avoided all romantic interference with her career.

So you can see how much chance Cupid had of accomplishing anything on the day Gary Cooper was destined to walk on to the "Ramona" set and stop to say hello to Carmen at the precise moment when Xavier stopped to say hello to Gary. The gentleman from Montana introduced them—and *zing* went the strings of two more hearts! For you have to hand one thing to Cupid, romantic interference or not—there may be lots of love affairs he can't finish, but there aren't very many he can't at least begin!

That night, very late that night, something happened.

It had been a lovely evening. Spring. And a funny little lemon-drop moon that kept getting tangled in a skyful of cotton blossoms. And dew for tinsel trimming on a girl's misty black hair, on the ruffles of her organdy evening gown. They sat in wicker chairs on Carmen's lawn and talked in hushed voices until almost daybreak. A boy who never before had told anyone the things that lay closest to his heart spoke long and seriously to the girl beside him. A girl touched (*Continued on page 57*)

in Love . . .

Peek-a-booing in

Prepare for television! Know your radio stars when you see them!

Above, Jesse Crawford, pipe organ virtuoso of the networks. Below, John Charles Thomas, star of Our Home on the Range, with his pal, Max.

Singer, comedian, actor and master of ceremonies, Al Jolson of Shell Chateau.

Elsie Mae Gordon, famous impersonator and character actress, of Tony and Gus.

Barry McKinley signs on the dotted line, to continue as star of Dreams Come True.

Broadcastland

Above, Michael Raffetto (Paul) and Barbara Jo Allen (Beth) of One Man's Family. Below, Connie Gates and Kenneth Roberts.

Above, Johnnie Hauser, soloist of the Lucky Strike Hit Parade. Below, Phil Spitalny, whose all-girl orchestra is a delight.

Basil Loughrane rehearses. Is it perhaps for Sally of the Talkies or Max Media?

Soloist on Continental Varieties, Lea Karina sings her songs in nice languages.

Ingenue Barbara Weeks of Mickey of the Circus and Boatbuilder Ben Bernie.

Scrambled Stars Contest

604 Prizes! $1,600-worth! $1,250 cash! 3 RCA Radios!

First Prize, $250.00; Second Prize, 1 RCA-Victor radio worth $200.00; Third Prize, 1 RCA-Victor radio worth $100.00; Fouth Prize, 1 RCA-Victor radio worth $50.00; Fifth Prize, 100 $5.00 cash prizes; Sixth Prize, 500 $1.00 cash prizes.

RULES

1. Contest is open to anyone living in United States or Canada, with exception of employees of Radio Stars Magazine and their relatives.
2. Contestants must submit four sets of "Scrambled Star" heads, of four pictures each, one set to be printed in the June, July, August and September issues each of Radio Stars Magazine.
3. Contestants must unscramble as many of the heads as they can, assemble them as correctly as they can and name as many as they can identify.
4. In thirty words or less, contestant must name his favorite radio star and tell why he or she is your favorite.
5. All four sets of four pictures each (from June, July, August and September issues) or facsimiles thereof and the thirty-word statement about why you like your favorite radio star must be mailed in one envelope or package between the dates of August 1st and September 1st.
6. Address them to:

   Scrambled Stars Contest
   RADIO STARS MAGAZINE
   149 Madison Avenue, New York City

7. Prizes will be awarded to those contestants who unscramble correctly the greatest number of scrambled stars, who correctly name the most, and in thirty words or less name their favorite star and explain in the most original and sensible way the reason for their choice.
8. Judges shall be the editors of Radio Stars Magazine.
9. In the event of contestant missing one or more issues, such numbers may be secured from the office of Radio Stars Magazine for ten cents.
10. If contestant desires, he may make facsimile drawings of scrambled stars and assemble them.
11. There is no limit to the number of entries each contestant may submit, but each entry shall consist of all four sets of pictures, names of the stars you recognize, plus your 30-word paragraph on why you like your favorite radio star.
12. In case of ties, each contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
13. Contest shall close at midnight of September 1st, 1935.

EXPLANATION

1. This is the third set of "Scrambled Stars". The first two were published in June and July. If you missed them you can obtain them for ten cents each from the office of RADIO STARS. The fourth set will appear in the September issue, out August first.
2. To win the prizes offered:
   (a) Unscramble as many of the sixteen pictures as you can, cutting out and putting them together.
   (b) Name as many of the stars as you can.
   (c) In thirty words or less, contestant must name his favorite radio star and tell why he or she is chosen.
3. The four sets of star pictures should not be mailed to us separately. Hold them until the final set appears.
4. When you have unscrambled as many stars as you can, named as many as you recognize, and written your thirty-word reason for liking your favorite, mail them all together to the

   Scrambled Stars Contest
   Radio Stars Magazine
   149 Madison Avenue
   New York City

A contest for everybody! Get going and win a prize!

Radio Stars Junior

Fans, meet Billy Halop
—Bobby Benson.

Hello! Junior Radio Fans! Here are five swell pages just for You! A Junior Magazine!

PROGRAMS FOR CHILDREN

9:00 EDST (1)—Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's.
(Sundays only)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WGR, CKLW, WFBM, WCAU, WEAN, WFBL, WMBR, WQAM, WDBO, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WLAC, WDSU, WDBJ, WMAS, WIBX, WWVA, WSPD, WORC, WDNC, WHP, WDOD, WNAC, WKRC, WHK, WJAS, WBIG, WBRC, WICC, WBNS, CKAC, WREC, WTOC, WSJS, WSFA.

9:00 EDST (1)—Coast to Coast on a Bus of the White Rabbit Line. Milton J. Cross conducting.
(Sundays only)
WJZ and associated stations.

9:30 EDST (¼)—Junior Radio Journal—Bill Slater.
(Saturday only.)
WEAF and network.

11:00 EDST (1)—Horn and Hardart's Children's Hour. Juvenile Variety Program.
(Sunday only.)
WABC only.

4:45 EDST—Adventure in King Arthur Land. Direction of Madge Tucker.
(Tuesdays and Wednesdays.)
WEAF and network.

5:15 EDST (¼)—Adventure Hour—"Og, Son of Fire." Dramatic sketch. Sponsored by Libby, McNeill and Libby. (From Chicago.)
(Monday, Wednesday and Friday.)
WABC, WCAO, WAAB, WGR, WKRC, CKLW, WJAS, WBNS. and 6:15 EDST — WBBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WBRC, WREC, WBT, KRNT.

5:15 EDST (¼)—Grandpa Burton—humorous sketch with Bill Baar.
(Monday, Wednesday and Friday.)
WEAF and network.

5:30 EDST (¼)—The Singing Lady—nursery jingles, songs and stories.
(Monday to Friday inclusive.)
WJZ, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WLW, CRCT, CFCF, WFIL, WMAL, WSYR.

5:30 EDST (¼)—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy.
(Monday to Friday inclusive.)
WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WMAS. 6:30—WBBM, WCAO, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WJSV, WOWO, WHEC, WFBL.

5:45 EDST (½)—Mickey of the Circus.
(Friday only.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WHK, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WSPD, WJSV, WDBO, WDAE, KHJ, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WICC, WBT, WBIG, WDSU, WCOA, WHEC, WIBX, WKRC, WTOC, WDNC, KSL, WBNS, WMBR, WHP, WOC, WVOR, KTSA, WSBT, WDOD, KOH, WBRC, CKAC, KGKO, WACO, WNOX, WHAS, KOMA, WFBL, WDBJ, KMBC, KLZ, KRLD, WFAE, WALA, KMOX, KTRH, KERN, KFPY.

5:45 EDST (¼)—Little Orphan Annie—childhood playlet.
(Monday to Friday inclusive.)
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, KDKA, WBAL, WGAR, WRVA, WIOD, WJAX, WHAM, WJR, WCKY, WMAL, WFLA, CRCT, CFCF. 6-45—KWK, KOIL, WKBF, KSTP, WEBC, KFYR, WSM, WMC, WSB, WKY, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS, WAVE, WSMB, WBAP

5:45 EDST (¼)—Nursery Rhymes—Milton J. Cross and Lewis James—children's program.
(Tuesday.)
WEAF and network

5:45 EDST (¼)—Dick Tracy—dramatic sketch.
(Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WJAS, WEAN, WSPD, WKBW, WBBM, WHAS, WOWO, WJSV, WHK, KMOX, WKRC, WFBL, WADC, WAAB, WCAU.

6:00 EDST—Organs of the Air.
(Tuesdays only.)
WEAF and network

6:00 EDST (¼)—Buck Rogers in the 25th Century.
(Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WCAU, WJAS, WFBL, WJSV, WBNS, WHEC

6:15 EDST (¼)—The Ivory Stamp Club with Capt. Tim Healy—Stamp and Adventure Talks.
(Monday, Wednesday, Friday.)
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA

6:15 EDST (¼)—Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim.
(Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday.)
WABC, WOKO, WAAB, WGR, WDRC, WCAU, WEAN, WFBL, WHEC, WMAS, WLBZ

THE THRILLING ADVENTURE

A sailor stole Rusty and ran swiftly away with him.

Mason made Elmer climb aloft in a fearful storm.

Old Murphy helped Elmer drag Rusty up into the boat.

Illustrated by Jim Kelly

—from "The Adventures of Grandpa Burton" as told to his six-year-old grandson, Bobby—Every Friday afternoon at 5:15 p.m., EDST, on a national network (Copyrighted by Bill Baar)

BOBBY LOVES to listen to Grandpa Burton's stories. Grandfathers are such jolly people. And they've had time to do so many exciting things.

This is the story Grandpa Burton told Bobby about going to sea on a whaler, with his dog, Rusty, and his friend, Slim. Grandpa was only fifteen then.

And this is how it all happened. Elmer (that's Grandpa Burton's real name) and Slim and Rusty were walking along a wharf at Vancouver, in British Columbia, when a sailor from one of the ships seized Rusty and ran off with him.

Of course Elmer and Slim raced after the sailor, who ran aboard "The Penguin," a whaling ship tied up at the dock. Elmer told the captain a sailor had stolen his dog. And just then they heard Rusty barking.

The captain took them below, and they found that the sailor, whose name was Mason, had shut Rusty up in his locker.

Captain Harper made Mason give Rusty back to Elmer. He was very angry with the sailor, and would have fired him, but he needed all the men he had for his whaling voyage. He asked the boys if they would like to go along, too.

Elmer and Slim thought it would be very exciting to go whaling, so they stayed aboard "The Penguin." They liked Captain Harper and he was kind to them. But Mason was very mean to the boys. He made them do hard and dangerous jobs—take heavy barrels below deck, and climb the rigging when a storm was raging.

But the boys didn't dare tell the captain how brutal Mason was to them, because he threatened to throw Rusty overboard if they did. And naturally you're not going to let anything happen to your dog!

Mason had pretended to like Rusty. He told the captain he had taken him because he wanted him for a mascot. But now he told the boys he had stolen him because he wanted to sell him!

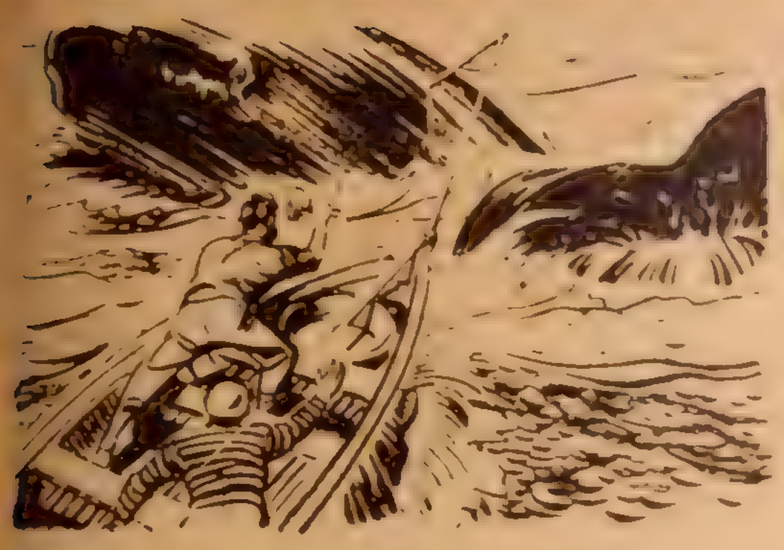
"Remember," he snarled, "the first time I see or hear o' ye complainin' about anythin' to the captain, the dog'll pay!"

One day they went out in a small boat after a whale. They took lances, rope, harpoons and a marker from the ship. Mason ordered Elmer to come along. Then, when they were some distance away from the ship, they saw Rusty swimming after them.

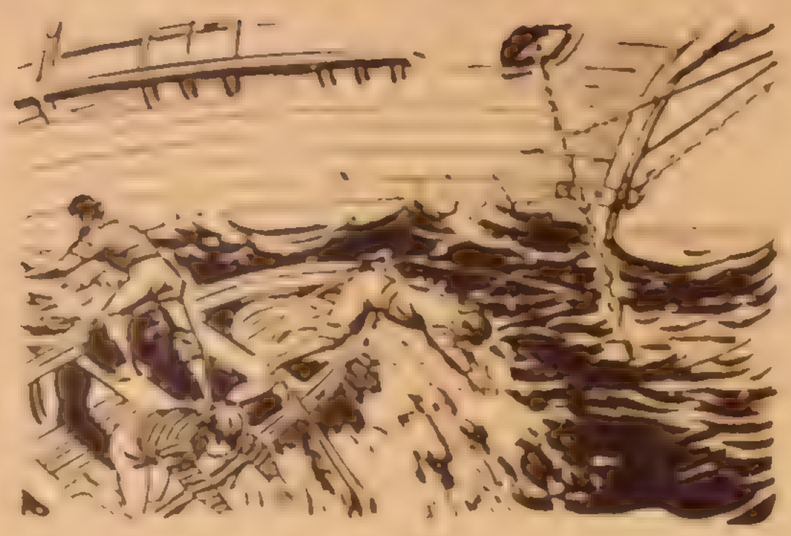
Mason didn't want to save the dog, but Murphy, another sailor, helped Elmer pull Rusty into the boat.

Then they sighted a whale! Mason

OF THREE ON A WHALER



"Pull up close, so I can finish him," Mason shouted.



Murphy gave the word, and they jumped into the sea.

"We're all going to be friends now, aren't we?"

threw the harpoon into its back. Then Murphy and Elmer and the other sailors kept rowing, while Mason paid out the rope and the whale leaped and thrashed about.

"Pull up alongside the whale, so I can finish him," Mason shouted.

"It isn't safe to go near him while he's still fighting," Murphy warned him. "Ye should be waitin' till the whale is tired out."

"I'll do this my own way!" Mason snarled angrily. And he would not even listen to Captain Harper, calling from the ship.

"Let go the rope, Mason!" the captain yelled. "Don't get too close!"

But Mason pretended he could not hear.

Then Murphy pulled out his sharp knife and cut the rope!

Mason was furious. He knocked Murphy down into the bottom of the boat. Then he threw another harpoon into the whale and made the men row closer to him.

Soon the whale began pulling them by the rope attached to the harpoon. The boat bounded through the waves, toward the ship.

"Can ye swim, Elmer?" Murphy asked him.

"Yes." Elmer looked anxious. What was going to happen? Then he saw—they were going to crash into the side of the ship!

"When I give ye the word," Murphy said, "jump overboard with Rusty!"

In a minute Murphy gave the word, and they all jumped. Then Rusty disappeared. Elmer looked around, frightened. Where was she? Then he saw her. She was swimming and holding Mason's head above water! Mason was unconscious. He had caught his feet in the rope, and when the boat crashed into the ship he had fallen and hit his head.

Another boat was lowered from the ship to lift the swimmers from the water. And soon they all were safe on deck again.

Captain Harper spoke angrily to Mason. "You have this dog to thank for your being here," he said. "Rusty has saved your life."

Mason was truly sorry, when he realized how near he had come to drowning. He apologized to the captain and to the boys and Rusty. "We're all going to be friends from now on, I hope," he said. "What do you say, Rusty?"

And Rusty barked: "*Yes.*"

After that they harpooned many more whales, and the boys earned some money for each one. And Mason never was mean to them or to Rusty again. He was a real friend. And Elmer and Slim were glad they had sailed on the whaler.

And then one day they sailed back to Vancouver again. They were glad to be home. But they were glad, too, that they had had such a wonderful adventure aboard the whaling ship.

JUNIOR JOURNAL

Radio's little sweetheart is Baby Rose Marie. She is eight years old, and she has been on the radio ever since she was four. She has more than 300 dolls, a big Mickey Mouse, 150 jig-saw puzzles, 200 stuffed dogs, 500 dresses, 50 pairs of shoes and 200 hats! But we don't envy her all those things. No sir! You can wear only one dress and one pair of shoes at a time on one little body and two little feet. And one head only needs one hat—and lots of times not even one! And one doll is all you can love at one time. Even Baby Rose Marie loves one Teddy Bear best of all, and every night of her life she takes him to bed with her. Her real name is Rose Curley, and she is a very sweet little girl. She is very proud of her Lucky Fellow Club.

Here is The Singing Lady. Don't you love her? We do! She tells such pleasant stories and sings such sweet songs. She has two little children of her own, a boy and a girl, so she knows what boys and girls like to hear. When she was a little girl, she and her friends used to act plays together. They had an old music box for their orchestra. Now she plays the piano for her own songs. She is very pretty, too, with soft, reddish-brown hair and blue eyes. And she is five feet and two inches tall. She likes apples, nuts, chocolate and milk. Her real name is Ireene Wicker. She is "Jane," too, on the Judy and Jane program.

This, fans, is a picture of the youngest orchestra director in radio. His name is Roland Liss, and he is all of two years old! It's a good thing to get started early on your career. Roland hasn't wasted much time, has he? Roland leads a juvenile band, each Saturday morning, on the NBC Children's Hour. Milton J. Cross is the announcer of the program. Mr. Cross is quite a few years older than Roland, and quite a few feet taller, but just the same, he likes to discuss music with the young orchestra leader, and get his advice on conducting his new Tuesday afternoon "Nursery Rhymes" program. Have you heard it?

THE CLUB ROOM

by Peggy Lee

Here is Lucy Gillman, with little guests at her birthday party in the NBC Chicago studio. Lucy plays the rôle of Lucy Moran in Today's Children. Left to right, Nancy Wicker, Lucy, Walter Wicker, Jr., Jane Orr Perry, Louise Phillips and Donald Webster.

Dear Fans:

How would you like to join a new lub?

This is Peggy Lee speaking, from e offices of Radio Stars Junior lagazine, to invite you to join adio Stars Junior Club.

There are no club dues. All you ave to do to become a member of e club is to write me a letter and y that you want to join Radio ars Junior Club.

Then we will send you our club n, to prove that you really are a ember of the club.

The purpose of the club is to ve a place where children can y what they think of radio proams, which ones they like or dise, and which radio artists they e to hear. That will help you to t more of the programs you like hear on the radio.

Each month we will print some the best letters we receive. So ite us a nice letter today, and rhaps next month you will see ur letter in the magazine.

As soon as we get your letter we ll send you your Radio Stars Junior Club pin. Wear it, and tell your little friends to join our club.

* * *

Each month Radio Stars Junior will come to you in the pages of Radio Stars Magazine. Watch for these five pages that are just for you, boys and girls.

They will have a story for you, written from a script of one of the programs you have listened to on the air. And there will be pictures of radio's child artists, with some interesting facts about them and their programs.

Write us a letter and tell us what you would like to see in these pages. What stories you would like to have printed, so that you can read again something you have enjoyed hearing on the radio. Tell us what pictures you would like to have printed. What child stars you would like to read about.

* * *

One of your favorite radio programs, "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century," will continue on the air during the summer months, four times a week as usual.

* * *

Have you heard "Orgets in the Air"? This delightful new program will be given Tuesdays, at 6 p.m., over an NBC-WEAF network.

Orgets are "streamlined people from another planet. Their whole business in life is to make people happy." They live in Christmas tree balls and seashells in "The-World-of-You-and-Me," but their real home is in "The-Land-We-Know-Not-Of."

* * *

Next month, in the September issue of Radio Stars, Radio Stars Junior will have the story of "The Silver Knight" written by talented little Pat Ryan, whom you have heard on "Let's Pretend" program.

Why I want to join Radio Stars Junior Club:

1. It will help me to get the programs I want to hear on the radio.
2. I can write and tell the players how I like their programs, and see my letters printed in the magazine.
3. It will bring me a club pin to wear.
4. It will help the editors to print in these pages things I want to read about child radio performers and their programs.

Radio Stars' Cooking School

Courtesy Campfire Marshmallows

The Easy Aces entertain friends easily! Above, Benny Fields, Blossom Seeley, (Mrs. Fields) and Goodman and Jane Ace, (The Easy Aces) are about to sample Jane's "Savory Hamburgers." At the left, assembling ingredients for Grahamallow Roll. And doesn't it look delicious?

Easy Aces suggest easy dishes that you will like

By Nancy Wood

GREETINGS, Friends and Radio Fans:

You may recall vaguely those "good old days" of Auction Bridge, before the complications of Contract came along? Keeping score in Auction, you remember, was to Contract scoring what child's arithmetic is to higher mathematics! Why, the Contract player nowadays, who speaks glibly of thousands, would scorn the little tens and twenties "for honors" which we so carefully jotted down. And I dare say that this present-day Einstein of the score cards has forgotten (if ever he knew) what "Easy Aces" meant at the Bridge table. On the other hand I'm sure he'd be thoroughly familiar with that term as the descriptive name of one of the most consistently popular hours on the air. When Mr. and Mrs. Goodman Ace started to broadcast—five years ago—"Easy Aces" meant to Bridge players that ace honors were "even". And Ace honors are even to this day, if you should ask Goodman and Jane's enthusiastic listeners.

Yes, there's something about Jane's middle western twang and natural way of speaking that has amused countless thousands. And there is quite as much to admire and laugh at in the splendid scripts written as well as acted by Goodman Ace for their three-times-weekly broadcasts. But what we are more interested in at the moment is this pair's well earned reputation as amusing and adept host and hostess in their comfortable New York home.

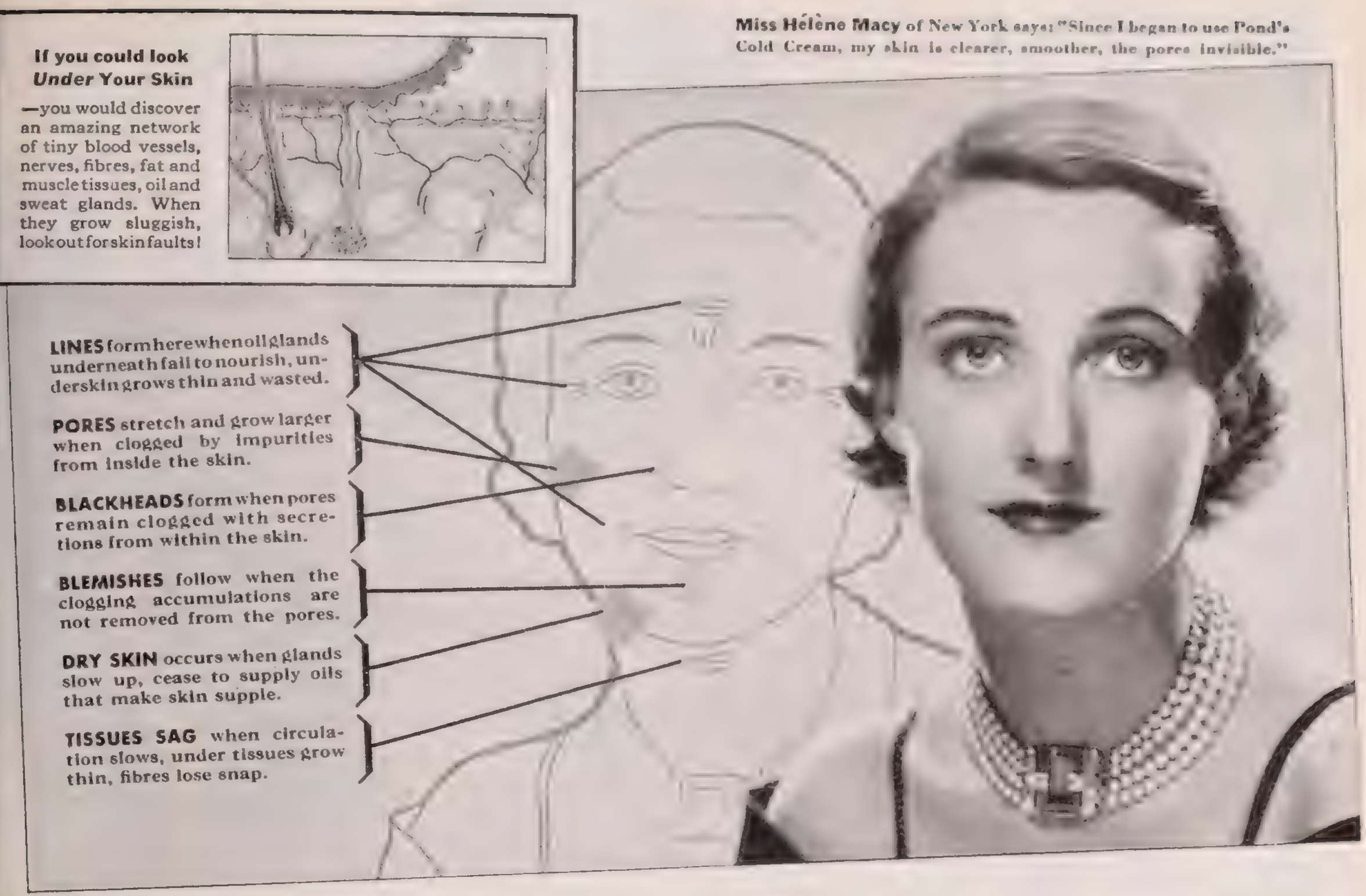
Mr. and Mrs. Ace (that's really their name, you know) live in a swanky apartment hotel. From the windows of their rooms you overlook the farthest reaches of Central Park. Their apartment is not pretentious, however—it couldn't be, for these two are as unaffected, natural and unspoiled as it is possible to be. Jane, trim and smart in a man-tailored suit and shirtwaist, showed me their quarters, which included a visit to the small but complete kitchenette with which such hotel suites are equipped. You'd be surprised what swell meals can come forth from such small quarters—in fact you'll be not only surprised but delighted to learn as I did, about the simply delicious, deliciously simple dishes that are concocted in Jane's two-by-four kitchen.

"There are just two questions I'm afraid you're going to ask me," Jane said as we returned to the living-room with its comfortable furnishings, many lamps and Mr. Ace's efficient-looking desk. (*Continued on page 78*)

If you could look *Under* Your Skin

—you would discover an amazing network of tiny blood vessels, nerves, fibres, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands. When they grow sluggish, look out for skin faults!

Miss Hélène Macy of New York says: "Since I began to use Pond's Cold Cream, my skin is clearer, smoother, the pores invisible."



When *Underskin fails to function,* *expect* Lines, Blackheads, Blemishes!

DO YOU KNOW what makes skin supple and smooth? The tiny oil glands *underneath* it.

Do you know what keeps it firm, young? Millions of tiny nerve and muscle fibres just *below* the surface.

What gives it that clear glow that never fails to win admiration? The active circulation in little blood vessels all through the *underskin.*

Skin authorities say the whole beauty of your outer skin depends on the proper functioning of all these things just *under your skin!*

Hundreds of women have learned to ward off skin faults with a cream that both cleanses to the depths and rouses the slowing underskin to vigorous action —Pond's Cold Cream.

And here's the simple way they use it:—

EVERY NIGHT, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously, patting it in till the skin is warm and supple. It sinks deep into the pores, softens and flushes away dirt, make-up and impurities from within the skin itself. Wipe cream and dirt away.

Pat in some more cream briskly, and give your cleansed skin a second invigorating treatment with it. The circulation stirs. Oil glands are wakened. Tissues and fibres toned. See how clear and glowing your skin looks. How satiny to the touch.

IN THE MORNING, repeat this. In the daytime, too, before you put on fresh make-up. Rouge and powder go on evenly, stay fresh for hours.

The Countess of Warwick

admired for her youth, beauty and gracious personality, says: "Pond's Cold Cream is marvelous for bringing out the dirt from the pores of the skin."

But, most of all, you'll be delighted with the steady improvement in your skin. By this constant care, you can avoid blackheads and blemishes . . . Reduce enlarged pores . . . Soften lines . . . Firm the skin.

Send for the special 9-treatment tube of Pond's offered below. See in a few days the promise of what it can do for you. Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure and entirely free from germs.

Pond's Cold Cream cleanses the skin deep, invigorates the underskin, corrects skin faults.

Mail this Coupon — **for Generous Package**

POND'S, Dept. H-128, Clinton, Conn.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES—CORK-TIPPED

LIKE A SHOWER ON A HOT DAY

—the cooling mild menthol in KOOLS sets you up. Light one and refresh that hot, parched throat. There's just enough mild menthol to give the smoke a pleasant coolness, but the fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved. Cork tips save lips. And a B&W coupon in each pack worth saving for a choice of mighty attractive premiums. (Offer good in U.S.A. only; write for illustrated premium booklet.)

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME PREMIUMS

RALEIGH CIGARETTES . . . NOW AT POPULAR PRICES . . . ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

Programs DAY BY DAY

SUNDAYS
(July 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th)

10:00 EDST (½)—Southernaires Quartet.
WJZ and an NBC blue network

10:00 EDST (½)—Church of the Air.
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WDNC, WHP, WFEA, WCAO, WCOA, WKBN, WAAB, CKLW, WDRC, WJAS, WFBL, WSPD, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WPG, WLBZ, WICC, WBIG, WDBJ, WMAS, WORC, WBNS, WMBR, WIBX, WBBM, KTRH, KLRA, KWKH, WACO, KGKO, WTOC, WNOX, KOMA, WHAS, WOC, KTSA, WCCO, WLAC, KSCJ, KFH, WDSU, WREC, KSL, WDOD, WEAN, KRNT, WJSV, WBRC, KRLD, WHEC, WIBW, WWVA, WSJS, WNAX, WSFA, KTUL, KFBK

10:00 EDST (½)—Dr. Charles L. Goodell.
WEAF and an NBC red network

10:45 EDST (¼)—Between the Bookends.
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WKBN, WHP, WDNC, WCAO, CKLW, WJAS, WORC, WMBR, WFBL, WSPD, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WPG, WLBZ, WIBX, WFEA, CKAC, WDBJ, WMAS, WSJS, WBNS, WCOA, WDOD, WIBW, WOC, KTSA, KGKO, WTOC, KMBC, WGST, WBRC, WLAC, WNAX, KFH, KTRH, WCCO, KLRA, WDSU, WMBD, KWKH, WREC, WNAC, KRNT, WDRC, WFBM, WHAS, WEAN, KRLD, WICC, KOMA, WHEC, WWVA, KSL, WSFA, KTUL, KFBK

11:30 EDST (1)—Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ. (From Utah.)
WOKO, CKLW, WIBX, WSPD, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WPG, WLBZ, WORC, WMBR, WFEA, WCOA, WMAS, WBT, WBNS, WBIG, WDBJ, WSJS, WCAO, WJAS, WFBL, WALA, WBRC, WADC, WGST, WDSU, WNAX, KWKH, KLRA, WREC, WKBN, KRLD, KTRH, WCCO, WLAC, WMBD, KSCJ, KLZ, KSL, KERN, WDNC, KOMA, WIBW, WOC, KTSA, WACO, WTOC, WHP, WDOD, KRNT, KFAB, WJSV, KFH, WSFA, KOIN, KTUL, WOWO, KGKO, KFBK.

12:00 Noon EDST (½)—Tastyeast Opportunity Matinee. Johnny Johnson and his orchestra; guest artists.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, KDKA, WJR, WLW.

12:15 EDST (¼)—"What Home Means to Me." (General Electric Co.)
WEAF, WTAG, WCSH, WTIC, WGY, WTAM, WSAI, WEEI, WJAR, WWJ, WFBR, WRC, WBEN, WCAE, KPRC, KVOO, WOAI, KYW, WMAQ, WOW, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WHIO.

12:30 P.M. EDST (1)—Radio City Music Hall. Symphony orchestra; Glee Club; Soloists.
WJZ and an NBC blue network.

1:00 EDST (½)—Church of the Air.
WABC, WDRC, WBNS, WDNC, WCOA, WKBN, CKLW, WQAM, WPG, WSJS, WOKO, WSPD, WFBM, WMBR, WIBX, WDBO, WLBZ, WDBJ, WORC, WCAO, WKRC, WJAS, WDAE, WBT, WHEC, WWVA, WLAC, KWKH, WHAS, WIBW, WOC, KTSA, WSBT, WDOD, KTRH, KLRA, WCCO, KSCJ, KFH, WALA, WREC, KLZ, KOH, KFPY, KOIN, KVI, KOL, KGB, WBIG, WADC, WGR, KRNT, KFAB, WJSV, KHJ, KDB, WGST, WBRC, KVOR, KOMA, WTOC, WSFA, KVI, KFRC, WFBL, KFBK, KWG.

1:30 EDST (½)—He, She and They. Mary Eastman, Soprano, and Evan Evans, Baritone, with Orchestra.
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WKBW, WGR, WHK, KRNT, CKLW, WFBM, KMBC, KFAB, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, KMOX, WSPD, WIBX, WJSV, WMBR, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, KHJ, KDB, WGST, WLBZ, WBRC, WDOD, KVOR, WBNS, WLZ, WBIG, WHP, KTRH, KLRA, WREC, WCCO, WALA, KOMA, WCOA, WDBJ, WHEC, WTOC, KWKH, KSCJ, WSBT, CFRB, KFH, WSJS, WORC, KVI, KFPY, WSFA, WLAC, KFRC, WOC, WOWO, KTSA, KGB, WFBL, KFBK, KOL, KOH, KERN, WKBN

2:00 EDST (½)—Lazy Dan, the Minstrel Man. (Boyle Floor Wax.)
WABC, WADC, WCAO, WOKO, WMAS, WNAC, WKBW, WMBG, WBNS, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WDBJ, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WJSV, WBT, WHEC, WBBM, WOWO, WSPD, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KOMA, WIBW, WGST, KRLD, KFAB, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KLZ, KSL, KMJ, KFBK, KWG, KHJ, KOIN, KERN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI, WBRC, KRNT.

2:00 EDST (½)—Sally of the Talkies. Dramatic Sketches. (Luxor, Ltd.)
WEAF, WCSH, WRC, WTAM, WTIC, WJAR, WTAG, WGY, WWJ, WCAE, WEEI, WFBR, WBEN, WSAI, WMC, WAVE, KYW, KSD, WMAQ, WOW, WDAF, WJDX, WSMB, WHO, WSM, WSB, WAPI, WIRE, WHIO.

2:30 EDST (1)—Lux Radio Theatre. (Lever Bros.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, CFCF, WBZA, WRVA, WPTF, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WTAR, WLW, KSO, KWK, WREN, WENR, KOIL, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WTMJ, WDAY, KFYR, KVOO, WKY, KTHS, WFAA, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WMT, CRCT.

2:30 EDST (½)—Eddie Dunstedter at the Organ.
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, KERN, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, WCCO, KVI, WGST, WBT, WBNS, KRLD, KLZ, KFAB, WLAC, WDSU, WMBG, WDBJ, KSL, WIBW, WSPD, KOMA, KRNT, WMBR, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WLBZ, WBRC, WICC, WDOD, WBIG, WHP, KTRH, WNOX, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WALA, WCOA,

(Continued on page 80)

Eastern Daylight Saving Time		Central Daylight and Eastern Standard Time		Mountain Daylight and Central Standard Time		Pacific Daylight and Mountain Standard Time		Pacific Standard Time	
1 A. M.	1 P. M.	12 Mdt.	12 Noon	11 P. M.	11 A. M.	10 P. M.	10 A. M.	9 P. M.	9 A. M.
2 A. M.	2 P. M.	1 A. M.	1 P. M.	12 Mdt.	12 Noon	11 P. M.	11 A. M.	10 P. M.	10 A. M.
3 A. M.	3 P. M.	2 A. M.	2 P. M.	1 A. M.	1 P. M.	12 Mdt.	12 Noon	11 P. M.	11 A. M.
4 A. M.	4 P. M.	3 A. M.	3 P. M.	2 A. M.	2 P. M.	1 A. M.	1 P. M.	12 Mdt.	12 Noon
5 A. M.	5 P. M.	4 A. M.	4 P. M.	3 A. M.	3 P. M.	2 A. M.	2 P. M.	1 A. M.	1 P. M.
6 A. M.	6 P. M.	5 A. M.	5 P. M.	4 A. M.	4 P. M.	3 A. M.	3 P. M.	2 A. M.	2 P. M.
7 A. M.	7 P. M.	6 A. M.	6 P. M.	5 A. M.	5 P. M.	4 A. M.	4 P. M.	3 A. M.	3 P. M.
8 A. M.	8 P. M.	7 A. M.	7 P. M.	6 A. M.	6 P. M.	5 A. M.	5 P. M.	4 A. M.	4 P. M.
9 A. M.	9 P. M.	8 A. M.	8 P. M.	7 A. M.	7 P. M.	6 A. M.	6 P. M.	5 A. M.	5 P. M.
10 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	9 P. M.	8 A. M.	8 P. M.	7 A. M.	7 P. M.	6 A. M.	6 P. M.
11 A. M.	11 P. M.	10 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	9 P. M.	8 A. M.	8 P. M.	7 A. M.	7 P. M.
12 Noon	12 Mdt.	11 A. M.	11 P. M.	10 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	9 P. M.	8 A. M.	8 P. M.

● How precious a simple snapshot can be . . . Don't take chances with pictures that mean so much. Your camera—any camera—is better when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. Verichrome gives you the true expression, the naturalness. Your snaps turn out just the way you've always wanted them. Always use Verichrome and be sure . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

This day will never come again—
save it with snapshots

B R I G H T

EYE DEAS

by Jane Heath

SUMMER EYE-OPENERS

PROBABLY your face is a picture in your mirror at home—but how does it look on the beach in the sun? You have only to look at your friends to know! *You can't trust nature unadorned!* Sunlight makes eyes, especially, look pale, small and "squinched up." But that's easy to remedy! Slip your eyelashes into KURLASH! (It costs only $1.) A few seconds' pressure curls them into lovely fringed eye frames which catch entrancing shadows making eyes look far larger and brighter.

Sun Shades

So much color and sparkle in the sunlight! What can you do to keep your eyes from looking faded and "washed out" in contrast? This: apply a tiny bit of green or blue SHADETTE ($1) on the upper lids to reflect the colors of the landscape! So subtly, it restores the lovely color, depth, size of your eyes!

and Shadow

Beauty on the beach is simply the art of *looking* natural. Certainly eyelashes that disappear in the sun must be darkened! Liquid LASHTINT (it's waterproof) does the trick so convincingly! Use it more heavily in the evening. Black—brown—or blue. $1.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Dept. G-8, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y., or at The Kurlash Company of Canada, Toronto, 3.

Frank Brenna, barber, made a hit on Major Bowes' amateur hour. So Mrs. Brenna sang a song for the Major, too!

Joseph Hutter, Pittsburgher, whose voice won many votes. Mary Mumm, daughter of the champagne king, also a winner.

Veronica Mimosa, nine-year-old pianist prodigy, received bravos, an encore, and a doll on one of Major Bowes' amateur hours.

Shanghai's gift to the Major's amateur hour, Harold Moy, the "Chinese Hillbilly" achieved a notable triumph recently.

Just for Fun

(*Continued from page 15*)

on the Manhattan merry-go-round. On the last day with no jobs and no promises, she was ready to go back to Pittsburg when she chanced to pass a theatre in which amateur auditions were being conducted. She went in, won a place on the show, and the listeners voted her the grand prize. That in turn attracted the attention of a famous vocal teacher who is now coaching her. She went into vaudeville for five weeks which netted her three hundred dollars. She is on her way up.

But what about the use of that terrible, terrible word? We go back to the night Major Bowes sat at his loudspeaker listening to the new amateur hour he had introduced on a tiny station of which he was the manager. He had asked a number of his friends to listen, too.

A performer flatted a few notes, muffed her words, and got the gong.

"Too bad, lady," the master of ceremonies said, "but that was pretty lousy."

Now Major Bowes is a connoisseur of art, a polished and cultured man of the world. His best friends were listening to this program and he knew their ears were as offended as were his own. He resolved forthwith to take over the master-minding on that pet program himself. Which he did the following week . . . and started the furious fad that opened the gates of radio to little Susan Gage.

For a long time little Nancy Dennis has been brightening up things around her home in New York's Bronx with her cannon-cracker piano technique. Then she brightened up a four-minute interval on the Fred Allen show. Today, she is a professional brightener, for her dancing fingers have been hired by an advertiser on WGN, Chicago.

And here's something not six fellows in radio know: When she got the job, she didn't have the money to pay her way out to the Windy City. So Fred Allen advanced it to her.

One of the nicest boys to come into radio through the *whatzit's* entrance is Dave Dawson who has already spent three years in college. Somewhere along the life-line, he learned to do imitations of Father Coughlin, Boake Carter, Huey Long. In his amateur take-off he did them so well for Fred Allen that talent scouts for another program picked him up. They represented the "March of Time," another show which uses imitations of the voices of men in the news. They offered him a steady job, and Dave

(*Continued on page 81*)

You're truly safe with

"CERTAIN-SAFE" MODESS!

Say goodbye to your old, haunting fear of "accidents." You can!

For just one word—to your druggist or to a saleswoman at your favorite department store—will bring you the dependable protection you've always longed for. And that word is..MODESS.

Modess is the one and only sanitary napkin that is "*Certain*-Safe." Get a box. Take out one of the soft, snowy napkins and look at it. See...

- *the specially-treated material on edges and back thus protects you against* striking through.
- *the extra-long gauze tabs that give a firmer gripping grip and protect you against* tearing away.

MODESS STAYS SOFT—STAYS SAFE

Thursday Night Miracles

(*Continued from page 17*)

Still, as you were about to say, other maestros are equally sympathetic with young talent. What is unusual here is the number of the stars of the first magnitude, some developed, others simply engaged, who have made their début with Vallee. These six years close to a thousand have been guest stars—and these thousand are the Burke's Peerage and Who's Who of the entertainment world. They are the big names in radio, Hollywood, the legitimate theater, the opera, night clubs, vaudeville. It has become a distinction to play with Rudy on the Fleischmann hour. Leslie Howard, for example, accepted a thousand dollars to appear on the program. Anyone else, Howard's managers assured me, would have had to pay at least three times as much for his services.

I am told there are not less than sixty-seven vaudeville acts now touring the country—most of them headliners—who bill themselves: *"Heard on the Rudy Vallee Program."* When these and other vaudevillians hit New York for the annual brush-up on gags and songs—they scramble for Vallee's office. An appearance over his mike and they are made for another year.

Joe Penner, before he was discovered by Rudy, was simply a Keith Circuit comic earning five hundred dollars a week. The maestro liked his style, invited him to an audition. Joe said: *"Aw, I don't wanna come."* Joe's manager also said no. They believed Joe was funny because of his face and his pantomime, hence sure to flop in radio. But Rudy persisted. For two months he laid siege, and finally won. That's how a duck became famous! In two years Rudy boosted Joe's drawing power so high that when he returned to vaudeville, he was able to command twelve thousand dollars a week—or exactly twenty-four times as much as he got before.

Eddie Cantor, of course, was an established star on the stage but he made his network début on the Vallee program. The story there is that he kidded Rudy about the grapefruit episode, something no one had dared to do before. You may remember that Harvard boys tossed grapefruit at Rudy when he appeared in Cambridge for a performance. Cantor cracked that Rudy had courage to go to Florida: *"Think of all the grapefruit they have down there!"*

Mae West made her first and up to recently her only radio appearance on this program. She convulsed listeners by using a lorgnette to read her script. *"Don't you love it? Mae using a lorgnette!"* Item: she didn't do it to entertain, she uses one all of the time.

When Beatrice Lillie sang her "Way Down South" song, Rudy laughed so hard he fell off his stool.

Gertrude Niesen, Katharine Hepburn, Helen Hayes, Lou Holtz, Kate Smith, hundreds of others, all miked for the first time on this miracle Thursday. Quartets, trios, choruses, instrumentalists, men in the news like Gene Sarazen and Max Baer—all got radio baptism there.

Burns and Allen were among them. Later Gracie returned as a guest artist. Thereby hangs a tale well worth telling, because it concerns the only time in these six years when Rudy's program was off the air. It was off less than a minute but that doesn't spoil the story.

That was about the time, remember, when Gracie was touring the programs looking for her lost brother. She's a CBS star and so, naturally NBC wasn't very enthusiastic about this lost brother stunt. The network didn't mind Gracie, they objected to her using their time to plug a program on the rival chain. At least that's the story I heard. The script with the lost brother stuff in it was turned back to Gracie for re-writing. Gordon Thompson, producer of Rudy's program, was informed that the subject was taboo, that a new script must be written. It was and won the approval of the officials.

O. K. so far. But Rudy somehow still had the old lost brother lines in front of him and when Gracie moved closer to the mike, Mr. Vallee began:

"What's this I hear, Gracie, about your lost brother?"

Click! went the switches and Rudy was off the air! The actors knew nothing about it. (*Continued on page 62*)

Mary Pickford welcomed Rudy when he went to Hollywood to make Sweet Music.

He sang fourteen songs on his first program. Now he sings only four or five.

Wide World

Let's Not Fall in Love

(Continued from page 11)

her cheek against a brown tweed shoulder to tell a boy about her dreams.

And when they said goodnight, closely, sweetly, it seemed to the boy and girl that the whole world sang. Something had happened.

Love!

Oddly, their letters crossed the next afternoon. Special delivery, both of them. His, masculinely scrawled on studio stationery. Hers, briefer, on pale blue linen.

Daybreak had come to bring no sleep to Carmen and Xavier; only to fizzle, as daybreak can, the heavenly froth of a moonlit night. In the bright glare of calm thinking their brief romance seemed to them both a foolish, dangerous frill for lives primarily concerned with ambition. Romance and ambition didn't mix, that was all, particularly in Hollywood. Thinking it over apart the two decided one thing: that love wouldn't fit into their individual plans for success.

Their letters crossed. *Unknowing that the other was doing the same thing at the same time, each, before going to sleep, wrote the other that they must never meet again.*

In their own fashion each had definitely asked: "Let's not fall in love."

They didn't. For more than a year they frequently worked on the same lot without so much as a casual greeting between them. At first—it was hard. But later, too many things were happening. Carmen had become a featured player in her own right. Xavier was working musical wonders on the most important pictures in production. Both were accomplishing what they had set out to accomplish, which made their separate lives hectic and swift and full of excitement. And really, really and truly, love didn't matter much after a while. Moonlit nights are easily forgotten in the crush of fast achievement.

Then a windy November came in 1929. A stock market crashed and when it did it carried with it just about every cent Xavier Cugat owned. On the heels of a new depression the fad for musical pictures petered right out. And very suddenly a young musical genius found himself both penniless and jobless.

Things were going badly for Carmen Castillia, too. By one of the fates of picture work, her parts had been getting poorer, less frequent. Her mother had been forced by financial circumstances to come to her daughter for support; with her she brought an orphan child but recently adopted before Señor Castillia's death. The child's name was Margo. Yes, Margo, the ten-year-old Mexican girl who was to grow up to become Margo, the recent screen sensation of "Crime Without Passion," and "Rhumba"! And the day after the mother and Margo arrived in California Carmen was [illegible] by her mother. And she hadn't any [illegible].

Accordingly, two ambitions that had been important enough to separate a boy and girl were lost. Lost in the desperate struggles to survive, to make out somehow. Their only hope, the concert stage, was reeling the depression, too. They had to take what they could get.

That was the way they planned to meet again. A musicale was being held in Los Angeles for the benefit of Spanish soldiers wounded in the Moroccan War and a number of local unemployed musicians were offered five dollars each to take part. Xavier played Brahms' "Lullaby" on his violin. Carmen sang "La Golandrina" in native Mexican costume. She looked very beautiful that night and very sad. Xavier stood in the wings and listened, as she had done when he was on the stage.

But they spoke together only briefly afterward. "Why stop to remember now?" both were thinking. "These are no days for love."

It might have gone on that way for always. It would have, probably, if a whole lot of things hadn't upped and happened at the same time—the way things do, if you take your fatalism seriously.

Carmen, it seems, kept having a tougher and tougher time of it. And so did

"SO SORRY"

"I'm such an awkward dancer— I'm afraid I ruined your shoe!"

DON'T WORRY

Shinola removes dirt and stains quickly—leaves shoes white as new!

NO RUB-OFF

★ *Properly applied Shinola White does not rub off on clothes or furniture.*

10¢
AT ALL STORES

★ Shinola White Cleaner dries quickly. After drying, the shoe should be rubbed or brushed. Shinola cleans and whitens; removes all stains and will not discolor shoes.

Xavier. And each of them began to think pretty much about the other; but neither knew that the other was thinking.

Finally, one night, a terrific storm raged over the Pacific and the rain came down in Los Angeles like a million cloudbursts. Carmen was lonely that night, so lonely she couldn't stand it. And Xavier, sitting in a boarding-house on the other side of town, was lonely, too. The rain, black and desolate-sounding, made a boy and girl at last do something they should have done long before . . .

Their letters crossed again, the very next morning. *During that storm each had written a note to the other!* Hers asked him to come to call. His enclosed (bought with his last dollars) the finest love-offering he could afford—three pink opera tickets for the girl he adored, her mother and little Margo, to attend the next day's matinée of "Carmen".

The three pink opera tickets were never used. Xavier, you see, rushed right over to the Castillias' as soon as he received Carmen's letter. He rushed so fast, in fact, he didn't realize that he looked somewhat white around the gills and that his jaws were swelling. Margo had just got the mumps, too! So Mama Castillia put her to bed in one room and Xavier in another.

And the day the health officer came to take the quarantine off the front door they made him a witness for a wedding!

Mr. and Mrs. Cugat had an idea instead of a honeymoon. An idea that they were somehow going to scrape together enough financial backing to organize a dance orchestra which, unlike any then in existence, would specialize solely in Spanish and South American tunes. Mr. would conduct, and Mrs. would sing.

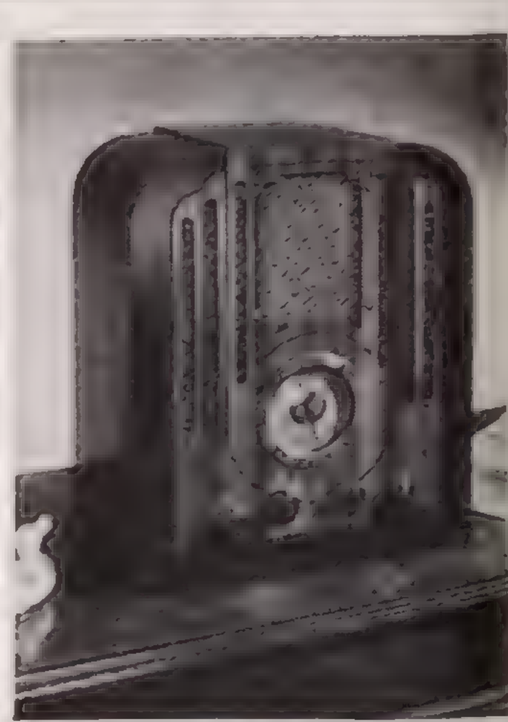
The idea was a glorious success. Six months later the orchestra was playing a Los Angeles' fashionable Cocoanut Grove. Eighteen months later it had been booked throughout the principal European capitals. And now it jams the supper room of New York's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel stars on *"Let's Dance."* Many of the tangos and rhumbas you hear on the program are Xavier's own compositions.

It was in their swanky suite at the Waldorf that I dropped in on the Cugats just the other day. They're interesting and they're awfully in love and they like to talk about it. And about each other. Carmen showed me some originals of the swell caricatures Xavier's done of different radio stars, and the manuscript of the latest tune, and her favorite picture of him wearing a sombrero. And Xavier showed me, on the sly, the necklace he was going to give her for her birthday and a very Mexican-looking bedspread she'd made for the couch in his studio and her frisky new terrier she's trained to behave in Spanish and completely misbehave in any other language.

While I was there Margo came in looking like a full-size Saks ad of the latest Parisian *cri*. Vacationing, she was, between pictures. But that didn't keep Xavier from scolding her mildly for getting circles under her eyes. Xavier is her godpapa.

So there you are with a romance that's plain proof that fate leaves you very little say-so about the person you're going to marry or the person you've an ambition to become. You probably won't mind that though. The Cugats are just as glad they didn't turn out to be Kreisler and Pons—because they think they have more fun anyway, being exactly what they are.

THE END



Here are three of the beautiful prizes waiting for winning contestants in our SCRAMBLED STARS contest. (See Page 44 of this issue). Waiting for YOU, perhaps! And don't you want to own one?

Second Prize (above, left) An RCA VICTOR GLOBE TROTTER console—An eight-tube range covers from 140 to 18,000 kilocycles, which includes aviation and weather reports, standard domestic broadcasts, police, aircraft and amateur signals, as well as the principal international entertainment bands.

Third Prize (above, center) An RCA VICTOR GLOBE TROTTER Table Cabinet Radio—six tubes. Range includes standard domestic broadcasts, police, amateur and aircraft broadcast signals, as well as principal international entertainment bands. Height, 20 inches; width, 16¾ inches; depth, 11½ inches.

Fourth Prize (above, right) An RCA VICTOR STANDARD SHORT WAVE TABLE MODEL—five tubes, covering standard programs, "High Fidelity" Band, police band, aircraft bands, an amateur band and foreign entertainment

Love and a Dime

(*Continued from page 27*)

minutes later. It was frightfully impolite of them, but then they hadn't seen a thing on the stage anyway. Jack leaned over and whispered hesitantly: *"How'd you like a cup of coffee?* And Tea whispered back ecstatically; *"Uh-huh!"* So they left, but not for a cup of coffee. For the precious privacy of a rear booth Jack knew about in Childs' Fifty-first street.

I can't tell you how love is made in a booth at Childs. I mean real *love*—the kind that had Jack and Tea talking about a wedding right away. All I know is that they sat right there in that booth till one o'clock, and by one o'clock they'd decided. And it was all so sudden and Tea was so happy over it she cried in her sandwich and the waiter came over to offer an extra napkin and they told him and he brought them sugar doughnuts for an engagement gift and they ate them and dashed down to Greenwich Village and took the first ferry across the Hudson. There's a county clerk in Jersey City, you see, who'll get up and dress any old night for a couple of extra dollars. You get the license simply enough, but you don't get married there. Not if you can help it. Because there's nothing romantic about Jersey City, particularly after nightfall. And Jack and Tea were definitely in favor of *atmosphere.*

That's how Philadelphia happened to come in. One of the acts on the Strand bill with Jack had been married the week before in Philly by the mayor. They said he was a swell guy, that he married you in his Louis XV parlor, that you didn't have to pay him any more than you would a regular clergyman. And those details, as Jack related them to Tea while they huddled over a radiator in the *B&O* terminal waiting-room, painted a very rosy dream of a very Ritzy way to have a wedding on a very small amount of cash. That the mayor might not think it was such a nifty idea, that they scarcely had money enough to make the trip—those items never entered into consideration. It was New Year's morning, they were newly in love, and not another thing in the world ever mattered.

Running between snowflakes on their way to the train-shed they noticed something racing along at their heels. A funny, dirty little something with a big head and four squat legs and a coat of hair that was undoubtedly capable of being fluffy and white.

"Oh, look, Jack—a poor little puppy and he's frozen!"

They stopped and Jack leaned down. "Here boy!" And he patted him on the head while the dog, for sheer joy, thumped his tail against one of Tea's satin sandals. In the mood they were in, that display of pathetic affection was just too much.

"Let's take him with us, couldn't we, Jack? We'll name him—"

"Wedding Present! That's it!"

Five minutes later Jack, Tea and Wedding Present were joyfully ensconced upon the red plush elegance of a seat in

■ Miss Helen Mitchell Stedman, of New York, of exquisitely fragile blonde beauty, says: "Pond's Rose Brunette Powder gives my skin the loveliest glow!"

Blonde looked Pale... Faded

The Color Analyst advised a Brunette Powder!

SHE WAS A PRETTY GIRL—that is, she would have been if her skin weren't so dull and washed-out looking. It made even her hair and eyes look faded. She was using a *flesh* powder of a popular make. It made her skin look positively chalky! "You are deadening your skin with that powder," the Color Analyst said. "See what this will do." He put on Pond's Rose Brunette. "Why it's lovely!" she said breathlessly. Her skin glowed enchantingly. Her hair looked like spun gold. Her eyes sparkled like jewels!

TO FIND OUT just what hidden tints gave beautiful blonde skin its enchanting transparency—what gave brunette skin its glamorous warmth, Pond's color-analyzed the skin of over 200 girls.

They found the answer in the most surprising tints hidden in skin—*bright blue* in blonde skin, *brilliant green* in brunette. These tints they blended *invisibly* in Pond's new powder shades. Now no one need have dull, faded skin. These new shades bring to your skin just the color note it lacks.

If your present powder is not helping you, see what Pond's scientifically blended shades will do for you:—

Rose Cream—gives an enchanting radiance and a clear blonde coloring

■ Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed—to find the hidden beauty tints in skin, now blended *invisibly* in Pond's new powder shades.

Natural—a delicate, transparent flesh tint
Brunette—a velvety, creamy tone becoming to many blondes
Rose Brunette—warms pale, faded skins
Light Cream—gives an ivory tone

You can try them without expense—just send in the coupon below. See from a thorough five-day test how much better you like this powder than any you ever used before.

5 DIFFERENT SHADES—FREE!

... mail coupon today

(THIS OFFER EXPIRES OCTOBER 1, 1935)

POND'S, Dept. H-126, Clinton, Conn.
Please send me free 5 different shades of Pond's new Face Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
Lingering Fragrance

FAOEN No. 44 is warm and vibrant. It suggests romance so subtly and yet so definitely that many fascinating women prefer it to more costly scents.

FAOEN No. 12 is floral and delicate with a refreshing bouquet. The scent is different. Different in its mysterious power to transform attractiveness into compelling loveliness.

FAOEN No. 19 is fresh, light and delicate. Like the intoxicating fragrance of a lovely garden—it's elusive and alluring. Excellent for evening wear.

FAOEN No. 3 is exotic—a clinging, oriental fragrance which makes every occasion rife with intriguing romantic possibilities.

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids
10c
In ten cent tuckaway sizes as illustrated at all 5 and 10 cent stores.

the day-coach. And the 2:30 southbound was pulling out of Jersey City.

You know what happened in Philadelphia. And if you want to know, it made them pretty mad! Jack vowed, holding Tea close in the taxi on the way back to the station, that they'd get married, anyway—they'd get married quick—and what's more they'd have a *mayor* do the job! The next *biggest* mayor they could find! So they got off the train in Trenton at eight o'clock and found the mayor and he married them and fed them coffee and gave them his profoundest blessing and even donated a few executive pats-on-the-head to their pup. Which is practically everything but the key to the city—and my idea of something nice, no less, in the way of a mayor.

And at sunny ten a. m., exactly twelve hours after their first meeting, they emerged from the Times Square subway station in frost-bitten, cindery evening clothes—as happy a Mr. and Mrs. as ever set foot in New York, and as broke. Their assets totalled precisely ten cents, a loudly beflowered matrimonial certificate, and one Wedding Present.

But love, of a sparkling 'teen-year-old vintage, isn't annoyed by economic trivia. They were hungry so they bought two Hershey bars with the dime. They wired the great news to their families C.O.D. Then they picked up Jack's things at the theatre and Tea's from the apartment of the girl friend she'd been visiting for the holidays. And by virtue of four imposingly battered suitcases they checked in in grand style at the Claridge Hotel.

It was all over, just like that. Except for the expected distant rumblings of the senior Littles and the Hellmans, whose thunder gradually subsided leaving Jack and Tea to the glorious adventure of married life.

All of which, I would remind you, was thirteen whole years ago.

Love's been lucky for the Little Jack Littles. Success was no snap for our hero but he graduated by degrees from vaudeville to radio, to composing, to orchestra conducting. And our heroine is still not only his heroine, his one and only, but his very efficient business manager as well. Between them they've installed their band at one of Manhattan's swankiest night sports, their home life in a honey of a river penthouse on West Fiftieth Street, and their hearts in each other's. Permanently. And that's accomplishing a Little something in thirteen years, if you ask me.

You'd like them lots. Jack's thirty-two, and even in a tux he looks like he's ten. Tea's twenty-nine, pretty as a picture, and you'd take her any time for a fugitive from kindergarten. You see, that's where the *Little* Jack Littles comes in. He, five feet one. She, to the tip of his ear or thereabouts. They look like a couple of infants. They're the happiest folk you ever saw. They laugh and wrangle and play together a lot. And that's worth working for, that sort of marriage.

In winding up, I find it impossible to omit the fact that Wedding Present lived in a splendor of adoration to the juicy age of seven-plus. Plus whatever majority he had attained before he bummed a ride to Philly one night with two kids in search of a mayor.

Two kids who prove that two lines from "Hero and Leander" aren't just so much broccoli after all, when you come to think about it:

Where both deliberate the love is slight.
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?

THE END

Three Women and Max Baer

(*Continued from page 39*)

and reporters, invitations, offers and yes-men flooded his apartment. He grabbed up all of the worth while moving picture and vaudeville contracts because, as he has often said, "I want to make all the money I can while I can." Which proves that Maxie isn't as dizzy as he's rumored to be. But Dorothy couldn't keep up with the hectic pace.

"I married him to change him into a gentleman," she once remarked, "but the most I could make of him was a musical comedy actor."

Max said in return, "She's jealous of my success. When I'd walk down the street and kids would ask for my autograph, she'd be bored. That's why I got a divorce."

Two logical explanations, you'll admit. But it was more than that. It was the inevitable end of a merger between a restless, vital firebrand and a precise, correct lady.

But if the marriage was a short-lived one, at least it was a valuable experience to Max. For it was Dorothy who had instructed him in the ways of society, and if it hadn't been for her teachings he couldn't have made the plunge into the social pool.

When Max became heavyweight champion he tackled society in a big way. And society, surprisingly enough, went after the Champ. The Four Hundred look about for new novelties to add zest to their parties and the colorful new Champ was a good attraction.

I will say this for Max, though. He made quite a few of society's astute members like him for himself alone. He has a gay, irrepressible humor which stamps him a regular with the men, and he has a certain faun-like quality which makes him irresistible to the women.

As in all the stages of Maxie's life, there was a girl to mark his advent into this new world. Just as there was the waitress in his ham and beans days, the actress in his educational period, so in society there was the Society Girl.

She is Mary Kirk Brown and Max met her at a social shindig. She is beautiful, exciting and dashing—the gay, spirited type of débutante pictured in the

movies and novels. Max appealed to her because he was so much fun.

Mary and Max were a new combination to startle Park Avenue. The Prizefighter and the Lady. Perhaps Max can change it to the Gentleman and the Lady. At any rate, they both do the swanky nightclubs together, and a few months back when Max made a one-time appearance on Al Jolson's radio show, Miss Brown was there to witness it. From seeing both of them in the studio that night, I could understand immediately just why this popular socialite has found Max—the Max Baer of peasant stock—such agreeable company. There he stood on the stage, clothed elegantly in a full dress suit, looking, with his powerful shoulders and tapering waistline, like a magnificent Greek God. When he strutted to the mike, his big, jovial face broke into an infectious grin, his eyes glowed and a dimple appeared in his cheek (*yes, he has a dimple!*) He put on a tiny straw bonnet with ribbons and clowned before the microphone, to the delight of the studio audience. A combination of Apollo and Harpo Marx! I looked at Miss Brown and she was laughing delightedly. Life could never be dull with Max.

Max Baer has come a long way from his butcher-boy days. He's mastered bridge, he's acquired charming drawing-room manners and a débutante, he plays golf with millionaires at exclusive country clubs and he's invited to exclusive Sands Point and New York parties. But at heart he's still the same exuberant fellow who, followed by servants, stormed into New York wearing a top hat, with a copy of Emily Post's Book of Etiquette under his arm.

I saw him at a rehearsal in the NBC studios the day of his first broadcast. It was a mad affair, with Max joking about the script and doing an impromptu rhumba for the benefit of the newspaper folks present. And let me say here, Max has a very quick brain when it comes to tossing off witty sallies. He had all of us giggling at his remarks. He likes to show off before an audience, which is one of the reasons why his sponsors arranged to have his broadcasts performed in private. With a few hundred people watching him, Baer would be more interested in getting the crowd laughing than in following the script.

I asked Max what he intended to do when he was through fighting and acting.

"I'm twenty-six now," he answered in that easy, good-humored manner of his, "and I intend to have over a million by the time I'm thirty. How many fellows today can retire at thirty with a million? Then I can do as I please. I'm studying literature and diction now."

He ended, as he ends most of his conversations, with a wink and a grin.

Whether he is brushing up on diction and literature so that he can overcome the greatest obstacle in his path to the Social Register is something you'll have to figure out for yourself. I have my own opinion, but I may have to grow a long pair of donkey ears if I tell it here. At any rate, he's still going places with the very, very social Miss Brown. That should give you a hint.

THE END

Tonight... make this

"ARMHOLE ODOR" TEST

No matter how carefully you deodorize your underarm—if any dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, you will have an unpleasant "armhole odor"

FAILURE TO SCORE a social success cannot always be attributed to a lack of personality. Often it is due to a condition that makes even sincere admirers turn away.

No matter how sure you are of yourself, make this simple test. Tonight when you take off your dress, smell the fabric at the armhole. That stale, musty "armhole odor" may be an unpleasant surprise.

Perhaps you thought you were sweet and dainty because you were using a cream or stick deodorant. But these easy-to-use preparations do only *half* the work needed. They deodorize, but they are not made to keep that little closed-in hollow of your underarm *dry*.

No Quick and Easy way!

THERE is no quick and easy method to prevent "armhole odor." When you *deodorize only*, moisture still collects on the armhole of your dress. And every time you put on that dress, the warmth of your body will bring out a stale, unpleasant perspiration odor. Women who want to be sure not to offend have learned always to take the extra minutes needed to keep the underarm sweet and completely *dry*—with Liquid Odorono.

Entirely Safe...

YOUR doctor will tell you that closing the pores in the small underarm area is absolutely harmless. Odorono gently draws the pores together and diverts underarm perspiration to other parts of your body where it quickly evaporates without giving offense.

With Odorono, you are entirely free from "armhole odor." You can be really unself-conscious—your most charming self. You need never again wear hot, bulky dress shields or be humiliated by wrinkled blouses or stained coat linings.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby Colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use. Use it daily or every other day.

On sale at all toilet goods counters. If you want to insure complete daintiness, send today for sample vials of the two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY—*with 8¢*

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 8E5, 191 Hudson Street, New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal

I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

WHAT A DIFFERENCE!

what a truly amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids do make

DO you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow scraggly brows and pale, scanty lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids!

Simply darken your lashes into long-appearing, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and see how the eyes instantly appear larger and more expressive. It is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, and tear-proof, and keeps the lashes soft and silky. Black for brunettes, Brown for blondes.

Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how the eyes immediately take on brilliance and color, adding depth and beauty to the expression. There are five exquisite shades of this pure, creamy shadow: Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet, and Green.

Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore. It comes in Black or Brown.

To stimulate the natural growth of your lashes, apply the pure, nourishing Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream before retiring.

The name Maybelline is your assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman at all leading 10c stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in *your* appearance.

BLACK BROWN AND BLUE

BLACK AND BROWN

BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN

COLORLESS

BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

All Maybelline Preparations bear the seal of approval

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Thursday Night Miracles

(*Continued from page 56*)

But officials in the control room knew and Thompson scurried about trying to find a correct script.

In the meantime, Gracie, with the correct script, had gone ahead, regardless of Rudy's question, reading her lines. That was enough. Back came the program into the forty-million radios. And by that time the right continuity was in front of the maestro.

And now we come to what is perhaps the greatest miracle of all. You have been told of the various records and accomplishments which make the program remarkable. But the best and most romantic of all stories connected with the Vallee hour is the story of Rudy himself.

I won't bore you with the details of a story you have heard before but let me sum it up briefly: He was a boy out of Yale who came to New York in 1927, along with a hundred thousand other college boys, to win fame and fortune. He had the ability to play the saxophone, a profound knowledge of music, and the mind of an efficiency expert.

He was a man of many contradictions. In some ways happy-go-lucky, in others the most methodical of workers. He has a delightful sense of humor—yet often it seems to those who are near him that he has none at all. He can deliver the meanest, bitterest kind of reprimand and he can be the kindest, most generous spirit in the world.

Here are a couple of anecdotes to show you what I mean: The time the Yale Glee Club sang on the program Jimmy Wallington—just to kid Rudy, who is from Yale—announced the singers in rehearsal as the *Harvard* Glee Club. And Rudy didn't catch on. Very seriously he explained to Jimmy that this was the Yale Glee Club. More recently, John Tio, the talking parrot, provoked Rudy by mimicking him from the wings, singing: *"My time is your time. . . ."*

On the other hand, there is the time the quartet failed to show up. It had been engaged to sing the choral lines of *"There is a Tavern in the Town,"* while Rudy did the verses. Rudy quickly chose four men from the band and instructed them to stand up and come forward to the mike and sing the choruses when the time came. But instead of four getting up, every man but the drummer got up and gathered behind him. It was done as a joke and everybody laughed. And when Rudy turned around and beheld the crowd of grinning faces, he thought it was a good joke and laughed more heartily than the others.

To get back to our story, Rudy did not go around looking for his job in the ordinary way, with just a sax under his arm. He had in addition, a phonograph and a suitcase full of records of his playing, which he had had made and paid for himself. The fourth article of his equipment was a scrapbook containing a pitifully small collection of write-ups of his performances. Today he has enough clippings to paper the walls of the Colorado Canyon and a few other places.

Well, he got a job playing at society dances, then got an engagement as leader of his own band in a night club, where, by an accident, he discovered he could sing. The rest, as the newspapers say, is history. He rocketed into fame, became more talked of than any stage celebrity had ever been or has since been, with the possible exception of Mae West. He was the curly-headed darling of ladies everywhere. His picture hung on adobe walls and on boudoir damask. He became the vagabond lover.

He and his Connecticut Yankees registered because they played softly at a time when the whole country was tense and jittery. His music thrilled without shattering. Part of this muted style was deliberate. Rudy explained to me:

"You see, loud noises are about the only things that startle a baby and leave a permanent impression. I read that in a book on psychology. I figured that every person hearing me play and sing had at least one unpleasant memory of loud noises and would therefore prefer mine to the raucous, hot music of the day."

As to Rudy's singing, it's soft because he can't sing loud. He has a fragile throat. That megaphone he once used was no pose; he absolutely had to have it to reach people in the rear seats. To save his throat, he put in his own air-conditioning system in his apartment and raised hob because the organization refused to do the same for the old studios in the Amsterdam Theater where Rudy did his rehearsing. His voice today is much stronger but he never travels without a kit full of syringes and throat washes and paints and lozenges. If Napoleon hadn't been a little man he never would have been Emperor. If Rudy hadn't had a weak throat, he never would have been famous.

His first real opportunity to do something with his ideas was the offer from a yeast company to star on a network program. That was in 1929. At first he continued to be the vagabond lover, the Buddy Rogers of radio, cashing in on his fame, accepting all offers—at a price. And he was much in demand. He played in the New York and Brooklyn Paramounts. The week Nancy Carroll gave her imitation of him in Brooklyn and insisted that he conduct for it, he played both theaters, dashing from one to the other in a taxicab, establishing a record of nine shows a day. In addition, he had his radio and his night club engagement at the Villa Vallee. Records, besides. Later there was George White's Scandals.

No man ever worked so hard. Why did he do it? He had been poor for so long, been kicked around, seen his ideas ignored—well, this was his chance to get into a position where he could do the bossing and the laughing. It was his chance and he knew enough about Broadway to realize that the public is fickle and forgets as quickly as it recognizes.

At first, the program was all Vallee. It ran for an hour and Rudy sang four-

teen songs. The public couldn't have too much of him. Do you realize what that number of songs means? Counting three minutes to the song, you have fifty-two solid minutes of singing—all by one man. It's a record. Even Bing Crosby cannot approach it. These days Rudy sings three or four songs, never more than six.

A month or so of this, and the sponsors grew a little uneasy. How long could this appetite for Rudy's singing continue? They figured it must be almost satisfied now and considered dropping or at least changing the program. As a test of its popularity, they offered to anyone who would write in an autographed photo of Rudy. The response swept away all doubts. No less than fifty thousand letters asking for a picture poured in within the next ten days. If not a record, it certainly is a mighty high number.

Tell me now, have you ever wondered how the Vallee program as you know it began? Whose idea it was? When it started? Important questions because the Vallee show has become a standard for radio. Without it, there would never have been Showboat, to mention one among its many followers.

Early in 1930 Rudy conceived the idea of a program that would be to radio what vaudeville was to the entertainment world. Vaudeville with snatches of news reel, grand opera and topflight dramatic performances. In other words, the perfect variety show.

Methodically Rudy moved toward this goal. In 1930, the public wasn't ready for it. But he started with a few guest stars. Through them he taught the listeners to appreciate variety and want more of it. Guests in those days were Helen Morgan, Sophie Tucker, Ray Perkins, Lou Holtz and Olsen and Johnson. In 1932 he and his sponsors agreed that the time had come to launch the perfect variety show. With that decision the show as we know it today was born.

The performance, Rudy believed, had to have as its basis music. For this he had the orchestra and himself. To supplement these, he sought and still seeks each week an instrumentalist or a singer with a contrasting voice—or a chorus, a quartet or a trio. Eva Symes, Queena Mario, the Saxon Sisters—these are examples.

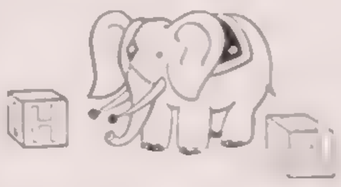
Then there had to be comedy—at least two comedy spots, to lighten the show. And for this part, he has had every comic worth his salt. As I write Tom Howard and Roy Shelton are filling the bill in noble style. The third requirement was for a dramatic spot. This to be a scene from a popular show or movie acted by stars. Marie Dressler and Helen Hayes head the list of those who have worked in this spot. Finally, a novelty. Something different, something newsy. This could be anything from the talking parrot to someone off the front page, like Admiral Byrd.

Three years ago today, our friend Rudy had already traveled a long way from his vagabond lover days. The vagabond had been replaced by a serious, settled-down young man wholly devoted to the job.

It took a wagon-load of courage and common sense for this idol of the public to insist on a program which each week permitted a visiting celebrity to steal the show. Often he has introduced stars

THE WORLD looks pretty rosy to this little lady.

She gets Fletcher's Castoria for a laxative. And she loves it! It is one laxative every child takes willingly!



And that's *very* important! For if a youngster hates the taste of a laxative and struggles against taking it, her nerves are upset by the struggle. And her stomach may be upset also!

So pleasant taste is one of the important reasons why Fletcher's Castoria is the right laxative for children . . .

Here's another:

Fletcher's Castoria is designed *just for* a child's system. It contains no strong, purging drugs such as some adult laxatives contain.

It is safe for delicately-balanced young systems. It will never, never cause griping pain. It is gentle but thorough. And it is not habit-forming.

Whenever your youngster needs a laxative—from babyhood until 11 years old—turn to Fletcher's Castoria. Look for the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher.* And save money—buy the family-size bottle.

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The Children's Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years

for baby
SHAKER COOKING

Wonderful new Gerber process gives Baby finer, fresher-tasting

Strained Vegetables

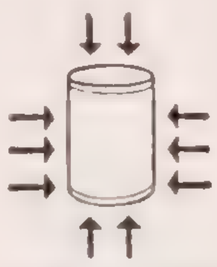
OPEN a can of the *new* Gerber Strained Vegetables! You'll find them brighter colored, fresher in flavor than you ever dreamed canned vegetables could be.

They're cooked a new way, developed by Gerber after two years of research. Shaker-Cooking *stirs* the foods 140 times a minute, as they steam-cook in the sealed cans. It takes as little as 15 minutes for thorough heat distribution this way. By methods in general use, it would take 4 times as long and the food on the outer edges would be much overcooked and far less appetizing.

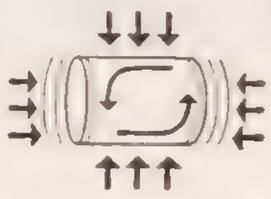
Now, with Shaker-Cooking, every particle is evenly cooked, finer-flavored, brighter-colored . . . *better than ever for Baby.*

Specially Guarded for Baby —from Crop to Can

All Gerber Strained Products are prepared with extraordinary care for Baby's own requirements. Vitamins and minerals are protected as they can't be in ordinary home preparation. Vegetables are fresher, richer in vitamins. In every process air is excluded to lessen vitamin loss. Moisture is regulated—to save the minerals poured off in water. Your baby gets more vitamins and minerals than if you cooked and strained his vegetables at home. You save tiring work—have more time for Baby. Baby gets the finest vegetables the year round. Unseasoned for serving as they are. Or serve slightly seasoned as taste or your doctor directs.



In ordinary canning, food nearest heat is overcooked before that in center is sterilized.



Gerber Shaker-Cookers stir the food while cooking—cutting cooking time 60%—cooking every particle evenly.

9 Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods

Vegetable Soup . . . Spinach
Green Beans . . Carrots . . Peas
Prunes . . . Beets . . . Cereals
Tomatoes . . . 4½-oz. cans

Ask Your Doctor

Gerber's

Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods

MM-8f

MOTHERS! Send for these helpful books. "Baby's Book"—practical information on daily care of baby, by Harriet Davis, R. N. "Mealtime Psychology," by Lillian B. Storms, Ph. D.—widely distributed to mothers by physicians for its practical suggestions in developing normal eating habits.

GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY
FREMONT, MICHIGAN
(In Canada: *Grown and Packed by* Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ont.)

Check book wanted:
☐ "Baby's Book." Enclose 10c
☐ "Mealtime Psychology." FREE
(Enclose 10c additional if you wish picture of the Gerber Baby, ready for framing.)

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....

who completely overshadowed him. But he profited by his sacrifice in the number of honest and enduring friendships he won. Whereas you formerly were infatuated with Rudy, the crooner, now you honestly respect him as a man and as a master of ceremonies. Had Rudy remained merely a soft-voiced singer, today he would be forgotten.

All of which reminds me again of the contradictions in this man's character. No one has more ego than he, none more sensitive to neglect or abuse by the newspapers. Witness his stool adorned with his name. He won't sit on any other. At the same time he is self-effacing and modest to a fault. Ego never blocks his vision of what is right. He spent twenty minutes raving to me enthusiastically about Bing Crosby, his principal singing rival—and meaning it.

This perfect program takes hard work. You who listen so blithely, who tune in and out without a pang, you should spend a week with Rudy and his aides as they build their weekly masterpiece.

On Friday, labor on the program for the following Thursday begins. Gordon Thompson, the producer, George Faulkner, the writer, and Rudy go into a huddle. Rudy dominates but it is a free discussion. The others clip and prune Rudy's excess of enthusiasm.

At that meeting the personnel of the program is chosen. Each, individually, has been scouting New York for talent, visiting night clubs and theaters, watching the full-fledged stars, the up and coming little fellows.

When the conference concludes, the music is given to the arrangers. You can't just buy a pile of music and play it. Every maestro has to play it his own way. And Rudy's way is the hard way—the variety way. Each piece must be different from the others—different in key, in tempo and in theme. Faulkner, working nights, goes ahead with the script. Thompson rounds up the cast and manages the ninety and nine details.

On Wednesday, the first rehearsal takes place. Thursday the second and final rehearsal. Once all the rehearsal necessary was two hours; once the size of the script was five pages. Today rehearsals run ten hours minimum and the script is thirty-two pages.

Rudy, in wrinkled tweed, sits on his stool. Visitors are barred. The program develops as the rehearsal proceeds. Inspirations are common and they produce many changes in the original plan. Sometimes an idea for a change occurs a few minutes before broadcast time. To the casual observer, the rehearsal is a dull and repetitive affair. But to the wise, it is a tense, dramatic spectacle—the building of a perfect thing. But there are moments of commonplace excitement as when Rudy loses his temper and lashes a faulty performer with a tongue dipped in acid.

At last it is done and at eight o'clock Thursday evenings, the program sweeps out into space. Rudy differs from many other radio performers in showing little regard for his studio audience. To him the unseen public is his public. The folks in the studio are simply a small minority peeping through a knothole. He turns his back when he sings. Not deliberately but because he sings better that way.

Recently a performance of The Vinegar Tree was given. It lasted twelve minutes. Condensing this full length drama to that size without sacrificing any of its meaning was a considerable stunt.

The three actors were all stars. One was Mary Boland and she arrived clad in an evening gown, being en route to a formal gathering of some sort. Walter Connolly, now appearing in a Broadway play entitled, "The Bishop Misbehaves," came dressed as a bishop, collar backside front, gaiters and all, because the moment his radio work was over he had to dash for the theatre. The third actor, Osgood Perkins, was in a similar situation. He, too, had to run for the theatre and as he was appearing in an airplane story entitled, "Ceiling Zero," he came in the uniform of an aviation official.

Now, you'll admit, it must have seemed funny to the studio audience seeing a bishop, an aviator and a woman in an evening gown acting in "The Vinegar Tree." But Rudy did nothing, said nothing to satisfy their curiosity.

The flaws that Rudy finds in the program you know nothing about—they are technical. For example, he would like the microphone improved to enable him to know by a system of lights exactly how the program sounds.

"I finish my program," he explained, "and ask the man in the control room how it sounded. He tells me that it was very good except for the girl trio—they didn't come over very well. There I am, the broadcast finished. It is too late to do anything about it. Now, whenever I get a chance I pick up the earphones and listen. This gives me a chance to correct poor transmission."

Which will give you an idea of how intense his interest is in this program he has made. The technical side as well as the musical and dramatic. For all his indifference to studio audiences he was the first in radio to use it as part of the performance. The old NBC studios had a glass curtain. By opening it, you let in the applause; but shutting it, you kept the audience noises out. He is a little bitter over the arrangements in the RCA Building which do not permit him to do this.

His home is more of a factory than it is a dwelling. Every room has its huge machine—the kind that is a thirteen-tube radio set and an apparatus for playing twenty-five phonograph records unaided.

Another room is full of motion picture material. Cans full of film. A winding machine. A splicer. A projector. In addition, a device for putting sound on film. He has a picture of every guest star who has ever appeared with him.

For all the machinery and his interest in things technical, Rudy confided that he can't do anything with his hands.

"I could never have been an engineer," he said. "Perhaps a lawyer—I studied it for a time and may go back to it. In a way, I am sorry I didn't go in for law. My life would have been much different."

And ours, too. We're not sorry Rudy Vallee forgot to study law. We're glad he learned to play the saxophone and swing a baton. With these he has created two miracles—his personal success, and his program.

THE END

I Cover the Studios

(*Continued from page 30*)

The other morning, Sophie Tucker introduced them as man and wife at a night spot where she is presiding, but Ozzie refuted the statement, though admitting he was flattered. Eddie Cantor, at a table nearby, decided to fix it. He turned his coat around, called upon Mary Brian and Ken Murray to act as attendants, and intoned a pseudo rabbinical wedding service over the Nelson and Hilliard heads. . . . However, we watch and wonder. Then Ozzie calls Harriet *"Darling"*—and we wonder harder.

• • • Now we're in another studio watching Ed Wynn. The Fire Chief stands before the microphone practicing his jokes and Graham McNamee stands beside him practicing laughing till he almost dies. They continue thus until Wynn says something meant to be funny which obviously isn't. "I'll fix that, Graham," he says hurriedly. And Graham laughs harder than ever—until he realizes the line isn't in the script; then he sobers and says, "Okay, chief," and waits patiently while Wynn makes the cut.

THE HARD ROAD

It's traditional that somewhere along the road back to success comes a bump that upsets the apple cart. Jimmy Kemper, the dramatic song specialist, is on that road now. He's got his fingers crossed.

I talked to him the other day about the way Lady Luck bounced him down the long incline. Last year, during the entire five months he was doing that swell commercial, Kemper was plenty sick. He spent one hour each day out of bed—that was in the studios. He came to New York last winter from a hospital in which he had spent another three months. Here, with a black cat named Hannibal, given to him by Mrs. Everett Shinn, wife of the illustrator, he has settled down to await developments. He says: "If someone doesn't buy my new show within two months, I'll have Hannibal stuffed and put him on the mantel."

LOOKING IN ON REHEARSALS

• • • Phil Spitalny is rehearsing his all-girl unit for its Tuesday night broadcast and we might as well be watching a Jewish comedian, for Phil talks with an accent almost as broad as Schlepperman's. He is directing his accent now at Maxine, the deep-voiced soloist, who complains she has a sore throat. *"Plees, geef me St. Mary's!"* he snaps. So the comely brunette does a comedy fall away from the mike to demonstrate her illness—and gives him "The Bells of St. Mary's."

• • • Burgess Meredith has been exciting raves from the critics over his work with Katharine Cornell's company, so you and I watch him rehearse for his *Red Davis* show. We note something interesting: Meredith wears his hat while he

Keep your BABY SAFER

THIS NEW WAY—AS HOSPITALS DO

"WITHIN the last few years, hospital nurseries have discovered a way to keep babies lovelier, happier—and, above all, *safer*. Of course, you want *your* precious darling to be just as safe at home as during the first days of his existence in the hospital. So, mother, do as hospitals do: use Mennen Antiseptic Oil all over baby's body, every day; and, later, when baby becomes older, use Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder.

"Then, you will be following the modern scientific method of protecting and caring for the baby's skin.

"More than half of all the hospitals important in maternity work now give their babies a complete body-rub, from head to foot, at least once a day with Mennen Antiseptic Oil. These hospitals have proved that it gives baby a lovelier, smoother, healthier skin—and that it keeps baby *safer*—'bathed in protection'—guarded against many infections. Thousands and thousands of doctors recommend it, advising that the daily oil-rubs be continued during at least baby's diaper age. So, mother, follow this recommendation for your darling's greater safety.

"Then, when you gradually discontinue the daily antiseptic oil-rubs, dust baby's body with the baby powder—Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder. It's a superfine baby powder—prevents chafing—makes the skin satiny smooth—temptingly lovely—and, in addition, it's *antiseptic*. It continues to protect the skin against germs—as does the oil

"Now—try these safeguards—at my expense—free. For your baby's greater safety and happiness, send me the coupon below."

W. G. Mennen

Constant research under the personal direction of W. G. Mennen steadily adds to your baby's safety.

free

THE MENNEN CO., Dept. M-8
345 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.

Send me free trial sizes of Mennen Antiseptic Oil and Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder. Also Baby Chart—about the modern care of baby's skin.

_____

_____
(Print Plainly.)

No takers

MEN say of her, "Good looking. Good company. Nice Girl. But please excuse me."

Why?

There is just one reason. She's careless about herself! She has never learned that soap and water cannot protect her from that ugly odor of underarm perspiration which makes people avoid her.

She has nobody to blame but herself. For it's so easy, these days, to keep the underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. With Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time — before dressing or afterwards. Mum is harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

The daily Mum habit will prevent every trace of underarm odor without preventing perspiration itself. Get into the habit —it pays socially. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Make sure that you can never offend in this way. Use Mum!

works and its position on his head is an indication of the lines he is reading. When they are pugnacious, he pushes his hat over his eyes; when they are funny or philosophomoric, he pushes his hat to the back of his head. Though he looks to be a youth of twenty, he is said to be more than thirty.

• • • We're now sitting in rehearsal of "the American Musical Revue," though everyone but Frank Munn, Vivienne Segal and Bertram Hirsch, the violinist, has gone out for coffee. Munn is making many soft mistakes while fooling with the vibraphone and Vivienne is doing a crossword puzzle. The violinist is going over a short solo when the production man comes from the control room. "The idea," he says patiently, "is this: we have built a lovely, soft mood and your violin is to come in at the dramatic peak and lift the mood to another peak." The violinist frowns. Munn leaves the vibraphone and goes to his side. "The fiddle," he explains, jabbing the music with his forefinger, "butts in here!" Hirsch nods.

AS IT HAPPENS

"The Pathé News of the Air," the most startling development in current events broadcasting this year, is the result of a hangover which kept John Begg, a Pathé man, awake one night. In a frantic attempt to get his mind off his throbbing head, Begg turned his radio on at dawn and heard King George of England in a transatlantic broadcast.

The fuzzy, fading words spoken by the British monarch whipped up a whirl of ideas. Here was an important personage speaking world truths at a time when only night watchmen and Anglomaniacs would listen. *Ahhhh*, but Pathé could have that very same speech broadcast from its film sound tracks at a reasonable time and it would not be distorted in transmission. Further, Pathé could handle other broadcasts along the same line and handle assignments that had never been feasible because of the time element and the expense of equipment and transmission. It was a grand idea.

The results of Begg's hangover are heard twice a week over the four stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System, and is the first really big time the new net has booked. Both NBC and CBS wanted the series, but a rule against transcribed programs forced them to turn it down. So far, Pathé has broadcast the voices of fourteen of the higher-ups (they don't pay for the privilege, either), and they've a flock more lined up for immediate release. There is one amusing one I can tell you about. A microphone was hidden in the Yale locker room just before they played Army last fall, so you won't have to be assistant manager to know what a coach sounds like when he harangues players. Pathé secured a complete recording of Coach "Ducky" Pond's pungent instructions, including the juicy details of how Yale players were to handle Jack Buckler, All-America back with Army. A good deal of the dialogue will have to be cut before the instructive clip is released. Pond uses a man's language.

The Truth About Babs and Her 'Brothers'

(*Continued from page 33*)

happy," Babs said. "We like the new program, with Hal Kemp's orchestra. Of course we were very happy with Fred . . .

"Fred always has been a real friend," she continued earnestly. "Even now that we are on the new program, we see him often, and he always gives us encouragement and helpful suggestions for our programs."

She looked up to smile at a young girl coming across the restaurant toward us. It was her sister, who now makes her home with Babs. She came on from the family home in Kansas just when Babs had made up her mind that she had to leave Charlie.

"She came at just the right time," Babs murmured. "If she hadn't——"

Sister sat down at the table with us. She had been on an errand for Babs, in quest of a piece of music which had been left in a friend's home. She, too, is a frank and forthright and charming young girl, with sea-blue eyes. And the devotion between the sisters was at once apparent.

It was Friday, and Sister was going away for a little visit. "What will you do tonight, Babsie?" she asked anxiously.

"I have a dinner engagement," Babs said.

"You're sure?" Blue eyes gazed earnestly.

"Sure." Brown eyes smiled back.

"And what will you do tomorrow?"

"I'll be working," Babs told her.

"I'll be back Saturday night," Sister said, as if coming home to Babs were far more thrilling than going away for a visit.

"You're not staying over the weekend?"

"Oh, no! I'm coming home. I'll be with you Saturday night." And blue eyes smiled fondly into brown eyes.

They told me about their kitten, Jock. "People always ask me," Babs said, "if I have a hobby, or anything. I never had one! But now we've got a cat!"

"He knows everything," Sister declared. "He's so smart! Just the tone of your voice. . . ."

They told me about their "mothers." They have at least five! Their stepmother. And Mrs. Lane—Rosemary's and Priscilla's mother. And the mothers of three other friends.

"You must have had a large time on Mother's Day," I suggested.

"Did we!" And they laughed gaily.

Sister keeps house for Babs, and cooks delectable Southern dishes, and answers

the telephone, and makes engagements, and has an eye to Jock's education. And shares Babs' good times. And her heartaches, her hopes, her plans.

A career in itself, that, I thought, as we walked out to the sunlit street together.

"Come over to rehearsal with me," Babs suggested, as Sister said goodbye and went off. "You might see the fur fly!" And she linked her arm in mine, chatting gaily as we walked along—quite as if no shadow darkened the sun for her.

And perhaps none did. After all, the trio was the big thing in life. And that was safe, now.

Charlie and Little were waiting, and the three began rehearsing at once, plunging into the music with an eager concentration that showed it to be the dominant element in their lives.

"You flatted there, Charlie," Babs said presently, playing a phrase over again.

Charlie nodded. "That's where I went wrong." And he sang it again, and correctly.

Criticism and suggestion flashed back and forth—but I didn't see any fur fly! I saw only great earnestness and absorption in working out the songs for their programs, concentrating to achieve the results they wanted. They keep six weeks ahead of their program, so that they are ready for any emergencies.

They sit together at the piano. Little leans toward Babs from his chair. Charlie leans toward her from his. The three heads are very close to one another, their voices blending sweetly in rhythmic harmony. Two masculine feet and one small feminine one tap out the rhythm as they sing. Smiles flash between them occasionally. Nods of approval, when it goes just right. "Little" beams at Babs. Charlie pats her shoulder.

They sing:

"I'll never forget how we promised one day
To love you forever that way . . ."

They finish. That went very well. They toss the music up on top of the piano, and start on another song:

"No one else, it seems,
Ever shares my dreams . . ."

As I listen, I wonder if the meaning of the words lays a gentle hand upon the door that is closed and locked between Babs and Charlie. Will it open again, and the unhappy little ghost be gone?

Babs says no. And as she is a clear-thinking small person, she may be right.

"It's like this," she says earnestly, when we are alone, "you pick out a hundred songs to sing—but only ten, perhaps, are good for you . . . That's the way it is with people. You may have a hundred friends, but only a few are the right ones for you. We used to have crowds around all the time. All show people. We went everywhere together. Did all the same things. Dances. Clubs. Everything . . . Now I have a few friends who are just grand. I don't go around much any more. But I have a grand time. I'm happier than I ever was before in my life!"

She means it, too. Just the same, Cupid may find her heart again. Though Babs and Charlie didn't quite make a go of their personal partnership, either one of those two nice young people might be happily married to someone else. And romance is a natural part of life. And a heart that has been hurt is hungry for the healing of a new love.

So, as they sang in that small rehearsal room, heads close together, voices blending softly:

"Don't pity me that way,
It had to be that way—
It happens to the best of friends."

The best of friends—Babs and her "brothers"!

And that's the truth!

THE END

Hearing is Believing

(*Continued from page* 8)

ever-present possibility of the liner ramming another ship in the fog.

That's the way the scene starts. Let's just step into the sound-effects department to see what they have on hand to make our scene vivid and real to the listeners. Here we are:

Now the script indicates that Sylvia and Tony are murmuring sweet nothings to each other as they lean over the rail. What sound effects would you put in there? None? Because they're not doing anything but talk? *Tsk! Tsk!* The ship isn't anchored in the middle of the ocean, is it? It would appear that way if you didn't put in something.

All right. . . . Go get that big square wooden whistle over there. Blow on it. Sound like a fog horn? That's what the effects man will puff on every once in a while. A liner always blows her horn when she's running through a fog. Wait. That's not enough.

That paddle wheel that turns in the bucket of water. We'll turn that slowly. That'll give the effect of the water lapping against the prow as the ship cuts through the sea. No, we're not all set yet. Turn the crank on that funny little device where the short broom handle length is stuck pretty tightly in a hole in another piece of wood.

There. . . . What do those squeaks sound like? Like trees straining in the wind? Sure. We can use it for that in some other script. Or we could use it for floor squeaks as someone walks in a haunted house, too, if we wanted. Right now, we're going to use it for those creaks a vessel under way in a heavy swell gives.

Now the sound man will work those all together in proper doses, as a background to the dialogue, and the scene will seem real to listeners.

No, I wouldn't recommend using the wind machine in here. If there were wind, it would blow the fog away and it

—I don't give swimming all the credit for my good health. I took a high dive into the diet problem, too. That's why Shredded Wheat is my favorite at breakfast—it helps build up lots of quick energy."

Every morning millions of healthy out-of-door folk dive into crisp, appetizing Shredded Wheat and come up feeling fit for a hard day's work or play.

Shredded Wheat is 100% *whole wheat.* It supplies Nature's most perfect balance of the vital health elements.

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would be silly to use fog horns then.

Let's get back to the sweet nothings the lovers were saying. *Mmm!* She says: *"When we get back to New York. . . ."* No. No more effects needed there. Look. Down here. Where he's saying, *". . . it all seems so much like a dream."* Then she says, *"Listen, someone's coming down the deck."*

You see, at this point the jealous suitor, Hal, comes out from the main saloon on to the deck. Now what would you do to indicate his approach? It's very dark, remember, and the sweethearts can't see him.

Footsteps? Good. You'll hold this script-writing job yet. The way the sound man will do that will be to stand on this little low platform here and step up and down. Write down on the script there, *"Fading in."* That means he'll step softly at first, then louder to indicate the approach.

But wait, there's a very simple little sound effect you've forgotten. When this thwarted suitor comes out of the salon, how would you indicate it? Oh, come, come. You can, too, think of something! Well, what did we do when we came from the continuity department just now? Opened and shut the door? Right.

Now, over there, you see that door hinged into a frame? The whole thing's on wheels for moving about the studios. Just before the line where Sylvia says: *"Listen, someone's coming down the deck,"* the sound effects man opens that door and slams it. Then the audience, hearing footsteps after the door slams, knows, even before Sylvia says so, that someone's approaching.

Hal comes up to them. Let's see. . . . There's all this dialogue where he and Tony argue as to who should marry Sylvia, and where Sylvia pleads with them not to fight. Then, she cries: *"Look out, Tony! He's got a pistol! He'll kill you!"* And Tony says: *"Oh, no, you don't, you rat! Now perhaps you'll listen to reason!"* Then Hal begins to beg Tony not to shoot *him.*

Puzzle you? No doubt. When Tony says: *"Oh, no, you don't, you rat!"* the sound man will smack his fist into the palm of his hand twice and you'll know that Tony's landing a couple of good wallops on Hal's jaw. And good enough for him!

Then when Tony says: *"There, now, I guess you'll listen to reason!"* and Hal begs him not to shoot, it means that Tony has taken the gun away from Hal. Cowardly egg, that Hal!

But Sylvia again hears something. This time she says she thinks she hears another ship. At this point a voice comes roaring back from the bow of the vessel where the lookout is stationed.

"Ship a point off the starboard bow, sir!" he cries to the Captain on the bridge. This is a serious situation, since the lookout could hardly be expected to see another ship in a fog like that until his vessel's almost on it and then it's apt to be too late to sheer away.

Now to convey the tenseness of the situation to the listener, what we've got to do is to have the sound man blow a second fog horn gently, as though it were another ship approaching, just before Sylvia says her line about hearing the second vessel. Then the lookout calls to the captain. And the captain on the bridge yells to the quartermaster at the wheel: *"Hard a-port!"*

Too late. The liner crashes into the other ship.

Hand me that little strawberry basket over there. . . . Thanks. Now when the liners crash, the sound expert crushes one of these boxes. Seems inadequate? You should hear it from the other side of the loudspeaker. If he wants to heighten the effect of the crash, his assistant might at the same time slam a length of stovepipe into a box of broken glass. That last effect is what they use for auto crashups.

Now what happens in the script here, is that the shock of the collision knocks the gun out of Tony's hand and Hal grabs it. Tony jumps on him, however, and in the tussle, the two fall overboard. Unhesitatingly Sylvia dives in after them.

But by this time, a lot is happening on the two vessels. Both are sinking. Hoarse orders are being shouted by the members of the cast who play the parts of the crew. In the background is the noise of the crowd of excited, panic-stricken passengers. This effect the sound man will get, to back up the members of the cast who are crying out, by putting a crowd record on what he calls his turntable, a device that looks like three phonographs built into one big box.

Those sounds of excitement, of course, must be kept in the background, since we've followed Sylvia in her brave leap to aid Tony. The sound man will probably get his cuffs wet on this one, because he'll be sloshing his hands around in the bucket to give the effect of the three struggling in the water.

At any rate, Tony disarms Hal again. Sylvia gets hold of a life raft and swims it over to them. The three clamber aboard.

By next morning the life raft has drifted far from the scene of the collision. Nothing about them but vast, heaving sea. Overhead a blazing sun. This is the dickens of a spot! Hal sits there glowering. Tony and Sylvia talk and sing to keep their spirits up and to try to forget they have no food nor water.

All we need for sound effects here, is the gentle lapping of water against the side of the life raft, and since the sound man's cuffs will already have been wet, he might as well do it by swishing his hands around in the bucket some more.

Hal starts grumbling, according to the script here, about how thirsty he is. Tony very properly tells him to shut up and says a bilge rat like him ought to be glad that anyone had the decency to save his life! Just as they once more come to blows, Sylvia's pretty, sharp ears catch a sound again.

"It's a plane!" she cries.

Now just before Sylvia says she hears it, the sound effects man will put on a record of a plane approaching from a distance. It will come in gradually until it lands on the sea nearby. . . . So are the three rescued!

That's how you should do it if you had the chance.

Wait a minute. Ray Kelly, the NBC sound effects man, says there's one more thing—the final kiss.

But he will leave that to Tony and Sylvia!

THE END

Keep Young and Beautiful

(Continued from page 13)

try blending two shades of eyeshadow together. A blend of blue and green is often lovely with gray eyes, green and brown for brown eyes, and gray and blue for blue eyes. Don't use the same color both night and day. Concentrate on your more glamorous effects for evening.

Sometimes the color of your gown gives you a chance for some very interesting effects, such as green eyeshadow and mascara with a green and gold evening gown, or mauve eyeshadow with a gray costume and a corsage of violets.

Here's another glamour hint. Apply just a touch of brilliantine over your eyeshadow at night. It gives a luminous look. Which reminds me of the new luminous make-up in which Phil Spitalny is interested. He believes it has tremendous possibilities for use with television, for it gives a radiant look to the skin. It may prove practical for street wear.

Don't forget to "shine up" your eyebrows occasionally. At night and in the morning, and whenever you apply fresh make-up, take your tiny eyebrow brush, and give your eyebrows a good polishing. A little eyelash-grower cream will help. Brush the eyebrows in the opposite way from which they grow, and then brush them back into line.

When it comes to plucking the eyebrows, the best rule is to pluck, not to thin them, but rather to shape them according to the natural bony structure of your brows. Eyebrows are no more alike than the other features of the face, so don't try to shape them to someone else's pattern. Only a Gertrude Niesen type could stand the exotic arch she affects. If you have dark, sparkling eyes, a hairline brow may make your eyes look beady and hard.

Shape your eyebrows with a brush and pencil as much as possible. After you draw a line with your eyebrow pencil, brush it over with your eyebrow brush to keep it from looking artificial. You brush the pencil mark off the skin on to the hairs. I know of an eyebrow pencil now that is made with a special protector to keep the point always sharp and ready for use.

One could go on and on about the subject of eye make-up, but I'll let the little booklet do it for me. With Zora Layman as your inspiration, and the booklet as your guide, your eyes ought to have "it."

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Men Like Mystery

(Continued from page 29)

to pierce it. How to reach Barry again.

Barry came down again presently. He had on a dressing-gown and slippers, and he looked somewhat refreshed after his bath. I wanted to go to him, to fling my arms about him, but I could not.

We had coffee and fruit together on the glassed-in terrace. The sun was warm, and everything seemed so peaceful, so secure—as if no storm were threatening.

Barry talked casually of the studio, of his ship. "I'm leaving in a couple of hours," he said. "And—you'll hear from me—I'll send you a message—and I'll be on the air tomorrow night—so—don't be worried." He lighted a cigarette and leaned back in his chair.

"I won't worry." I looked at him steadily. For a moment I thought wildly of my own ship, waiting and ready for that uncharted journey. "And you won't worry—if you don't hear from me?"

He looked at the tip of his cigarette. "No," he said, and his eyes met mine briefly, then turned away. "No—I won't worry, Ginny."

Perhaps, I thought hopefully, we understood each other, as we used to do. I did not realize how troubled his own heart was, nor that his thoughts knew a confusion deeper than my own. If only we had talked frankly together then, everything might have been cleared up—and Barry might not have to set out on that journey which was to result in so much pain. But habits of reticence, of self-control, make shackles that are hard to break. And the word that might have unlocked them was not spoken.

Barry sighed and crushed out his cigarette in a shallow brass bowl. "Guess I'll turn in for an hour," he said, as we rose from the table.

Later I drove him out to the field. He took me in his arms for a moment. Kissed my lips, before he climbed into the ship. And my eyes were misty as I watched his smooth, expert take-off. I prayed fervently that he might have happy landings. Then I turned, to drive away before the blue distance had shut his ship finally from sight.

Bill came running toward me from the offices, waving, beckoning. I didn't want to stop, but I couldn't disregard that frantic summons.

"Gosh, I wanted to catch Barry before he left," he said disappointedly. "Can I drive back to town with you, Ginny? I want to talk to you." And without waiting, he climbed in and assembled his long length in the front seat of my roadster. "I saw Barry last night," he went on. "We spent the night together out here. He——"

"Don't talk to me about Barry," I said sharply. But Bill's words stirred the ash of despair that lay so heavily on my heart. So Barry hadn't been with Sandra! Secretly, fervently, I apologized to him.

"Okay," Bill said. But he looked at me anxiously. "Did you have a talk with him? This morning?"

"No," I said reluctantly. "He had to rest, until it was time to start."

"I wish you had . . ." Bill sighed. "Look, Ginny," he went on insistently, "let me get this off my chest. We talked last night, Barry and I—but I was a chuckle-headed fool—I didn't get him right—I gave him all the wrong answers."

The car swerved sharply, and I pulled to the side of the road in a swirl of sand. "What *do* you mean, Bill?" I demanded.

"Well—look—" Bill fished out a crumpled pack of cigarettes and offered me one. "Let's go back a bit," he said, striking a broken-backed match. "I was crazy about you before you and Barry were married, and he knew it. I didn't blame him," he went on hastily. "And you got the best man, Ginny. But I kept on thinking you were just about the only woman in the world—for quite a while. . . .

"Well—last night—" he threw away his cigarette and lighted another, "Barry said: 'Getting what you want is one thing—keeping it is another.'

"'Not if you know you want it,' I said," Bill continued.

"'You're a wise man, Bill,' Barry said. 'The *parfait, gentil knight.*'

"'Well,' I told him, 'if I get the girl I want, I'll be her knight and day and all of the time—I won't give her the chance to think another woman matters to me!'"

"Well?" I said, as Bill threw away the second cigarette.

"Well," Bill blurted, "he thought I meant you—see? And I'd been thinking hard about Grace all day. . . . I got a new job, and a new ship, and things look pretty good to me. . . . But I haven't talked to Grace yet—so I didn't say anything about it. It was only afterward that I thought—he's got the wrong idea. . . . I've a hunch Sandra's filled him up with it."

"It doesn't matter," I said bitterly, "if Barry's in love with Sandra."

"Who said he's in love with her? Sandra? That woman couldn't tell the truth! I bet you she thought she was losing him, so she played an ace. She doesn't want to marry him," he went on. "She isn't that kind of a gal. She just wants to get you out of the picture, so she can have her way—and when she does, she'll be through with him—and Barry will be finished."

"Barry isn't a weak fool," I said stubbornly. "He ought to know what he wants."

"Barry's got everything too easily, all his life," Bill said. "He's no fool—he just never had to fight for anything very hard. True, he's been in ticklish places, where only nerve and a cool head saw him through—but that's instinct. It's not the sort of discipline you get from losing a few things your heart was set on. As soon as he got one thing, Barry went after something else—so when he got what he really wanted, he just played along in the same old way, without thinking he was after something he didn't want, maybe."

I started the car again. "I'm glad about you and Grace, Bill," I said huskily. "She's a grand girl—and you're so fine—you ought to get what you want."

"If I do—" Bill grinned, "it will be more than I deserve! But you sit tight, Ginny,"

he said earnestly. "Stay by the ship till the flight is finished. Don't bail out. And if you need me, I'm here!" He gave me a long look.

We were back in the city now. I left Bill at the Club.

"Ring me up if you have any news," he said. "I'll be seeing you."

It was hard, waiting—waiting, thinking, wondering. . . . I was glad when Grace dropped in the next evening. We had a long and comforting chat together, and I was happy when she told me that she and Bill were engaged. And happier, even, when she told me that she, too, had changed her attitude toward Barry, since Bill had talked to her.

"There's more back of this than meets the eye," Grace said thoughtfully. "What can it be?"

Suddenly Sandra's words came back to me: *"You have no subtlety. You could not tell a lie!"* I looked at Grace. "She's lied to him about me," I murmured.

Grace nodded. "She's told him you are in love with Bill—and he believes it!" Grace could say that now, knowing Bill for her own. "Bill loved you first . . . I'm flattered, Ginny, even to be second choice, after you!"

"It's not second choice, darling," I said huskily. "Bill never asked me—and I never loved anyone but Barry."

"You're sweet!" Grace squeezed my hand. "Listen, Ginny, Sandra sent word to the papers that she was going to Cuba to keep a concert engagement. I checked up on it, and I can't discover any engagement. But she left for Cuba, by plane, day before yesterday."

Just after she called on me, I thought. "So what?" I asked.

"So—maybe it was just to be there when he was—but I think there's a nigger in the woodpile . . . Something's going to break," Grace said, with a newspaper woman's instinct.

"Barry left earlier than he had planned to go," I mused. "If anything happens—he'll be there!"

When Grace left I hurried over to the studio, to listen in on Barry's broadcast there—and, secretly, perhaps I hoped to hear something of Sandra's plans. I was early, and as I waited a popular columnist went on the air, dealing out the spicy gossip for which his listeners yearned. He didn't know I was in the control room when he spoke of Barry.

"Cuba's not such a hot spot right now," he said insinuatingly, "unless the presence of a certain sizzling radio songstress makes it so for our Flying Reporter—who treks off without his fair wife, Ginny Fairfax."

Bob Blakeley, who is my favorite announcer, grinned at me. "Now you're really famous, Ginny Fairfax," he whispered. "You're in the scandal columns!"

But when it was his moment to go before the mike, he mentioned casually that I was in the studio, awaiting a promised message from my husband—*"who never misses an opportunity of getting together with his devoted wife, whatever mere physical distance lies between them."*

I flashed him a grateful glance, as he finished and came out. Then I tensed. Barry was coming on.

As always I thrilled at the sound of his warm, vibrant voice. How important, how vivid he made even the most casual cir-

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By *Lady Esther*

I get over ten thousand letters a week. Among them are not a few from men. And most of them have the same thing to say—or rather, the same kick to make.

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In a radio talk a few weeks ago, I said I wondered what young men think when a perfectly lovely girl takes out her powder puff and starts to dab at her face and here is the letter that answers my question from a young man of Detroit, Michigan, who signs himself simply "Dave."

"Dear Lady Esther: Your radio talk last night hit the nail squarely on the head. I know many of us would like to voice our opinion but can't. I hope you will repeat your message to the women of the world so often that not one will miss hearing you. What can be worse than seeing a woman using her make-up box in public, on the street, in the stores, at the table where she dines. Please, Lady Esther, I hope you will be the means of putting a stop to this."

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There is no question that it is annoying, if not a wee bit disgusting, to see a woman constantly peeking into her mirror or daubing at her nose. It suggests artificiality! But to be perfectly fair to women there *was* a time when they were justified in worrying about their noses. The only face powder they could get did not cling or hold. It was no sooner put on than it was whisked off, leaving the nose to shine before the whole world.

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cumstance.

"Hello, friends," he said. "This is Barry Barrett, going to press with only a few captions from Cuba at this time. You'll have to fill in the stories for yourselves.

"First of all, the revolution's taking a siesta. I got here twenty-four hours ahead of schedule, hoping to catch it awake—but no such luck!

"However, I went into Sloppy Joe's, where, at intervals, an old friend of mine hangs out—and luckily I found him there. I say 'luckily', because he knows practically all that goes on, wherever he is. It doesn't matter to him. It doesn't concern him in any way. But it amuses him, sometimes, to tell me what he knows.

"He is, in a certain sense, a derelict, a beachcomber, a bit of jetsam from some forgotten catastrophe. But he has brains, and breeding, and money enough to live on, in so far as he cares to live. And he is a gentleman of the old school, with standards that now are largely archaic.

"Today he told me something that has nothing to do with the affairs I came down here to report. Yet, after all, maybe this is why I came. . . . I have to be a bit mysterious about it—for the sum consists of something known, something overheard and something guessed, and I may not be able to add it together rightly if I speak out of turn. But I want to say this—whatever happens, don't be alarmed, and don't take any action— Leave it all to your Uncle Barry! I want all the limelight for myself, you see!" And he laughed.

"Now, since I haven't any more important news," he went on, let me tell you something that I read this afternoon. My friend, the forgotten man, fell asleep over a tall, frosted glass—the latest, I imagine, of a long series, and a dog-eared book fell from his pocket. I picked it up, and opened it. I don't think he would mind your peeping over my shoulder. He is a philosopher. So—I will read it to you:

"'Until she came to me and held out her arms, I never thought of love. Until her face was close to mine, I never realised what love might be. Until my lips met hers in the kiss that sums up all life, I never knew what love was.

"'That is why if she is not mine, she is nothing. And if I attain not to her level, I am nothing. I will win her, I will win her, though my body be lost in flame, and my perished wings flutter down the unending night.'"

The air was silent for a moment. Then Barry said: "I am thinking that though wars may be fought and empires founded and destroyed, though creeds and customs may change, yet so long as human beings walk the face of the earth, the love of a man and a woman will be the one thing to survive, when all else is forgotten.

"This," he ended in a lighter voice, "is, if you will forgive me, the news from Cuba and the cosmic spaces!"

I hurried away as soon as I could, afterward. Away from Bob and the studio executives who were excitedly discussing what could be about to happen.

"Barry isn't usually so mysterious," Bob said.

"It must be something that involves our organization," Mr. Bender, one of the executives, said astutely.

But I couldn't think about that. I could think only of the words Barry had read. Was it a message for me? And was it me he meant? Or Sandra? Oh, should I ever know the truth? I wanted to start for him at once, but I felt I had to wait till he had added up the figures in his mysterious sum.

Word came the next morning. Sandra had been kidnapped! The newspapers wore streaming headlines. A ransom of a hundred thousand dollars was demanded of the firm to which Sandra was under contract. Her life was threatened if the proper reply was not forthcoming. Arrangements would be made for the ransom payment, the communication said.

Hours dragged by as we awaited word from Barry. Mindful of his warning, the studio refused to comment. They made no move. Programs went on the air as usual and no one made any mention of the "Kidnaped Siren of Song" as the papers were calling Sandra.

At last Barry came on the air. "Okay," he said. "Sandra is safe. No payment. Forget it. Can't talk now—sorry."

His voice sounded strange, I thought. Thick, slurred, somehow. Was it fatigue? Was he hurt? Suddenly I knew I had to get to him. I rushed to telephone the field.

Bill was waiting when I got out there. "I'm ready for you, Ginny," he said. "We'll go in my new ship. She's a honey. And rarin' to go."

"Isn't mine faster?" I murmured, as we hurried along.

"Can't beat this baby," Bill said reverently. "Besides, she's all loaded." And he helped me in.

I don't remember what time it was when we started. I was dazed with an intuitive sense of deadly danger to Barry. "Faster! Faster!" I prayed silently, to the smooth sound of the high-powered motors. I remember the setting sun reddening the water beneath us. Then moonlight, turning the clouds to silver beneath the ship as Bill climbed higher to make more speed. At last the clouds became a shining sea of gold. It must be a new day. . . I caught my breath at the sudden glory. Was it an omen?

We were dropping lower now, and soon I saw the outline of the island beneath us. Bill knew his way about. There's probably no spot on the globe that he hasn't touched at some time or other.

We found a small army of ragged boys on guard about Barry's plane. They tensed suspiciously as we came up, but Bill summoned some vagrant pseudo Spanish. *"Amigo,"* he patted his chest. *"Mujer,"* he pointed to me. And grinned as only Bill can grin, which is good in any language. *"Casa?"* Bill asked, and jingled some coins suggestively.

After a chattered conference one urchin detached himself from the group. "I know—me," he said grandly. "You come—he say you come." He was looking at me, and a wave of hope swept over me.

We followed him swiftly to a hotel on the outskirts of the city. There our guide shrugged his shoulders. "You go," he said.

Bill gave him a handful of silver, and the boy darted off again.

The clerk at the desk studied Bill with cynical, suspicious eyes. Then he gave us the number of Barry's room, and motioned toward the elevator. He didn't phone up.

"Guess he thinks it's a raiding party," Bill said tactlessly as the elevator rose slowly.

I paled. No, Barry couldn't do that! But I trembled as Bill knocked, fearful of what lay behind that closed door.

"Come in," Barry called, still in that blurred, uneven voice, so unlike his usual clear-cut speech.

Bill opened the door.

I suppose I should have known Sandra would be there. But, all the way, I had been thinking so passionately of Barry, I had almost forgotten her existence. Even now, as I saw her standing there in the room, her back to the window, I was aware only of the figure on the tumbled bed.

"Barry!" I rushed to him. "What has happened? Are you ill? Are you hurt?"

But as I bent over him he held out a hand, as if to thrust me back. "Don't be—distressed," he said, and his lips curved in a strained, bitter smile. "I thought—you'd come," he added. "You—and Bill. . . ." Suddenly his eyes closed. "You—and—Bill—" he whispered.

For a moment I felt shaken with panic. He looked dreadfully! What had happened to him? What should we do? My eyes went wretchedly to Bill, who stood silent, stricken as I was with the knowledge that his love for both of us again had wrought a tragic misunderstanding. And all because of——

Slowly my eyes turned to Sandra. Still she did not speak, and the scarcely perceptible shrug of her shoulders, the tightening of her full red lips, tortured me.

"What's happened?" I cried out to her. "Tell me—tell me everything!"

She moved with slow, feline grace toward the foot of the bed. Looked down at Barry with an inscrutable smile. "He is brave," she said, with a gesture of long, slim hands. "But—foolish! I think he will not die. . . . Fools live—always!"

Furious anger shook me. "Yes," I blazed, "he was foolish enough to save you from kidnapers! Is he hurt? Did something happen when he rescued you?"

Again she shrugged. "Perhaps. . . . He did not tell me."

"Sandra," I said passionately, "do you love him? You told me that you did. . . . And he has saved your life, perhaps . . . What have you done for him? Has he seen a doctor? Shall I go away—and leave him—with you?" I knew that I never could leave him now—but I had to find out where she stood.

I felt a surge of relief at her answer, though it told me little.

"No," she answered, with a violence that seemed the greater for its very quietness. "No—I cannot stay here in Cuba! It is not safe. It is necessary that I leave at once. I could not go before. My money was—stolen. He said you would come." She turned to Bill. "You will take me home—at once!" she said.

Bill said nothing. He looked at me. Then he put his hand on Barry's shoulder. "Barry!" he said. "You've got things all wrong, Barry . . . Barry!"

But Barry did not open his eyes. Did not answer.

"Go—" I urged Bill toward the door. "Get a doctor—hurry—then take her back. I'll stay."

"I don't like to leave you, Ginny—" Bill began, looking at me with troubled eyes.

But Sandra moved toward him. "It will be better for all—if we go now, at once," she said with cold determination. "He wants me to go—now."

"He wants you to go?" I faced her passionately. "Does he—love you?"

Sandra shrugged. "Why not?" And she smiled.

But I thought her eyes, as they rested for a moment on Barry, blazed with a sudden secret hatred.

Barry moved. "Take her—home," he said without opening his eyes. "She knows—what—say——"

"Hurry, Bill—a doctor—the best you can get—then go. Take her." I pushed him toward the door. "And thanks—for everything."

"Where are your things?" Bill asked Sandra coldly.

"I have none here—this is not my hotel." She snatched up a coat and flung it about her. "Get me out of here."

"I'll send a doctor." Bill looked at me anxiously. "Sure you'll be all right?"

"We'll be fine." I moved to thrust up a window. "When I get this scent out of the room!" I couldn't resist that.

Bill grinned. He wrung my hand. "I'll send a kid up with your bag," he said. "And—I'll be seeing you!" And he followed Sandra out.

Hurriedly I straightened up the room. Barry was fully dressed, I saw, save for his coat and shoes. I found his bag and got out his pyjamas—but I feared to disturb him if I tried to change his things. I bathed his face and hands, shaken with anxiety at the burning touch. The cool water seemed to arouse him somewhat.

"Until my lips—met hers—never knew—what love was," he mumbled. Then, in a whisper: *"Sandra——"*

Tears stung my eyes. Perhaps he did love her . . . She was fascinating . . . She was beautiful . . . And her glorious voice, warm, rich and tender, as I had listened to it over the radio, had wound about even my unwilling heart. Oh, I could see how Barry might have drifted under her spell!

But she was gone now! And he was mine to care for—mine alone! Mine to love . . . Mine to save . . .

"I will not let you go!" I told him wildly. "Sandra cannot take you from me! Not even death can take you from me! Barry—Barry, darling—wake up and hear me!" I rubbed his hands, stroked his head. "You're going to be all right, Barry dear—you're going to get well—you're going to be all right! I love you so," I told him tensely. "I want you! I need you! Oh, Barry—Barry, darling—I love you so!"

There was a knock at the door. I opened it.

"I'm Doctor Gonzales," said a short, swarthy, dapper young man. His eyes went quickly past me to the bed. "How can I serve Barry Barrett?" He spoke the name with awed interest.

Then his eyes darkened. Without another word, without a glance at me, he went swiftly to work. With quick, deft hands he removed Barry's clothing. Slipped on the pyjamas I handed him. Carefully he examined him.

And, following every move with anxious eyes, I gasped with fear and horror as a dark, dreadful wound was disclosed, beneath a rough dressing on his upper arm. A bullet wound! And on the back of his head a ghastly bruise

"When did this happen?" For the first time the doctor turned a penetrating gaze on me.

"I've no idea!" I gasped. "I only arrived, by plane, half an hour ago. He—he hasn't been able to say what happened."

"H'm . . . You're Ginny Fairfax, of course." He looked at me keenly, almost incredulously. "There's been some other woman here—that scent—" he sniffed. "But never mind—these things happen. You can trust me."

"You know Barry Barrett," I said desperately. "He's always where things happen! He saved that woman from kidnapers."

"Don't worry," he said briefly. And expertly he cleansed and dressed the wounds.

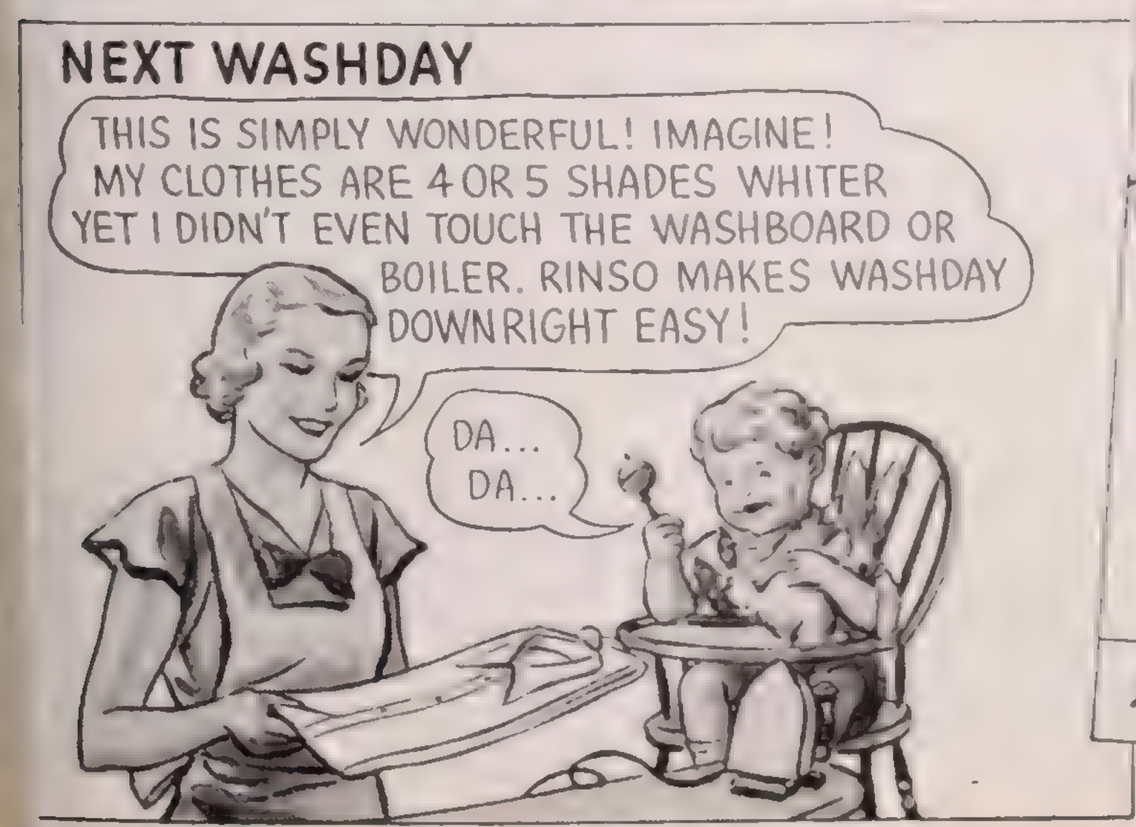
When he had finished I bent over Barry. "We'll laugh at this together some day, sweetheart," I whispered, my lips against his thick fair hair.

But fear gripped me as the doctor beckoned me out of the room. "I don't want to alarm you needlessly, Mrs. Barrett," he said with genuine feeling, "but these wounds are at least twenty-four hours old, and they've had only superficial attention. There's infection. . . But try not to worry. I'll send nurses—and I'll bring another doctor, if you say—anyone you wish."

"I don't know anyone here," I told him. "But I know you must be the best doctor available." Bill would have demanded that, I knew.

He smiled. "Then, if you have confidence in me, let me suggest the hospital. . . . As soon as we can move him. It

IT HAPPENED ONE HOT WASHDAY



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would be better. We may have to have a transfusion."

Hours went by on leaden feet, lengthened into endless days. Hoping, fearing, praying, I sat or stood by that white hospital bed, while doctors came and went, and nurses worked and watched and waited. Twice I gave my blood. And Bill, who had flown back again with Grace, gave his. And there were other transfusions. Each time there seemed a promising gain. Then the momentary improvement faded and a deeper, more ominous lethargy ensued.

Barry opened his eyes and looked at me from time to time, but he did not speak or smile. It was as if he had gone too far now to feel any of the old, dear emotions.

For hours I held his hand in mine. And it seemed as if all the meaning of life lay in that desperate handclasp—so tense on my part, so unresponsive on his.

Sometimes, as he slept, I poured out in hushed whispers the whole pitiful story of our misunderstanding. And though he did not seem to hear, I felt that somehow it sank into his consciousness.

Sometimes Bill and Grace came softly into the room, but they did not stay for more than a minute. Sometimes they dragged me out, to walk along the Drive with them for a breath of air. But I could not bear to be long away from that room. . . .

They told me about the kidnaping, as they had put the story together from Sandra's version and from that of Barry's "forgotten man," whom they had ferretted out and talked with. Barry, too, in some of his fevered mutterings, had shed further light on the fantastic tale.

Sandra's story, for her public, Bill said, was that Barry cleverly had discovered the trail of her kidnapers, and daringly had followed to rescue her. And though he had got her away, he had been shot as they escaped. She had embroidered it convincingly with essential detail. And she had made Barry a hero! It was clever of Sandra! And now, Bill said, she was going to Hollywood—for the movies, quick to capitalize on publicity, had made her an amazing offer.

The old man's story lent a different color to the affair. There had been a plot, which he had overheard. And, though himself an inconspicuous, almost anonymous figure, he knew nearly everybody who came and went in that city of refuge and revolution. Sandra he did not know, but the others he knew, and Barry, of course, when he heard the story, was able to guess at the identity of the beautiful and exotic stranger.

Barry's guess, as he listened to the tale, was that Sandra had staged the kidnaping party, perhaps, so that he might figure as her hero, or a lover saving the life of his adored one—or, perhaps, so that they might keep a rendezvous together in some remote and romantic hideaway.

But the plot, somehow, had got out of Sandra's hands, and her confederates—one of whom Barry believed to be Sandra's divorced husband, determined to make more money on it than Sandra could offer them. Barry was to be lured to the hideaway—and both were to be held for a proper ransom. Sandra thought she still had time to work out a solution, but Barry's unexpectedly early arrival had complicated the matter, and before she could protest, she was involved irrevocably in the sorry scheme.

But Barry's response to the decoy note left in Sandra's handwriting was to fly over the hideaway, which through the derelict's help he had been able to discover, and drop an answering note, which read:

"If you are not back in your hotel within six hours, the world will know a story that will forever prevent your showing your face again."

And so Sandra had returned. But when Barry, carelessly confident, had gone to her hotel to face her, the frustrated kidnapers had made a daring attempt to seize Barry. They had hit him on the head and dragged him into their car. But as they were speeding away, he had regained consciousness, and, taking them off guard, had escaped. That was when he had been shot.

He had gone back to his hotel and summoned her there—had demanded that she stay where he could see her, till he could arrange to send her home. And in those brief, bitter hours till Bill and I had arrived, their futile infatuation had died an ugly death. Barry's scorn had flayed her, and she had hated him for it. Poor Sandra—stripped of her mystery—was a woman despised!

This story, coming out bit by bit on our brief walks, brought some balm to my tortured heart. Barry did not love Sandra now! He could not! Not after that revelation of sordidness and treachery! Perhaps he never had loved her, really. He had found her charming and delightful, naturally—and she had persuaded him that I loved Bill—had played the rôle of the understanding friend—the comforter. . . . And then she had made a misstep—and he had seen the treacherous face behind the lovely mask!

But all this mattered little to me now. It mattered only that Barry should get well. And always I fled anxiously back to his room, to hold his hand again, and wait, with desperate hope.

At last, one afternoon, his lids settled whitely over his sunken eyes. I called to him, but he did not stir. Scarcely he seemed to breathe. I caught a queer expression about the lips of the nurse, whose capable hand held his pulse. With the other hand she reached for the buzzer to summon the doctor.

Then I heard a movement behind me. Bill and Grace had come into the room. They stood, looking down with drawn, agonized faces. Suddenly Bill made a dreadful, choking sound in his throat. Grace put her arm about him, pressed her other hand against his lips.

And then, as if that tragic sound had somehow reached him, Barry's eyes slowly opened. He looked up into my face. Then his eyes moved to rest on Grace and Bill. They still stood, arm in arm, as two can only stand together whose hearts are one in some grief-stricken moment.

Barry's lips moved. *"Grace—and Bill,"* he said, almost soundlessly.

Grace had an inspiration. She thrust out her left hand, on which a new, fine diamond winked bravely in the afternoon sunlight. "Hurry and get well, Barry," she said clearly and firmly, "so you and Ginny can stand up with us."

His gaze came back to me, and I nodded and smiled with desperate cheer. "You

must get well soon, darling," I said. "We don't want them to put off their wedding too long."

His eyes held mine for a long moment. Then I felt his handclasp strengthen almost imperceptibly in mine. I drew a long breath that was a fervent prayer.

And then the doctor came in.

It had needed something, he explained to us afterward, something to make Barry fight to get well. And, looking at us understandingly, he saw, I think, as doctors do, much that had secretly complicated his battle.

"And from what I know of Barry Barrett," he said now, "I feel entirely confident that he will come through safely."

And, indeed, from that moment he gained, slowly, but surely and steadily, and with no set-backs.

One evening we had a microphone set up in Barry's room. Bill made the arrangements. The doctor approved. "The fire siren to the old horse, eh?" he chuckled. "That is a good idea."

It was a thrilling moment. Mr. Bender, whose love and anxiety for Barry had brought him down to us, was there, and he beamed mistily through his thick glasses when from that small hospital bedroom Barry Barrett once more went on the air.

I brought the milk to where Barry lay, propped up with pillows. His eyes shone as he began to speak, and I felt a warm thrill of joy as his voice came with the old, familiar ring.

"Hello, friends," he said. "This is Barry Barrett, going to press—to tell you some surprising news about Cuba. It has become, for the moment, a new Eden. I couldn't make much of a revolution down here," he went on. "It sort of folded up on me. But thanks to your popular songstress, I managed to find a little excitement. However, the kidnaping was a dud, too— and the bullet I stopped didn't have my name on it, after all. . . .

"But here's news from Eden—Ginny Fairfax, the noted flyer, and her battered bridegroom, Barry Barrett, are soon to start on a second honeymoon. And not even an army with banners can stop that!

"And when we come back," he added, "we're going to be bridesmaid and best man at another wedding—when the well-known writer, Grace Meldrum, will be middle-aisling with the popular flying man, old Bill Willoughby . . . I'm cutting in on the columnists," he apologized, "but you have to expect this sort of news, from Eden! I tell Grace good flyers make bad husbands—" he was saying, but I took the microphone gently from his hands.

"Hello," I said breathlessly, "this is Ginny Fairfax, taking the floor from under her husband's feet, to wish Grace Meldrum the kind of happiness I've found with a flying man!" I handed the mike to Grace.

"And that's good enough for me—Grace Meldrum," she said feverently. "And here's Bill, himself, to say:

"Happy landings to everyone!" Bill boomed, like a modern Tiny Tim!

Then Mr. Bender spoke a few graceful sentences, and Bob Blakely called back congratulations and good wishes for us all, and an especial cheerio for Barry. And, listening, we heard the clapping of far-off hands—Barry's friends, wishing him well. And it sounded like music to my ears.

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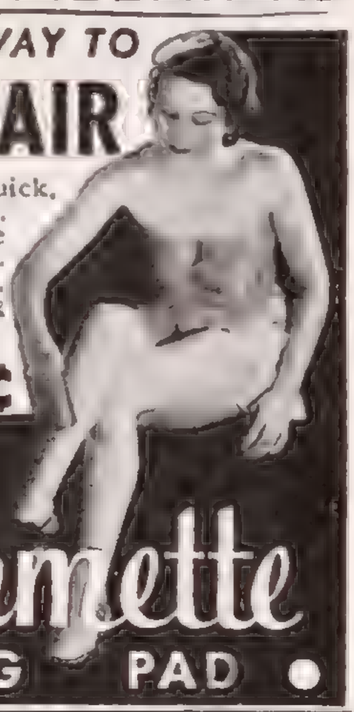

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And then the broadcast was finished. Soon the others all had gone, and Barry and I were alone together. He lay back on the pillows, a little flush in his thin cheeks, but his grip on my hand was firm enough now.

"Ginny," he said softly, "why is it that I can talk to the whole wide world more easily than I can talk to you—when I love you so terribly!"

"Perhaps," I whispered against his cheek, "it is because we do love each other so terribly—and love never did have an adequate language."

He squeezed my hand. "I remember a fairy story," he said dreamily, "about a king, who was going to reward a knight for some service done. And he told him to go through all the rooms of his castle, and take from any one of them what he would choose for his reward. And as the knight was passing, the king's daughter whispered to him: 'Don't choose till you come to the last room.' So he went through rooms of silver, and rooms of gold, and rooms of diamonds and rubies and other treasures. And at last he came to a room which was empty, save for the king's daughter. And he knew he had come to the last room—because there could be nothing lovelier. . . .

"I've come to the last room, Ginny," he said, very low. "There never will be another one, for me."

"Darling! Darling," I said happily, "if I have anything to say about it, I shall be in every room! Forever and ever!"

"Stout fella!" Barry said. And we both laughed.

"Is that good enough?" I teased him, after a moment. "Just stout fella—good sport—just a flying lady! There's no subtlety about me," I quoted. "No mystery—men like mystery!'"

"It's a mystery to me that you can love me," Barry said humbly. "And that's all the mystery I want in this life!"

His lips sought mine, warm and eager.

"'Until she came to me and held out her arms, I never thought of love,'" he quoted again, after a silent moment. *"'Until her face was close to mine, I never realized what love might be. Until my lips met hers in the kiss that sums up all life, I never knew what love was.'"*

"Darling . . ." I whispered.

THE END

Here are the Answers

(*Continued from page 90*)

souri, then ran away to join a medicine show when he was sixteen. Though he was once just a penniless actor bumming his way on a freight train, he was arrested for bank robbery in Kansas City and it took him two days to get out of jail.

Niece: You'd never have got out! How about **Sassafras?**

Unkie: Oh, yeh? Well, Sassafras' (try that on your ocarina) real name is Johnnie Welsh. He's younger than Honeyboy, having been born in Dallas, Texas, April 11th, 1903. He is six feet tall, weighs two hundred pounds, has a brunette complexion and blue eyes. By trade he was a printing pressman before he met Fields at KGKO, Wichita Falls, Texas, in 1928, and they teamed up. They are both married and both are fond of hunting, but I don't know whether there's any connection.

Nephew: Stop being funny and describe **Lew Palmer,** that vocalist who sings with **Jan Garber's** orchestra.

Unkie: Lew has black hair, dark brown eyes, light complexion, is five feet six inches tall and weighs one hundred and forty pounds. Thought you could stick me, eh?

Niece: Maybe you can't tell me about **Announcer Paul Douglas.**

Unkie: Suppose I couldn't. Suppose I couldn't tell that Paul got his break in radio when he wandered into WCAU, Philadelphia, during a program on which celebrities were being introduced and that the announcer, mistaking him for one of them, put him on the air, not realizing his mistake until too late. Or that later he got an audition and job as announcer there. Or that he is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and ninety-five pounds, has blue eyes and dark brown hair. Or that he was born on April 11th, 1907, and is divorced. Suppose I couldn't tell you all that, what then?

Nephew: Still don't think you can tell who plays those parts on the **Grandpa Burton** program Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5:15 Eastern Standard.

Unkie: A snap, you little whelp! All the parts played by a lad named **Bill Baar.**

Niece: Here's a sticker for you. Is **Charles Winninger** returning to Show Boat as Captain Henry?

Unkie: That's a sticker for everyone. NBC says no, and doubts that he ever will again. Here, here, don't cry!

Nephew: I'll agree, if you'll tell us whether or not **Leonard Keller,** orchestra leader and tone poet, is still in Chicago.

Unkie: Was the last we knew, which was just the other day. He is playing in the Bismarck Hotel.

Niece: Hi-de-hi, Unksie. Is **Cab Calloway** married and if so how long has he been? Has he any children. What's his wife's name and age? Was she a professional before she married? How old is **Blanche Calloway** and is she married?

Unkie: Ho-de-ho, niecie. You make me dizzy! Cab's been married about five years, has no children. His wife's maiden name is Wenonah Conacher and she is twenty-six. She was a non-professional. Blanche is thirty and married to a non-professional.

Nephew: Listen, what was the idea of saying in **Radio Stars** that **Mel Jenn-**

sen leads the Casa Loma band when it's called **Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra.**

Unkie: The idea was, young man, on account of the fact that Glen is too busy tooting the saxophone and has to leave the conducting up to Jennsen, the violinist. It's called Glen Gray's Orchestra because Glen was the organizer and is president of the corporation. Thought you'd catch me!

Niece: No, we didn't. We just like to see your ears wiggle when you're mad. Now tell us something about **Gertrude Niesen.**

Unkie: Well, Gertie asserts that she was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 8th, 1912, and was educated in public schools there. Also went to New York University. Her network début was said to have resulted from radio men having seen her do an imitation of Lyda Roberti at a night club. She likes sailing, deep-sea fishing and horseback riding. She is five feet four inches tall, weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds, has dark hair and green-gray eyes. She is not married and says she doesn't know what her ideal man is, but she's been seen about quite a bit lately with **Joe Schenck,** radio executive.

Nephew: Well, that's okay, long's she keeps away from you. We hadda argument about exactly when and where **Rudy Vallee** was born.

Unkie: Rudy was born (as you know, Hubert Pryor Vallee) in Island Pond, Vermont, July 28th, 1901.

Niece: See, smartie, I was right! Now what we want to know is some stuff about **Henrietta Schumann,** that pianist we hear on the Roxy program so much.

Unkie: Well the deftly-digited Henrietta was born June 28th, 1909, in Schaulen, Russia. Her father was a capable musician, having studied under Kellerman, one of Franz Liszt's sons. She was educated in Russia and went to college in Rochester, New York, earning her way by teaching at the Eastman School of Music. She made her radio début on NBC in 1929. You know you can hear her often on the Radio City Music Hall programs with **Erno Rapee** as well as on the Roxy shows. Her début on the concert stage was made at the age of nine. After that, Henrietta gave recitals through Russia, Lithuania, Germany, France, Latvia. On this hemisphere she gave recitals and made appearances with symphony orchestras in Canada, Detroit, Rochester, Chicago, Buffalo, St. Louis, Syracuse, New York, Boston and other cities. She has composed music, but says she's not interested in having any of it published. She weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds, is five feet six, has brown hair and blue eyes. She's quite comely and, as yet, unmarried.

Nephew: Now, tell us about—oh darn, there's daddy calling us! We gotta go to bed. Too bad you won't be here tomorrow to answer some more questions. Dad says he's going to kick you out in the morning.

Unkie: **Hmph! Har-rumph!**

THE END

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.....

Radio Stars' Cooking School

(Continued from page 50)

"What are they?" I inquired.

"First, can I play bridge? Second, can I cook?" replied Jane.

"Well, *can* you?" I wanted to know.

"When we were first on the air," said Jane, smiling, "we played up the husband-and-wife-as-bridge-partners angle for laughs. The sad truth of the matter is that *my* husband got *his* inspiration from *my* bridge playing! I'm awful! If the hand is at all hard to play I can be depended upon to muff it.

"It's the same with cooking," she continued. "If the thing is hard to make, that lets me out! So, to be on the safe side, I have worked out just a few foolproof specialties along culinary lines. I've never been able to deceive anyone about my bridge-playing abilities, but guests go away convinced that my cooking almost makes up for my lack of card sense, when I produce one of my food pets."

"Tell me more," I urged.

"Oh," Jane demurred, "they're all too easy to interest you!"

"On the contrary I'd like to learn about some 'Easy Aces'," I insisted, "especially things to serve informally to guests after bridge, conversation, or radio.

"Maybe I *will* be able to give you an idea or two then," replied Jane. "Of course I generally plan to serve things that will appeal to men as well as women since we usually entertain a couple. When Benny Fields and his wife Blossom Seeley drop in, for instance, we have dinner sent up from the restaurant downstairs, but before they leave I always serve something that I know they'll like. That's either Savory Hamburgers (Goodman, who invented the sauce, named them that) or Barbecued Ham. You know, out in Kansas City where we come from, we all used to drive out into the country for Barbecues. I really miss those jaunts a lot. So I learned how to make a simple Barbecue Sauce that can be made up in advance. I serve it on freshly cooked ham and it only takes a bit of last minute preparation to fix up a dish that guests rave over."

Another Easy Ace in the cooking line, I learned, is Snappy Sandwiches. You'll find that recipe, together with the one for preparing Savory Hamburgers, at the end of this article. Well worth trying, both.

A really grand dish that Jane also told me about is Easy Supper Eggs. These are perfect for lunch, too, as well as for supper. Served in little individual dishes (the inexpensive oven-proof kind that come with handles) they will give you a reputation as a hostess who knows her onions. Pardon me! There aren't any onions in this concoction, just such simple things as eggs, butter, seasonings and ever-handy canned soup. You just break eggs, use a can opener and add seasonings—in the right proportion of course—and *presto!* there you are. *Easy,* did I say? Why, it's a cinch! If you are interested in serving these shirred eggs at your next informal evening supper party you'll find out shortly how to get your copy of the recipe.

Nor did Jane Ace overlook the universal sweet tooth possessed by men and women alike, when describing her easy-to-make dishes to me. Admitting at the very outset her inability to bake cakes or pies, Jane tried her hand at making cookies and the sort of dessert dishes that nestle in the refrigerator until serving time. After many attempts and failures she hit on two sweets that not even she could go wrong on making! One is a crisp cooky that I named Chocolate Aces, after trying out Jane's recipe to my own entire satisfaction. These crisp chocolaty confections are baked in one sheet and then cut into fancy shapes (you really should use Bridge cutters, as I did, in honor of Jane). This is much easier, of course, than rolling out and cutting dough before it is baked.

The other sweet recipe is for Grahamallow Roll, a combination of grahamcrackers, marshmallows, cream and other things. The ingredients are quickly assembled from almost any well-stocked larder they are easily prepared (take a look at the small picture on page 50), and after a sojourn in the refrigerator they emerge as a dressy looking dessert that tastes as grand as it looks. Another "Easy Ace" you'll surely want to have.

And now just a brief word to let the uninitiated know how to go about securing these Easy Aces—four delectable but simple dishes, Grahamallow Roll, Easy Supper Eggs, Chocolate Aces and Barbecued Ham. Those clever souls who already know all the answers can skip blithely to the next paragraph. But there *are* some of you who don't know that merely by sending in a coupon every month (you can even paste the coupon on a penny postal if you wish), you get an attractive booklet containing four recipes individually printed on cards of just the right size to go into a recipe filing cabinet. Simple, isn't it? And too, we even pay the postage on the recipes when we send them to you! You couldn't ask for more, could you? And you should take advantage of such a generous offer, shouldn't you? And you will, won't you.

This is Nancy Wood signing off with this last admonition—don't fail to send for this month's Radio Stars Cooking School

Here are the winners in our Gertrude Niesen Slogan Contest, in the MAY issue of Radio Stars:

1st Prize—Miss Loretta McGann, 182 Academy Ave., Providence, R. I.
2nd Prize—Miss Freda Levinson, 914 Seaview Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
3rd Prize—Mrs. F. Kuehne, 700 East 11th St., Austin, Texas
4th Prize—Miss Mildred Markovich, 1220 Hausel Ave., S. E., Canton, Ohio

leaflet, for you are sure to enjoy the dishes you can make by following these tested recipes. Furthermore, to return to our Auction Bridge parlance, Jane's Aces Are "Easy".

SAVORY HAMBURGERS

¾ pound top round (ground)
Salt, pepper
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
1 tablespoon India Relish
½ teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce
1 tablespoon finely minced onion
1 tablespoon finely minced parsley

Cream butter until very soft. Add prepared mustard, India Relish, Worcestershire Sauce, minced onion and parsley. Blend together thoroughly. Season meat with salt and pepper to taste. Form into flat cakes approximately ¼ inch thick and large enough to fit the size roll or bread you plan to use. Grease a frying pan lightly (preferably with bacon fat). Add hamburgers. Brown quickly on both sides, reduce heat and cook until hamburgers are done. (The time required varies according to personal preferences and thickness of hamburgers). Place each hamburger on a piece of buttered bread or half of a buttered roll. While still piping hot spread with Savory Sauce. Top with second half of roll or piece of bread. Serve immediately. This amount should make enough hamburgers for four.

SNAPPY SANDWICHES
(open faced)

2 snappy cheeses
1 egg
1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
8 Holland Rusks
4 slices of lean bacon
Large stuffed olives

Allow cheese to stand at room temperature until soft. Mash thoroughly with a fork. Add slightly beaten egg, Worcestershire and mustard. Mix together until smooth and thoroughly blended. Butter rusks. Place them in hot oven for a minute or so to melt butter. Spread cheese mixture on rusks. Top each with ½ slice bacon. Place low under broiler flame and cook until bacon is crisp and cheese is melted and browned, taking care not to burn. Garnish each open-faced sandwich with a slice of stuffed olive. Serve immediately.

(*Note.*—Should you wish to divide this recipe in half, be sure to use only ½ of a beaten egg or mixture will be too moist.)

RADIO STARS' Cooking School
RADIO STARS Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 52)

SUNDAYS (Continued)

WMBD, WTOC, KWKH, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, CFRB, WIBX, WWVA, KFH, WSJS, WDRC, WSFA, WACO, KVI, WOC, KGKO, KTSA, WKBN, KOH.

3:00 EDST (1)—Symphonic Hour. Howard Barlow, conductor.
WABC, WKRC, WLBZ, WADC, WDNC WHP, WMBG, WKBW, WCAO, WJSV, WAAB, WEAN, WPG, WCOA, WKBN, WMBR, WBNS, WIBX, WHK, WDBO, WICC, WBIG, WDBJ, WSJS, WOKO, CKLW, WJAS, WSPD, WDAE, WBT, CKAC, WMAS, WORC, WFBM, KFAB, WREC, KWKH, WDSU, WQAM, KRLD, KTRH, WIBW, WTOC, KOMA, WHAS, KGKO, WDOD, WNOX, KTSA, WSBT, WOC, KLRA, WBBM, WDRC, KMBC, KMOX, WGST, WBRC, WCCO, KSCJ, WLAC, KFH, WALA, KLZ, KVOR, KSL, KHJ, KOIN, KVI, KOL, KGB, KERN, KFPY, KRNT, KDB, WMBD, CFRB, WACO, WSFA, WFRC, WFBL, KFBK, KDH, KWG.

3:30 EDST (½)—Penthouse Serenade, Charles Gaylord's sophisticated music; Don Mario, soloist; Dorothy Hamilton, beauty adviser; guest stars. (Maybelline Co.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, CFCF, WRC, WBEN, WTAM, WLW, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WGY, WCAE, WWJ WMAQ, WOW, WDAF, KYW, WHO, KSD, KOA, KYDL, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KPO, KHQ, WHIO.

4:45 EDST (¼)—Dream Drama with Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly. (Western Clock Co.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WSAI, WWJ, KYW, WMAQ, WDAF

5:00 EDST (½)—Roses and Drums. Civil War dramas. (Union Central Life.)
WJZ, WMAL, WBZA, WHAM, WGAR, WJR, WBAL, WBZ, WSYR, KDKA, WLW, WENR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS, WMT, KVOO.

5:00 EDST (½)—America's First Rhythm Symphony—De Wolf Hopper, narrator, with 86 artists from the Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra. (United Drug Co.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, KSTP, WTMJ, WHO, WOW, WHIO, WRC, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WMAQ, WDAF, WIBA, WEBC, WRVA, WPTF, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WAVE, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KYW, KHQ, KFYR, KFSD.

5:30 EDST (½)—Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit. Jack Shilkret's Orchestra. (General Baking Co.)
WABC, WOKO, WAAB, WHK, WIBX, WSPD, WBNS, WWVA, WADC, WCAO, WGR, CKLW, WJSV, WHEC, WORC, WDRC, WCAU, WEAN, WFBL, WICC, WMAS, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WDSU, KOMA, KFH, KTUL.

5:30 EDST (½)—Tony Wons. "House by the Side of the Road." (S. C. Johnson and Son, Inc.)
WEAF, WEEI, WCSH, WCAE, WTAG, WIOD, WPTF, WJAX, WFBR, WTAR, WTIC, WJAR, WTAM, CRCT, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WWJ, CFCF, WWNC, WMAQ, WSM, WHO, KSD, WOW, WDAF, KYW, KSTP, WEBC, KFYR, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WTMJ, WDAY, KVOO, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KTAR, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, WLW, WIBA.

5:45 EDST (¼)—Bob Becker's Fireside Chats About Dogs. (John Morrell & Co.)
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WFIL, WHAM, WGAR, WJR, WCKY, WENR, WMT, KSO, KDKA, WBAL, WMAL, KWK, WREN, KOIL.

6:00 EDST (½)—National Amateur Night. Ray Perkins, Master-of-Ceremonies; Arnold Johnson's Orchestra; Amateur Talent. Health Products Corp. Feen-A-Mint.
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, KMOX, WFBL, WJSV, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WGST, WBT, WBNS, KRLD, KLZ, WREC, WCCO, WDSU, WHEC, KSL, CFRB, KFAB, WOWO, KOMA, KTSA.

6:30 EDST (½)—Grand Hotel. Anne Seymour and Don Ameche. (Campana Co.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WENR, KSO, WCKY, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WMT.

6:30 EDST (¼)—Smilin' Ed McConnell. Songs. (Acme Paints.)
WABC, WKBW, WDRC, WBT, WIBX, WNAC, WBNS, WKRC, CKLW, WWVA, WCAU, WJAS, WJSV, WBBM, WHAS, KMOX, WOWO, KFH, WDSU, KRLD, WCCO, WLAC, KLZ, KSL, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KVI, KRNT, KMBC, WREC.

6:45 EDST (¼)—Voice of Experience. (Wasey Products.)
WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, WFBL, WSPD, WHEC, WADC, WAAB, WBT, WEAN, WHK, WJAS, WKBW, WKRC, WWVA, CKLW, KMOX, WFBM, WBBM, WCCO, WHAS, KMBC.

7:00 EDST (½)—Jack Benny. Don Bestor's Orchestra; Frank Parker, tenor; Mary Livingstone. (General Foods.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WGAR, WCKY, CFCF, WBZA, WSYR WHAM, KDKA, WJR, WRVA, WPTF, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WTAR, WSOC WENR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, WIBA, WEBC, KFYR, WDAY, KSTP, WAVE, WSM, WSB, WKY, WSMB, KVOO, WFAA, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, WMC, WMT, WFIL, WAPI, WIRE.

7:00 EDST (1)—Roadways of Romance. Dramatic and Musicale. Jerry Cooper and Roger Kinne, Baritones; Freddie Rich's Orchestra.
WABC and network

7:30 EDST (½)—Joe Penner. Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra with Harriet Hilliard. (Standard Brands, Inc.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WRVA, WPTF, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WWNC, WLW, WLS, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, KVOO, WKY, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KTAR, WMT, WAPI

7:30 EDST (¼)—Fireside Recitals. Sigurd Nilssen, basso; Hardesty Johnson, tenor; Graham McNamee, commentator. (American Radiator Co.)
WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WWJ, WCAE, WTAM, WSAI, WMAQ, WOW, WTIC, WHIO, KYW, WIRE, WDAF, KSO.

7:45 EDST (¼)—Wendell Hall, the Red Headed Music Maker. (Fitch.)
WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, CFCF, WTIC, WHO, WMAQ, KSD, KYW, WOW, WHIO, WIRE

8:00 EDST (1)—Major Bowes Amateur Hour. (Standard Brands, Inc.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WTAM, WBEN WCAE, WIOD, WFLA, WWJ, WLW, CFCF, WWNC, WIS, CRCT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WPTF, WJAR, WCSH, WRVA, WJAX, WSB, WMAQ, WSM, WTMJ, KFYR, WOAI, WOW, WMC, WJDX, KSD, WHO, WDAF, KYW, KPRC, WKY, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KVOO, WFAA, WSMB, WAVE, KTAR, KDYL, KOA, KFI, KGW, KPO, KOMO, KHQ

8:00 EDST (½)—"Rhythm At Eight" with Ethel Merman, Ted Husing and Al Goodman's Orchestra. (Lehn & Fink—Lysol.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WGST, WBRC, WBT, KRLD, KLZ, KTRH, KFAB, WREC, WCCO, WDSU, KOMA, KSL, KTSA, KWKH, WADC, KRNT, WHEC, WBNS, KTUL, WSFA, WOC, WLAC, WDOD.

8:30 EDST (½)—Gulf Headliners.
WABC, WJSV, WWVA, WCOA, WSMK, WDNC, WSJS, WNBF, WICC, WHP, WADC, WBIG, WBT, WKBN, WBNS, WCAO, WCAU, WHEC, WJAS, WKRC, WMAS, WNAC, WORC, WSPD, WDAE, WDBO, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WFEA, WHK, WLBZ, WQAM, CKLW, KLRA, KRLD, KTRH, WALA, WSBT, KWKH, WNOX, WFBM, KTSA, WTOC, WACO, WBRC, WDOD, WDSU, WGST, WHAS, WLAC, WMBR, WREC, WOKO, WDBJ, WSFA, KTUL, WOWO, KGKO, KRGV.

9:00 EDST (½)—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. Rachel Carlay, blues singer; Pierre Le Kreeun, tenor; Jerome Mann, impersonator; Andy Sannella's Orchestra; Men About Town trio. (Sterling Products, Inc.)
WEAF, WTIC, WJAR, WTAM, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WWJ, WSAI, CFCF, KYW, KFYR, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, WOW, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, WDAF, KOA, KDYL, KHQ, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, WHIO, WTAG.

9:00 EDST (½)—Silken Strings Program. Charles Previn and his orchestra. Olga Albani, soprano; guest artist. (Real Silk Hosiery.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WLW, WENR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WMT, WJR.

9:30 EDST (¼)—Cornelia Otis Skinner tells secrets. (Jergen's Lotion.)
WJZ, WBZ, WMAL, WJR, WLW,

(Continued on page 82)

Just for Fun

(Continued from page 55)

Dawson looks set for a long and lucky run as a radio actor.

Right now, though, we're scheduled for a rehearsal of our own performance. Right now we get an answer to the questions a lot of people have been asking: Are the amateurs rehearsed before they go on the air? And are Fred Allen's and Major Bowes' and Ray Perkins' remarks spontaneous or read from scripts?

The honest answer is a little bit of both. Our master of ceremonies learns our background and then prompts our conversation so that, when we face the mike, we sound as if we are just making it up.

Here is an illustration: Remember the Easter night broadcast during which a singer blew up and got the gong. Turned away, he said: "Guess I laid an egg, didn't I, Major?"

"Guess you did," said Mons. Bowes, "but you chose the right day for it."

'Twas Easter, remember. The audience roared. That's a sample of the planned joke. I remember another recently. A girl tried manfully to get through a simple chorus and couldn't do it. Finally in an embarrassing pause, the Major asked: "Want to give up?"

"Yes," weakly.

"All right, my dear. Go home and practice and we'll give you another chance." He rang the gong.

"I don't want another chance," she said. "I'm just here on a bet."

The Major became sympathetic. "I'm sorry. Now you've lost your money."

"But I've won," she claimed.

"Won? How's that?"

"I bet I'd get the gong," she said.

Do they ever send fake "amateurs" in o get the gong, is a question I'm often asked. Frankly, one of the biggest programs did do it for a while. But the professional gong-getter was always so good t getting the gong that the public began o lose interest. Just now, most of the ell-ringers are just plain bad.

What are our chances—we're three jolly illbillies, remember—to get somewhere? Vell, look at some of the folk who have ound these amateur hours nice little pringboards for subsequent successes.

One Sunday evening, Major Bowes was alking to an amateur. "Did you study inging?" he queried.

"Yes, before I took my present position," ohn Rogato answered.

"Where is your present position?"

"On a garbage truck."

In type, that line doesn't look so funny. n the air it convulsed a good half of merica's listening audience. And then to ake the Horatio Alger story perfect oung John Rogato, who had been picking o anybody's garbage for twelve humdrum ears, put his heart and soul into the song e sang, with so much success that prophets are saying he is a coming star.

The Happy Sisters, Muriel, Estelle, and live, plus their brother Joe, were four ds up in Naugatuck, Connecticut. The rls sing and Joe plays the guitar. Muriel

(Continued on page 83)

HAVE YOU AN IDEA FOR A SONG?

POPULAR SONGS AND FEEN-A-MINT OFFER:

CASH PRIZES...
Free Collaboration...
Winning Ideas Published...
Royalties

Enter this big contest today! It's easy for you to win one of the many prizes offered (over 100). Your song idea may be either a title, lyric (song poem), or a descriptive letter. This is a contest for amateurs, not professionals, and winning songs will be broadcast coast-to-coast over

Ray Perkins' National Amateur Night
(Feen-a-mint Program)
Every Sunday 6 p. m., E.D.S.T.

Read Complete Details in the August

POPULAR SONGS

Magazine Now on sale... 10c

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 80)

SUNDAYS (Continued)

WBZA, WBAL, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WENR, KSO, KWK, WREN KOIL, WMT.

9:30 EDST (½)—American Musical Revue. Frank Munn, tenor; Vivienne Segal, soprano; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; Haenschen Concert Orchestra. (Sterling Products, Inc.)
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WPTF, WCSH, WFBR, WWNC, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WSB, WIOD, WFLA, WRVA, WJAX, CFCF, CRCT, WIS, WMAQ, WHO, KSD, KYW, WAPI, WSM, WOW, WMC, WOAI, WJDX, WFAA, WSMB, WKY, KPRC, WDAF, WTMJ, KSTP, KDYL, KOA, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KPO, WHIO.

9:45 EDST (¼)—Vera Brodsky, and Harold Triggs, piano duo; with Ghost Stories told by Louis K. Auspacher. (Phillips-Jones Corp.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WFIL, WCKY, WENR, KSO, WMT, KWK, WREN, KOIL.

10:00 EDST (½)—Wayne King. (Lady Esther.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, WBNS, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WFBM, KMOX, WBBM, KMBC, WHAS, WDSU, WCCO, KRLD, WIBW, KFAB, KSL, KLZ, KERN, KMJ, KOIN, KHJ, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

10:00 EDST (1)—The Gibson Family. Original musical comedy starring Lois Bennett, Conrad Thibault, Jack and Loretta Clemens with Don Voorhees and his orchestra. (Procter and Gamble Co.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WCSH, KYW, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WMAQ, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, KOA, KPO, KDYL, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, (WEEI, WJAR off 10:30).

10:30 EDST (¼)—Fray and Braggiotti, Piano Team.
WABC and network.

11:00 EDST (¼)—Wendell Hall sings again for Fitch.
WOAI, KTHS, WDAF, WKY, KPRC, WBAP, KTBS, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR

11:15 EDST (¼)—Cornelia Otis Skinner. The Jergens Program.
WSM, WMC, WSB, WOAI, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WAVE, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR.

11:30 EDST (½)—Jack Benny and Don Bestor's Orchestra; Frank Parker, tenor, and Mary Livingstone.
KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KOA, KTAR, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KGU.

11:30 EDST (½)—Art Jarrett and his orchestra.
WABC and network.

12:00 EDST (½)—The Silken Strings Program—Olga Albani, soprano; Charles Previn and his orchestra.
KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

MONDAYS

(July 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd and 29th)

6:45 EDST (¼)—Lowell Thomas gives the day's news. (Sun Oil.)
WJZ, WGAR, WLW, CRCT, WRVA, WBAL, WBZ, KDKA, WHAM, WJR, WSYR, WBZA, WJAX, WFLA, WMAL, CFCF, WIOD.

7:00 EDST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy. (Pepsodent.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WSYR, WBZA, KDKA, WCKY, CRCT, WHAM, WGAR, WJR, WRVA, WPTF, WIOD, WFLA.
(See also 11:00 P.M. EDST.)

7:00 EDST (¼)—"Just Entertainment." Variety Program. (Wm. Wrigley, Jr., Co.)
WABC, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, CKLW, WCAU, WJAS.

7:15 EDST (¼)—Tony and Gus—dramatic sketch with Mario Chamlee and George Frame Brown. (General Foods Corp.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WCKY, WFIL, WENR, WPTF, WIS, WWNC, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSOC, WTAR.

7:15 EDST (¼)—Stories of the Black Chamber. (Forhans Co., Inc.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WSAI WMAQ, KYW, WEEI, WRC, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KDYL, WOW, WFBR, WSAI, KSD.

7:15 EDST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill." (Kolynos.)
WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WHK, CFRB, WGR, WJAS, WJSV, WKRC, WNAC, CKLW, WBBM.

7:30 EDST (¼)—Easy Aces—Jane and Goodman Ace. (American Home Products.)
WEAF, WTAG, WCSH, KYW, WRC, WWJ, WSAI, WMAQ, WOW, WGY WTAM, KSD.

7:30 EDST (¼)—Silver Dust Presents "The O'Neills," Dramatic Sketch with Kate McComb, Jack Rubin, Jane West, Aee McAlister and Jimmy Tansey. (Gold Dust Corp.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WGR, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WFBL, WJSV, WHP, WHEC, WMAS, WWVA, WORC

7:45 EDST (¼)—Dangerous Paradise with Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. (Woodbury's.)
WJZ, WLW, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WENR, WKY, KTBS, KWK, KSO, KOIL, WREN, WSM, WSB, WSMB, WFAA, WMT.

7:45 EDST (¼)—"Uncle Ezra's Radio Station E-Z-R-A." (Dr. Miles Laboratories.)
WEAF, WJAR, WTAG, WEEI, WBEN, WCAE, WRC, WCSH, WGY, WTAM, WSAI, WMAQ, KYW, WDAF, WOW, WHIO, WHO.

7:45 EDST (¼)—Boake Carter, commentator on the news. (Philco Radio and Television Corp.)
WABC, WCAO, KMBC, WNAC, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WKRC, WJSV, WHK, CKLW, WCAU, WJAS, WBT, WGR, WBBM, WHAS, KMOX, KRLD, KOMA, WCCO.

8:00 EDST (½)—Studebaker Champions with Richard Himber's orchestra. (Studebaker Motor Co.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WSAI, KSD, WHO, WOW, WMAQ, KVOO, WKY, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS, WDAF, KYW, KTBS, WWJ.

8:30 EDST (½)—Firestone Concert; Richard Crooks, Margaret Speaks, alternating artists; Wm. Daly's orchestra. (Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WRVA, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WCAE, CRCT, CFCF, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSOC, WTAR, WMAQ, WHO, KPRC, KSD, WEBC, WTMJ, WIBA, KFYR, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, KVOO, WKY, KTBS, WOAI, KYW, WDAF, WDAY, KSTP, WOW, WHIO, WIRE.

8:30 EDST (½)—One Night Stand with Pick and Pat; Joseph Bonime orchestra. (Dill's Best and Model Smoking Tobacco.)
WABC and network. (Repeated at 11:30 EDST.)

9:00 EDST (½)—"Six-Gun Justice." Dramatic Sketch.
WABC and network.

9:00 EDST (½)—A & P Gypsies Orchestra, direction Harry Horlick. Guest stars.
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCAE, WCSH, WWJ, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, KSD, WOW, KYW, WDAF, WHO, WMAQ, WSAI, WKBF, WIRE, WHIO.

9:00 EDST (½)—Sinclair Greater Minstrels; old time minstrel show.
WJZ, WGAR, WWNC, WSYR, WRVA, WJR, WMAL, WTAR, WLW, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WSB, WSOC, WPTF, WLS, KWK, WREN, KSO, KVOO, KSTP, WEBC, KTHS, WDAY, KPRC, KTBS, KOIL, KFYR, WTMJ, WFAA, WMC, WSMB, WJDX, WOAI, WKY, KOA, WMT, WIBA, WSM.

9:30 EDST (½)—Music at the Haydn's—musical show with Otto Harbach. Al Goodman's band and guests. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.)
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WCAE, WTAM, WRVA, WWNC, WJAX, WFLA, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WSOC, WBEN, WWJ, WLW, WPTF, WIS, WIOD, WSB, WJDX, WMAQ, WOW, KSTP, WEBC, KYW, WDAY, KFYR, WMC, WSMB, WKY, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, WDAF, KSD, WAVE, WIBA, WHO, WTMJ, WSM, KVOO, WFAA, KOA, KTAR, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KFSD, KHQ.

9:30 EDST (½)—Princess Pat Players. Dramatic sketch.
WJZ, WBAL, WSYR, WJR, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WENR, WCKY, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WMT.

10:00 EDST (½)—Wayne King's orchestra. (Lady Esther.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WCAU, WEAN, WSPD, WBNS, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WJAS, WFBL, WJSV, WBBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KFAB, WCCO, WIBW, WDSU, KRLD, WFBM, KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI, KFBK, KDB, KWG.

10:00 EDST (½)—Contented Program. Lullaby Lady; male quartet; Morgan L. Eastman orchestra. (Carnation Co.)
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WSAI WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WTAR, CRCT, CFCF, WCSH, WCAE, WFBR, WRC, WTIC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WMAQ, KYW, KSD, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WFAA, KOA, KDYL, KFYR, WEBC, WTMJ, KSTP, WSM, WMC, WSB, WKY, KPRC, WOAI, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KVOO.

10:30 EDST (½)—Lilac Time with the Night Singer; Baron Sven von Hallberg's Orchestra. (Pinaud.)
WABC, WCAO, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WHAS, WJAS, WFBL, WJSV, KRLD, KLZ, KSL, KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI, WGR, KERN, KMJ, KFBK, KDB, KGW, WDSU, WHEC, WGST, WCAU.

10:30 EDST (½)—Lucky Smith with Max Baer. (Gillette Safety Razor Co.)
WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, KYW, WRC, WGY, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WHIO, WIRE, KSD, WOW, WDAF, WIBA, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WRVA, WTAR, WSOC, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WAVE, WMC, WJDX, WSMB, KVOO, KTHS, KTBS, KGIR, KGHL, KPO, KGW, KOMO, WKY, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR, CRCT, WFBR, WEEI, WSB, WMAQ. (Station list incomplete.)

11:00 EDST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy. (Pepsodent.)
WENR, WSB, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WMC, WKY, WBAP, WOAI, WTMJ, KSTP, WSM, WSMB, KTHS, KPRC, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KHQ, KOMO.

11:15 EDST (¼)—Tony and Gus—dramatic sketch with Mario Chamlee and George Frame Brown. (General Foods Corp.)
WMT, KSO, WREN, KOIL, WIRE, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, KTHS, KTBS, WAVE, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR.

11:15 EDST—Jesse Crawford, organist.
WEAF and associated NBC stations.

11:30 EDST (½)—Voice of Firestone Concerts.
KOA, KTAR, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KFSD, KFI, KGW, KPO, KHO, KOMO, KGU. (See also 8:30 P.M. EDST.)

TUESDAYS

(July 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd and 30th)

6:45 EDST (¼)—Lowell Thomas. News.
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WJR, WBAL, KDKA, WGAR, WLW, WSYR, (CRCT on 6:55), WMAL, WHAM.

6:45 EDST (10 min.)—Stoopnagle & Budd. (DeVoe & Raynolds Co.)
WABC and network.

7:00 EDST (¼)—Just Entertainment.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

7:00 EDST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday. See also 11:00 P.M. EDST.)

7:15 EDST (¼)—Tony and Gus.
See Monday same time for stations.

7:15 EDST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill."
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EDST (¼)—Easy Aces.
For stations see Monday same time.

7:30 EDST (¼)—Singin' Sam. (Barbasol.)
WABC, WCAO, WNAC, WDRC, WCAU, WEAN, WJSV.

7:45 EDST (¼)—Boake Carter. News.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

7:45 EDST (¼)—You and Your Government.
WEAF and network.

8:00 EDST (½)—Leo Reisman's orchestra with Phil Duey and Johnny. (Philip Morris & Co.)
WEAF, WTAG, WFBR, WBEN, WCSH, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSOC, WTAR, WCAE, KYW, WHO, WEEI, WJAR, WRC, WTAM, WTIC, WGY, WWJ, WIBA, WDAF, WMAQ, KSTP, WOAI, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WSM, WMC, WJDX, WSMB, KVOO, WKY, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WAVE, KTMJ, KSD, WOW, WSB, WIRE.
(See also 11:30 P.M. EDST.)

8:00 EDST (½)—"Lavender & Old Lace." with Frank Munn, tenor; Bernice Claire, soprano, and Gustave Haenschen's orch. (Bayer's Aspirin.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WKRC, WEAN, WJSV, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WHK, WFBL, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WSPD, WBBM, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX.

8:00 EDST (½)—Eno Crime Clues. Mystery drama. (Harold S. Ritchie & Co.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WBZ, WBZA, WGAR, WJR, WLW, WLS, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WMT, WFIL.

8:30 EDST (¼)—Edgar A. Guest, in Welcome Valley with Bernadine Flynn, Don Briggs and Sidney Ellstrom; Joseph Gallicchio's orchestra. (Household Finance Corp.)
WJZ, WBZ, WHAM, WBZA, WCKY, WMAL, WGAR, WBAL, KDKA, WSYR WREN, KOIL, KSO, KWK, WFIL, WMT, WLS, WJR.

8:30 EDST (½)—"Melodiana," with Abe Lyman's orch., Vivienne Segal, soprano,

(Continued on page 84)

(*Continued from page 81*)

is still in High School, Estelle teaches school, and Olive works in an office. They came to New York and . . . well, they have just finished making a motion picture short with Ray Perkins and Tony Spoons, which will net them several hundred dollars.

NBC's famous studio 8H has never heard as great applause as that which almost lifted the roof the night of May 19th. Major Bowes' magicianship had provided his hour with another miracle.

As the nine-year-old child walked to the grand piano the huge audience felt a little sorry for her. The Major had just said that her mother had taught her to play, that her father was a dish-washer out of work. Audiences have heard and seen a lot of home-made geniuses and I'm sure no one expected anything out of the ordinary. Major Bowes was the only one who knew what was to come.

Veronica Mimosa seated herself, flexed her fingers, and dropped them on to the keys. Within twenty seconds, the air was electric. The piece she played was one a finished professional would proudly include in his repertory. Little Veronica played it surely, swiftly, as well or better than the finished professional could have done.

At the end the audience cheered and clapped and shouted: *"Bravo,"* while Major Bowes struggled frantically to quiet them. Finally he succeeded long enough for Veronica to play an encore. It was another triumph. Veronica Mimosa was acclaimed a child genius.

People have said that the amateur hours clutter up the air, that they feed listeners Grade B entertainment, that they should be abolished. As long as they produce even one such performer as Veronica Mimosa, they should be kept on the air as development and proving grounds for the stars who must be found for tomorrow.

I don't know of anyone in radio whose *flair* for the dramatic equals that of Major Bowes. For instance, one day he found one amateur named Frank Brenna, an ex-barber, in his audition line. Frank sang like a nightingale and when he got on the air the audience voted him into first place.

The next week's mail brought a letter:

"Since my husband won your amateur hour his head is about five times as big as it was. It is almost impossible to live with him. If we are ever to have any peace again, I must prove to him that I'm just as good a singer as he is. Can I sing on your amateur hour?

(Signed) Mrs. Frank Brenna."

One week after Frank's triumph, Mrs. Frank did her bit in a soaring soprano solo. And one week after that, the Major presented them on the air together in a famous operatic duet. Their appearance was the high-spot of the evening.

In the space of nine programs and nine weeks, Major Bowes and his amateurs rose from zero to second place among radio's best-liked shows. No program has ever done that before. Already, requests for tickets to see his broadcasts have so swamped his offices that he has a waiting list of thirty-thousand. Quite a game, isn't it? With most of the people in it doing it "just for fun."

THE END

Does he call you up the next morning?

THE exciting tinkle of her telephone the next morning means that he was serious when he said that she was the most fascinating girl at the party He'll keep her phone busy as long as she keeps charming

Don't envy the beauty of others, often their beauty is enhanced by clever make-up. You too can have a soft, satiny skin, luscious tempting lips and an alluring fragrance lingering delightfully about you to make the memory of you always exciting. Use Blue Waltz Face Powder, Cold Cream, Lipstick and Perfume, all scented with that delightful Blue Waltz fragrance to make YOU the envy of other women.

Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection they are laboratory tested and are certified to be pure. 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

Blue Waltz
FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

BLUE WALTZ PERFUME · FACE POWDER · LIPSTICK · TALCUM POWDER · COLD CREAM · BRILLIANTINE

NATURALLY SKINNY FOLKS CORRECT IODINE STARVED GLANDS!

Add 5 lbs. in 1 Week—Or No Cost!

New Mineral Concentrate Corrects Common Cause of Skinniness—
IODINE STARVED GLANDS

No longer need you go around as skinny as a rail, for Kelpamalt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea, gets right down and corrects the real underlying cause of skinniness—IODINE STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic—but the same iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach and lettuce. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

To get this vital mineral in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1,300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach, 1,660 lbs. of beef, or 1,387 lbs. of lettuce.

Try Kelpamalt for a single week and notice the difference. See flattering extra pounds appear in place of scrawny hollows. Notice how much better you feel. And if you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in one week the trial is free. Kelpamalt costs but a few cents a day to use and can be had at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply send $1.00 for introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products—sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

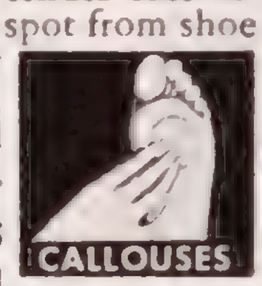
Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly, Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. [illegible] weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight [illegible]. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 810 37 [illegible] New York.

SEEDOL
Kelpamalt Tablets
Known in England as VIKELP

SAFE, INSTANT RELIEF

CORNS, CALLOUSES, BUNIONS

You'll be foot-happy from the moment you start using Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. The soothing, healing medication in them stops pain of corns, callouses, bunions and tender toes instantly. They shield the sore spot from shoe friction and pressure; make new or tight shoes easy on your feet; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters; quiet irritated nerves.



Removes Corns, Callouses

To quickly, safely loosen and remove corns or callouses, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Disks now included in every box. Otherwise use the pads only to take off shoe pressure. Be sure to get this famous scientific double-acting treatment today. Sold everywhere.

STANDARD WHITE, *now* **25¢**
New DE LUXE *flesh color* **35¢**

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

FRECKLES

REMOVED INSTANTLY WITH

DRULA *Winner Gold Medal Paris Grand Prix London*

Best Freckle Remedy In The World

No Peeling. Gives you a lovely complexion. Send No Money. Write for information.

GERA, 72 Cortlandt St., Dept. RS, New York City

ARE YOU SICK?

—Physically
—Mentally
—Financially?

IF you are sick, whether physically, mentally or financially; if you are discouraged and if life has ceased to hold attractions for you; if you have tried everything without obtaining relief, then I have the answer for you. I can show you how to regain your health and self-respect, and how to gain prosperity—how to get what you want.

The answer is simple, definite, scientific law and unfailing. I have been the instrument through whom many have been saved and restored to happiness. I can do as much for you with my six "Lessons in the Law." This course of lessons is an original copyrighted system—nothing else just like it. It has stood the test of time. Hundreds testify to its effectiveness.

This is your chance—do not pass it up. Six lessons, complete, five dollars, sent postpaid; or, if you are doubtful, you may first send twenty-five cents for details and intensely interesting pamphlet, "Making Use of Heaven."

LUCY CARPENTER HARRIS
P. O. Box 1450-P San Diego, California

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 82)

TUESDAYS (Continued)

and Oliver Smith, tenor. (Phillips Dental Magnesia.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WADC, WJAS, WSPD, WJSV, WGR, WHK, WDRC, WEAN, WHEC, WKRC, CKLW, WCAU, WFBL, CFRB, WBBM, WHAS, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, KMOX, WCCO.

8:30 EDST (½)—Lady Esther Serenade and Wayne King's dance music.
WEAF, WCAE, WBEN, WRC, WSAI, WGY, WCSH, WTAM, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WWJ, WTMJ, KSD, WOW, KYW, WHO, WIBA, WJDX, WDAY, WAVE, KTBS, KFYR, WKY, WDAF, WSM, WSMB, KPRC, WBAP, WMC, KVOO, KSTP, WMAQ, WOAI, WSB, WIRE

9:00 EDST (½)—Ben Bernie and his Blue Ribbon orchestra. (Pabst.)
WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WGY, WSAI, WTIC, WEEI, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WOW, WTMJ, KYW, KSD, KVOO, WBAP, KPRC, KSTP, WDAY, KFYR, KTBS, WOAI.
(See also 12:00 Midnight EDST.)

9:00 EDST (½)—Red Trails—dramatic story of Royal Northwest Mounted Police; Full Military Band direction Graham Harris. (American Tobacco Co.)
NBC Service to WJZ, WFIL, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WGAR, KDKA, WJR, WIRE, WLS, WMT, KWK, KSO, KOIL, WREN, WTAR, WPTF, WSOC, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WFLA, WIOD, KDYL, KFI, KFSD, KTAR, KGW, WHAM, WAPI, KOA, KHQ, KGIR, KGHL, KPO, KJR, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WAVE, WLW.

9:30 EDST (½)—Linit "Hour of Charm." (Corn Products Refining Co.—Linit.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WSPD, WJSV, WMAS, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KFAB, WBBM, WCCO, KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WKBW, WOWO, WFBL.

9:30 EDST (½)—Ed Wynn, comedy, Eddie Duchin's band; Graham McNamee. (Texas Co.)
WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WGY, WEEI, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WLW, WTAR, WTAM, WRVA, WIS, WTIC, WCSH, WBEN, WWJ, WPTF, WSOC, WFBR, WRC, WCAE, WWNC, WAVE, WMAQ, KSD, KYW, WMC, WSM, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WSB, WSMB, WKY, WBAP, KTBS, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WJDX, KVOO, KTHS, WOAI, KPRC, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KTAR, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, WHIO, WIRE.

10:00 EDST (½)—Camel Caravan. Annette Hanshaw, Walter O'Keefe, Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra. (Camel Cigarettes-Reynolds Tobacco Co.)
WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WDRC, WDNC, WIBX, WEAN, WJSV, WDBO, WLBZ, WBNS, WHP, WDBJ, WMAS, WKBN, WADC, WCAO, WKBW, WCAU, WFBL, WMBR, WDAE, WICC, WFEA, WHEC, WSJS, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WJAS, WSPD, WQAM, WPG, WBT, WBIG, WMBG, WTOC, WORC, KGKO, WHAS, WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, KMOX, WGST, WBRC, WDOD, KTRH, KOMA, KTSA, WIBW, WACO, KRLD, KFAB, KLRA, WREC, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, WDSU, WMBD, KSCJ, KTUL, KFH, WNAX, WALA, KWKH, KVOR, KSL, KLZ, KERN, KMJ, KOIN, KOH, KHJ, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KRNT.

10:00 EDST (1)—Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre with Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; John Barclay and others. Al Goodman's orchestra. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.)
WEAF, WEEI, WRC, WBEN, WTIC, WLW, WWNC, WIOD, CRCT, WTAG, WJAR, WGY, WCAE, WRVA, WIS, WFLA, CFCF, WCSH, WFBR, WWJ, WTAM, WPTF, WJAX, WSOC, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, KVOO, WAPI, KFYR, WDAF, WMC, WAVE, KTBS, KPRC, WBAP, KSTP, WOW, WTMJ, WEBC, WDAY, WSM, WJDX, WSMB, WKY, WOAI, WSB, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KTAR, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHO, KFSD, KGHL, KYW, WIRE.

10:00 EDST (½)—Fibber McGee and Molly—comedy sketch with music. (S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.)
NBC Service Chicago Studios to WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WBAL, WMAL, WGAR, WJR, WFIL, WCKY, WENR, WMT, KSO, WREN, KOIL.

11:00 EDST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:00 P.M. EDST.)

11:15 EDST (¼)—Tony and Gus.
See Monday same time for stations.

11:30 EDST (½)—Leo Reisman's orch. with Phil Duey. (Philip Morris.)
KOA, KTAR, KGHL, KGIR, KDYL, KFSD, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KGU.
(See also 8:00 P.M. EDST.)

12:00 Midnight EDST (½)—Buoyant Ben Bernie and his orch. (Pabst.)
KOA, KPO, KFI, KOMO, KHQ, KGW, KGU

WEDNESDAYS

(July 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th and 31st)

6:45 EDST (¼)—Lowell Thomas.
(For stations see Mondays.)

7:00 EDST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EDST (¼)—Just Entertainment.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

7:15 EDST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill."
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EDST (¼)—Tony and Gus.
See Monday same time for stations.

7:15 EDST (¼)—Stories of the Black Chamber.
For station list see Monday same time.

7:30 EDST (¼)—Silver Dust Presents "The O'Neills," with Kate McComb, Jack Rubin, Jane West and Aee McAlister, and Jimmy Tansey. (Gold Dust Corp.)
For stations see Monday same time.)

7:30 EDST (¼)—Easy Aces.
For stations see Monday same time.

7:45 EDST (¼)—Uncle Ezra's Radio Station "E-Z-R-A."
For stations see Monday same time

7:45 EDST (¼)—Boake Carter. (Philco Radio Corporation.)
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EDST (¼)—Dramatic sketch starring Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. (John H. Woodbury, Inc.)
For stations see Monday same time.

8:00 EDST (¼)—Johnnie & His Foursome. (Philip Morris.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, KRNT, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WCCO, WGR, WHEC.

8:00 EDST (½) — One Man's Family. (Standard Brands, Inc.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, KYW, WFBR, WDAF, WTMJ, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, KSD, WOW, WHO, WCKY, WWNC, WMAQ, WIBA, WEBC, WKY, WDAY, KFYR, WPTF, WMC, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, KVOO, KTBS, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KTAR, KFI, WIS, WRVA, WIOD, WFLA, WSM, WSB, KPRC, WJAX, KSTP, WFAA, WCSH, WHIO, WIRE.

8:00 EDST (½)—Hal Kemp and his Orchestra; Babs and her Brothers and other vocalists. (Harold S. Ritchie & Co.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WLW, WLS, WMT, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WHAM, WFIL.

8:30 EDST (½)—Broadway Varieties. Everett Marshall, baritone and master of ceremonies; Elizabeth Lennox, Contralto; Victor Arden's orchestra. (Bi-So-Dol.)
WABC, WCAO, CKLW, WJSV, WADC, WOKO, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WNAC, WGR, WCAU, WBT, WKRC, WHK, WJAS, WBBM, WFBM, WOWO, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KERN, KRLD, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WIBW, KLZ, KSL, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

8:30 EDST (½)—Lady Esther Serenade. Wayne King and his orchestra.
For list of stations see Tuesday same time.

8:30 EDST (½)—House of Glass—dramatic sketch featuring Gertrude Berg, Joe Greenwald, Paul Stewart, Helen Dumas, Bertha Walden, Arlene Blackburn and Celia Babcock. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WFIL, WLS, WMT, KSO, WREN, KOIL, WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WTAR, WSOC.

9:00 EDST (½)—Romance. David Ross, Readings; Emery Deutsch and His Orchestra.
WABC and network.

9:00 EDST (1)—Town Hall Tonight. Fred Allen, comedian and Portland Hoffa; Songsmith Quartet; Peter Van Steeden's orchestra and others. (Bristol-Meyers Co.)
WEAF, WJAR, WRC, WTAM, WJAX, WRVA, WLW, WCAE, WCSH, WGY, WWJ, WIOD, WPTF, WTAG, WFBR, WBEN, WIS, WTIC, WEEI, WMAQ, WOW, WSB, KYW, WHO, KSTP (WFAA off 9:45), KSD, WTMJ, WSM, KVOO, WEBC, WDAF, WSMB, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS, WMC, WKY.
(See also 12:00 midnight EDST.)

9:00 EDST (¾)—Home on Our Range, John Charles Thomas, Wm. Daly's orchestra. (William R. Warner Co.)
WJZ, WMAL, WBZA, WJR, WBAL, WCKY, WBZ, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WLS, WMT, WIRE.

(Continued on page 86)

The Listeners' League Gazette

(Continued from page 6)

MARCONI MEMBERS MAY JOIN CHAPTERS

(Continued from Pg. 6, Col. I)

to form such a chapter herself. She may join the Marconi club immediately. Then, if she wishes, she can later affiliate with a Pittsburgh Crosby Chapter, provided the chapter will accept her application.

A listener who wishes to do this should inform the League by letter. The League will then propose his or her name to a chapter in the city where the listener lives. If the chapter approves, the listener will be notified.

THE LEAGUE IS CLEARING HOUSE

(Continued from Pg. 6, Col. IV)

to the artists without delay.

League members who wish to write to other members may send their letters direct when full addresses of members are published. But if you do not have the address of the member you wish to write to, merely send your letter to the League, at above address, and your letter will be forwarded.

LETTER PRAISE LEAGUE

(Continued from Pg. 6, Col. IV)

club.

Miss Jeanette Seratto of Staten Island, New York, has just formed a chapter of twenty members to back **Lanny Ross.** She, as president, is actively assisted by Miss Rita Piccione, as vice-president, and Miss June Kehoe, as secretary.

Miss Lillian M. Van Zandt of Troy, New York, is president of a newly formed chapter in behalf of **Rudy Vallee.** Miss Van Zandt has long been a Vallee booster and she with her coworkers will add much to the League.

Miss Mary Helen Quelley of Brooklyn, New York, as president of the **Eleanor Holm-Arthur Jarrett** Club writes to say: "I want to congratulate you on your new fan club department, and I'm sure it will go far as fan clubs are getting very numerous." Miss Quelley reports that although her club is but twelve weeks old, it is already publishing its own newspaper. Miss Marie Pesce is secretary of the club, with Miss Dorothy M. Hulse as assistant secretary. Headquarters are maintained at 1748 East 52nd Street, Brooklyn.

From Miss Mary Munger, 23 Harvard Street, Pittsfield, Massachusetts, comes this interesting note: "We have a **Lanny Ross** Club in this city, and in a few days we are going to apply for a chapter in the Listeners' League. . . . Our club is called 'The First Lanny Ross Club of Pittsfield' and though we have many members in the city we would like to have some from other cities. The club publishes a paper called **'Chit-Chat'** each month. This club has **Rosaline Green** and Lanny's mother, Mrs. Douglas Ross, as honorary members."

Vivian Bretz of Lehighton, Pennsylvania, sends us a copy of *"The Gale Page-S,"* a publication devoted to the interests of **Gale Page.** It is a very active club of which Miss Bretz is president and which states its aim as "To Boost Our Star To Higher Heights." Miss Alice Cullin of Shelton, Connecticut, is vice-president and Miss Lauretta Sthare of Lehighton, Pennsylvania, is secretary.

From Miss Charlotte Kovacs of West View, Pennsylvania, comes an interesting letter telling about the **Ethel Shutta** club of which she is the organizer. The club paper is a complete publication giving news and notes about Miss Shutta and her fans. Honorary members are listed as **George Olsen, Joe Morrison, Bob Rice, Ben Bernie, Eddie Cantor, Joe Penner, Mary Livingston, Jack Benny, Norma Shearer, Mary Small, Jean Muir** and **Leah Ray.**

Here comes a message from none other than "Niagara Nell." She is the woman at Niagara Falls, New York, who listens so attentively to all programs and whose criticisms and suggestions are accepted by the various artists as worth serious consideration. A letter from her has changed many a program, and has even put inferior programs on a higher plane. Some months ago, you may remember, RADIO STARS magazine printed a story about her and her radio activities. She writes:

"Congratulations to the newly formed Listeners' League of America. You've got something there . . . and here's to its prosperity as a means of keeping broadcasters on their toes, giving a voice with some volume to the radio listeners . . . and to champion any worthy cause which artists deem advisable for their profession (that is at the same time in accord with radio's code of ethics).

"On those counts, as you list them in this June issue of **RADIO STARS** this veteran listener sends in her application for membership, at large, or will it be the Marconi Club?

"Let's see this new VOL grow.

THE HONOR ROLL

(Continued from Pg. 6, Col. II)

erly Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss J. Ficken, 1096 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Frances Baumann, 1475 E. 17th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss A. Harmon, 2945 Brighton 3 St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Elizabeth Bennett, 853 E. 18th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Julia Lynch, 1614 East 9th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

LANNY ROSS—*Chapter 2*

Miss Bernadette Smith, 225 Schaeffer St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Mary Wolff, 1246 Hally St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Dorothy L. Boos, 344 Eldert St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Shirley Wittman, 140 Cornelia St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Martha W. Redden, 135 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Helen Kayser, 233 Eldert St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Veronica Smith, 225 Schaeffer St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Margaret Walsh, 151-41 134th Ave., South Jamaica, L. I.
Miss Carolina Garthaffner, 213 Warren St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Continued on page 87)

for nursing and expectant mothers

• All the food essentials required for your child's needs...for straight bones...sound teeth...must come from the food you eat.

To help safeguard both yourself and child *drink regularly plenty of milk* mixed with Cocomalt. This delicious food-drink provides *extra* proteins, carbohydrates, minerals (food-calcium and food-phosphorus) and Vitamins A, B, D and G. Sunshine Vitamin D is that important vitamin which is necessary for the formation of bones and teeth.

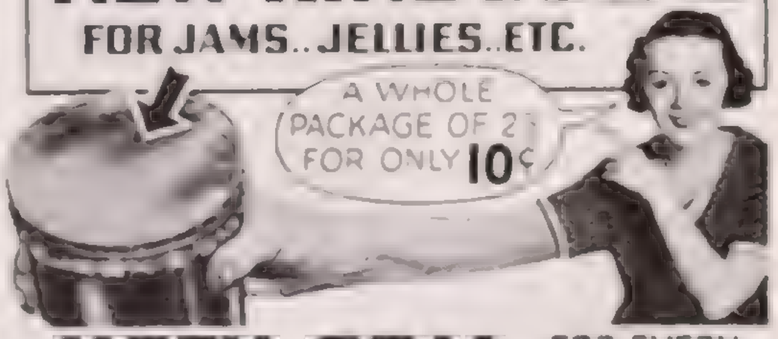
Accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Ass'n, Cocomalt is composed of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Vitamin D (irradiated ergosterol). Easy to mix with milk—delicious HOT or COLD. At grocery and good drug stores, or send 10c for trial can to R. B. Davis Co., Dept.MA8, Hoboken, N. J.

Cocomalt
The delicious Vitamin D food-drink

the CHORE GIRL
PURE KNITTED COTTON
INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS
Safely—quickly—thoroughly
Patented parallel outer layers provide—
"Double the Wear, where the Wear comes"

VOICE
100% Improvement Guaranteed
We build, strengthen the vocal organs—not with singing lessons—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct silent exercises . . and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100% . . . Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.
PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE
Studio C-721, 64 E. Lake St., Chicago

NEW KIND OF SEAL
FOR JAMS..JELLIES..ETC.



JIFFY-SEAL FOR EVERY KIND OF GLASS OR JAR!

Saves Time—Money—Labor—Materials

A MARVELOUS new invention needed by every housewife who makes jellies, jams, etc. Seals any glass or jar in ½ the usual time, at ½ the usual cost! No wax to melt—no tin tops to sterilize—no mess—no waste. A perfect seal every time. Amazingly easy to use. Try Jiffy-Seals—the new transparent film invention. If not yet at your dealer's, send 10c for full-size package to CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1433 York St., Cincinnati, O.

At All Woolworth, Kresge & Other 5c & 10c Stores or Your Neighborhood Store

MAGIC SKIN *Beautifier*

FAMOUS CREAM ENDS FRECKLES, BLACKHEADS—RESTORES CLEAR, LOVELY SKIN

Now you can quickly restore the fresh, lovely skin of youth. Just let wonderful NADINOLA Cream gently smooth away the mask of dull gray skin, freckles, blackheads. All you do is this: (1) At bedtime spread a thin film of NADINOLA Cream over your face—no massaging, no rubbing. (2) Leave on while you sleep. (3) Watch daily improvement—usually in 5 to 10 days you will see a marvelous transformation. Freckles, blackheads disappear; dull coarsened skin becomes creamy-white, satin-smooth, lovely! NADINOLA is a famous beautifier tested and trusted for nearly two generations. Results positively guaranteed. At toilet counters, only 50c. Or write NADINOLA, Box M-35, Paris, Tenn. *Generous 10c sizes of Nadinola Beauty aids at many 5c and 10c stores.*

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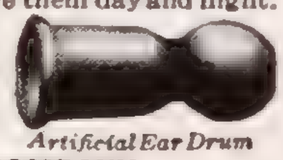

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Programs Day by Day

(*Continued from page 84*)

WEDNESDAYS (Continued)

9:30 EDST (½)—Presenting Mark Warnow. Variety program.
WABC and network

10:00 EDST (½)—Burns and Allen, comedians, Ferde Grofe's orchestra. (General Cigar Co.)
WABC, WADC, WCAO, WJSV, WNAC, CKLW, WORC, WCAU, WDRC, WEAN, WKBW, WOKO, WBIG, WFBL, WHK, WJAS, WKRC, WSPD, WBT, KMBC, KFAB, KSCJ, WFBM, KMOX, WBBM, WCCO, KOMA, KRLD, KTRH, KTSA, KLZ, KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOIN, KERN, KMJ, KFBK, KDB, KOL, KWG, KVI, KRNT, WHEC, WDBJ.

10:00 EDST (½)—Pleasure Island with Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. Ricardo Cortez, narrator. (Plough, Inc.)
WEAF, WTIC, WGY, WRVA, WTAR, WTAM, WPTF, WJAX, WTAG, WEEI, WFBR, WBEN, WWJ, WWNC, WIOD, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WCAE, WLW, WIS, WFLA, WMAQ, KYW, WHO, WAPI, KSD, WOW, WDAF, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WKY, KTHS, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS, WIBA, KSTP, WFBC, WDAY, KFYR, WIRE.

10:30 EDST (½)—Gene Baker, Bass-Baritone, with Symphony Orchestra Direction Howard Barlow.
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WGR, WKRC, WHK, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, KHJ, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KVI, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WBRC, WBT, KVOR, WBNS, KRLD, WOC, KLZ, WDNC, WOWO, WBIG, KTRH, WNOX, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WCCO, WALA, CKAC, KOMA, WCOA, KOH, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KTSA, WTOC, KWKH, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, WIBW, CFRB, KTUL, WIBX, KFH, KGKO, WSJS, WORC, WHP, WLAC, WDOD, WSFA, WMBR, KRNT, WICC, WACO.

10:30 EDST (½)—Coty Presents Ray Noble and his orchestra.
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WFBR, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, KYW, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, KOA, KDYL, WHIO, WKY, KTHS, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, WFAA, WIRE

11:00 EDST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:00 P.M. EDST.)

11:15 EDST (¼)—Tony and Gus.
See Monday same time for stations.

11:30 EDST (¼)—"Voice of Experience." (Wasey Products.)
KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

12:00 Midnight EDST (1)—Town Hall Tonight with Fred Allen and cast.
KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

THURSDAYS

(July 4th, 11th, 18th and 25th)

6:45 EDST (¼)—Lowell Thomas.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

6:45 EDST (10 min.)—Stoopnagle and Budd. (Devoe & Raynolds Co.)
WABC and network.

7:00 EDST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EDST (¼)—Just Entertainment.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

7:15 EDST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill."
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EDST (¼)—Tony and Gus.
See Monday same time for stations.

7:30 EDST (¼)—The Headline Hunter—Floyd Gibbons. (Johns-Manville Corp.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WFIL, WENR, WMT, KSO, WREN, KOIL, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WTAR, WSOC, KWK, CRCT, CFCF.

7:30 EDST (½)—The Molle Merry Minstrels. Al Bernard and Emil Casper, end men; Mario Cozzi, baritone; Wallace Butterworth, interlocutor; the Melodeers Quartet and Leigh Stevens and the Molle orchestra.
WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WTIC, WBEN, WCSH, WRC, WGY, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WMAQ, WDAF, KYW, (KSD, off 7:45), WOW.

7:45 EDST (¼)—Boake Carter.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EDST (1)—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees. (Fleischmann's Yeast.)
WEAF, WCSH, WRC, WCAE, WJAX, WWNC, WIS, WPTF, WIOD, WFLA, WRVA, CRCT, WTIC, WTAG, WBEN, WJAR, WGY, WTAM, CFCF, WLW, WEEI, WFBR, WMAQ, KPRC, WKY, KSD, WBAP, WAPI, KYW, WTMJ, KSTP, WDAF, WJDX, WSMB, WSB, WEBC, WDAY, WSM, WOAI, KFYR, WHO, WOW, WMC, KDYL, KOA, KTAR, KFI, KPO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WWJ.

8:00 EDST (1)—Kate Smith and Her Swanee Music.
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, KFAB, WHAS, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, KHJ, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WBRC, KVOR, WBNS, KRLD, WOC, KLZ, WDNC, WBIG, KTRH, WNOX, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WALA, CKAC, WDSU, WCOA, WMBD, KOH, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KTSA, WTOC, KWKH, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, CFRB, WIBX, WWVA, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WKBN, WMBR, WDOD, WSFA, KRNT, WHP, WLAC, WICC, WACO

9:00 EDST (½)—Camel Caravan with Annette Hanshaw, Walter O'Keefe; Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra. (Camel Cigarettes.)
(For stations see Tuesday at 10:00 EDST.)

9:00 EDST (1)—Maxwell House Show Boat. Frank McIntyre, Lanny Ross, tenor; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Kathleen Wells, contralto; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January, comedy; Gus Haenschen's Show Boat Band.
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WSOC, WTAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WRVA, WIOD, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WFLA, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, KYW, KFYR, WEBC, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WJDX, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WSMB, WBAP, KTBS, WKY, KPRC, WOAI, WSM, WAVE, KSTP, KTAR, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, WTIC, WHIO, WIRE, WIBA, WDAY, WPTF.

9:00 EDST (½)—Death Valley Days. Dramatic sketches. (Pacific Coast Borax Co.)
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WJR, WLW, WSYR, KDKA, WBAL, WHAM, WGAR, WMAL, WLS, KOIL, WREN, KWK, KSO, WMT.

9:30 EDST (¼)—Mexican Musical Tours—Angell Mercado and his Mexican Orchestra; soloists. (Mexican Government.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, WGAR, WFIL, WCKY, WENR, WMT, KSO, WREN, KOIL, KDKA.

10:00 EDST (1)—Paul Whiteman and his band; Helen Jepson, soprano; Ramona; the King's Men, and others. (Kraft.)
WEAF, WTAG, WFBR, WBEN, WWJ, WPTF, WJAX, WEEI, WCSH, WTIC, WFLA, WIS, CRCT, WRC, WCAE, WLW, WIOD, WJAR, WGY, WTAM, WRVA, CFCF, WWNC, WMAQ, KVOO, WMC, KYW, WHO, WOW, WSMB, WBAP, WKY, KTBS, WOAI, WIBA, WEBC, KSD, KPRC, WTMJ, KSTP, WDAF, WSM, WDAY, KFYR, KTHS, WSB, WAVE, WJDX, KOA, KTAR, KDYL, KOMO, KPO, KFI, KGW, KHQ.

10:30 EDST (1)—Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. (Ford Motor Co.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WICC, WCOA, WNBF, WMAS, WCAO, WSMK, WIBX, WNAC, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WLBZ, WBT, WHP, WHEC, WORC, WDRC, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WDBO, WDAE, WPG, WBNS, WBIG, WFEA, WDBJ, WTOC, WSJS, WKBN, WDNC, WBBM, WOC, KWKH, WOWO, KMOX, WMBR, WNOX, KGKO, WSBT, WQAM, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WBRC, WDOD, WDSU, KOMA, KTSA, WACO, KFH, WALA, WGST, KRLD, KTRH, KFAB, KLRA, WREC, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, KSCJ, KTUL, KVOR, KLZ, KSL, KOH, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KOIN, WKBH, WMBD, WNAX, WIBW, KRNT, CKAC, CKCL.

10:30 EDST (½)—Alemite Half Hour. Horace Heidt's Brigadiers. (Stewart-Warner Corp.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, KRNT, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, KFAB, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, KMOX, WFBL, WJSV, WMBR, WQAM, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WGST, WBRC, WBT, WBNS, KRLD, WOC, KLZ, KTRH, KLRA, WREC, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, WMBG, KSL, KTSA, KTUL, WNAX.

11:00 EDST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

11:15 EDST (¼)—Tony and Gus.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

11:30 EDST (½)—The Camel Caravan, Annette Hanshaw, Walter O'Keefe; Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra; (R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.—Camel Cigarettes.)
KVOR, KLZ, KOH, KSL, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

FRIDAYS

(July 5th, 12th, 19th and 26th)

6:45 EDST (¼)—Lowell Thomas.
(For stations see Monday.)

(*Continued on page 88*)

(*Continued from page 85*)

Miss Audrey MacDonald, 86-41 125th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.

BING CROSBY—*Chapter 1*

Mr. Albert G. Utah, 1238 Grove St., San Francisco, Calif.
Mr. Emmett Vetterline, 4253 18th St., San Francisco, Calif.
Mr. Joseph Morello, 3534 Broderick St., San Francisco, Calif.
Mr. Edward Toner, 1849 Page St., San Francisco, Calif.
Mr. William Wertz, 54 Douglas St., San Francisco, Calif.
Mr. William Leary, 142 Rivoli St., San Francisco, Calif.
Mr. Charles Thomas, 238 17th Ave., San Francisco, Calif.
Mr. Joseph Daly, 1801 Siliman St., San Francisco, Calif.
Mr. Frank Love, 124 Lyon St., San Francisco, Calif.
Mr. Kenneth Duncan, 538 Broderick St., San Francisco, Calif.

RUDY VALLEE—*Chapter 1*

Miss Lillian M. Van Zandt, 309 5th Ave., Troy, N. Y.
Miss Catherine L. Barringer, 343 Fourth Ave., Troy, N. Y.
S. M. Dickinson, 441 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.
Miss Olive M. Clum, 38 Glen Ave., Troy, N. Y.
Miss Grace M. Haight, 774 3rd Ave. N., Troy, N. Y.
Miss Gladys M. Wagar, 542 7th Ave. N., Troy, N. Y.
Miss Emily M. O'Brien, 449 5th Ave., Troy, N. Y.
Miss Ella I. Almond, 349 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.
Miss Grace M. Warren, 26 110th St., Troy, N. Y.
Miss Elizabeth F. Jensen, 749 6th Ave. N., Troy, N. Y.
Miss Edna M. Dickinson, 441 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

GUY LOMBARDO—*Chapter 1*

Miss Angeline De Pasquale, No. 9, Box 930, Seattle, Washington
Mr. C. Bohler, Route 2, Renton, Washington
Mr. Gino Nonis, Route 2, Renton, Washington
Miss Fanny De Pasquale, R. F. D. No. 2, Box 76, Renton, Washington
Miss Mary Sarro, 1630 25th Avenue, Seattle, Wash.
Mr. John Toti, 2016 Warsaw, Seattle, Wash.
Mr. Tony De Pasquale, Route 2, Seattle, Wash.
Miss Mary De Leo, R. F. D. No. 2, Renton, Wash.
Mr. John Vanni, 2016 Warsaw, Seattle, Wash.
Miss Sarah Couple, 4020 Letitia Ave., Seattle, Wash.

FRANK PARKER—*Chapter 1*

Miss Lorraine Sammons, 6845 Merrill Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Miss Rita-Mary Sammons, 6845 Merrill Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Miss Geraldine Moore, 7244 Merrill Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. George Moore, 7244 Merrill Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Miss Gloria Gilham, 7255 Yates Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Miss Virginia Gilham, 7255 Yates Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Miss Ethelyn Brink, 7057 Ogelsby Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Miss Lynette Brink, 7057 Ogelsby Ave., Chicago, Ill.
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Miss Margaret Weidner, 826 Spring Garden Ave. N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa
Miss Mary Young, 405 S. Pine St., Richmond, Va.
Miss Irene Kellam, Box 384, Martinsville, Va.
Miss Elsie M. Stearn, Hillman Ave., Trenton, N. J.
Miss Marye Galayda, 114 E. 76th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

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Mr. Weldon Jones, Potts Avenue, R. R No. 1, Norristown, Pa.

FRANK PARKER

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Miss Frances Thompson, Grand Crossing, Fla.
Miss Irma Seeling, 4709 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Lois Melser, 423 St. Martin St., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Miss Norma Woods, Main St., Groton, Mass.
Miss Barbara Fisher, 625 Sea St., Quincy, Mass.
Miss Rose Scarpone, 86 Elizabeth St., Dover, N. J.
Miss Rose McGee, 2620 Glenwood Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Geraldine Anderson, 775 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(*Continued on page 89*)

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BEIGE
RACHEL
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BY DOROTHY DOW

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Read this thrilling story of a girl "with a past" in

SWEETHEART STORIES
AUGUST ISSUE

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 86)

FRIDAYS (Continued)

7:00 EDST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EDST (¼)—Just Entertainment.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

7:15 EDST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill."
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EDST (¼)—Tony and Gus.
See Monday same time for stations

7:15 EDST (¼)—Stories of the Black Chamber.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

7:30 EDST (¼)—Silver Dust Presents "The O'Neills." (Gold Dust Corp.)
(See same time Monday.)

7:45 EDST (¼)—Uncle Ezra's Radio Station.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

7:45 EDST (¼)—Boake Carter.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EDST (¼)—Dangerous Paradise. Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EDST (1)—Cities Service Concert. Jessica Dragonette, soprano; quartette; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's orchestra.
WEAF, WTIC, WSAI, WEEI, WCAE, WWJ, WCSH, WRC, WBEN, WTAG, CRCT, WJAR, WTAM, WRVA, WFBR, (WGY off 8:30), WDAF, WMAQ, WKY, KSTP (WTMJ on 8:30), WFAA, WOAI, KPRC, KTBS, KYW, KSD, WHO, WOW, WEBC, KOA, (KDYL on 8:15 to 9:00), WIOD, WHIO.

8:00 EDST (¼)—Irene Rich. Dramatic sketch. (Welch Grape Juice.)
WJZ, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WLS, KSO, WREN, KOIL, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAVE, WMT, WIRE, WGAR, WJR, WTAR, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

8:15 EDST (¼)—Carlsbad Presents Morton Downey; Ray Sinatra's orchestra. Guy Bates Post, narrator.
WJZ, WHAM, WBZ, WBZA, WMAL, WJR, KSO, KOIL, WREN, WMT, WFIL, WIRE, WCKY, WSYR, WLS.

8:30 EDST (½)—Kellogg College Prom—Ruth Etting and Red Nichols and his orchestra; guest artist.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, KDKA, WBZA, WSYR, WGAR, WCKY, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WFIL, WMT, WLS, WHAM, WJR

9:00 EDST (½)—Beatrice Lillie, comedienne, with Lee Perrins orchestra; Cavaliers quartet. (Borden Sales Co.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, WRVA, WBZ, WBZA, WJR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WCKY, CFCF, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WTAR, WIOD, WFLA, CRCT, WLS, WFAA, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WKY, KTHS, KPRC, KOA, KTAR, KDYL, KPO, KFSD, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WMT, WFIL.

9:00 EDST (½)—Waltz Time. Bernice Claire, soprano; Frank Munn, tenor; Abe Lyman's orchestra. (Sterling Products.)
WEAF, WEEI, WTAG, WLW, WRC, WBEN, WWJ, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WGY, WTAM, WCAE, WMAG, KSD, WOW, KYW, WDAF.

9:00 EDST (1)—Campbell Soup Company presents "Hollywood Hotel," with Dick Powell, Raymond Paige's orchestra, guest stars.
WABC, WADC, WBIG, WBT, WHEC, WIBX, WCOA, WHK, WEAN, WFBL, WFEA, WBNS, WCAO, WCAU, WDAE, WDBJ, WDRC, WHP, WICC, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WLBZ, WMAS, WMBG, WNAC, WOKO, WORC, WPG, WQAM, WSJS, WSPD, CFRB, CKAC, CKLW, WBBM, WNOX, KWKH, WTOC, WSFA, WMBR, WALA, KFAB, KFH, KLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, KRLD, KSCJ, KTRH, KTSA, WACO, WBRC, WCCO, WDOD, WDSU, WGST, WHAS, WIBW, WLAC, WMBD, WNAX, WREC, KTUL, KLZ, KSL, KVOR, KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KERN, KMJ, KFBK, KDB, KWG, KHJ, KOH, KOIN, KOL, KVI, KRNT, WFBM.

9:30 EDST (½)—Pick and Pat in One Night Stands—orchestra direction Joseph Bonime; guest singer. (U. S. Tobacco Co.)
NBC Service to WEAF, WWJ, WSAI, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, KYW, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WHO, WOW, WTIC, WMAQ, WHIO.

9:30 EDST (½)—The Armour Program with Phil Baker, Harry McNaughton, Ella Logan, blues singer.
WJZ, WOAI, WKY, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, KDYL, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, WRVA, WWNC, WJAX, WIOD, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WSMB, WFAA, KOA, KSO, WENR, KHQ, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KTAR, KPRC, WBAL, WAVE, WFLA, WMAL, WSYR, WMT, WBZ, WBZA, KWK.

10:00 EDST (½)—Richard Himber and Studebaker Champions. Stuart Allen, Vocalist.
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, KMOX, KFAB, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WGST, WBT, WBNS, WCCO, WDSU, WSBT, KFH.

10:00 EDST (½)—First Nighter. Drama with June Meredith, Don Ameche and Cliff Soubier, Eric Sagerquist's orchestra. (Campana.)
WEAF, WEEI, WGY, WLW, WTAM, WTAG, WRC, WTIC, WJAR, WFBR, WBEN, WWJ, WCSH, WCAE, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, KVOO, WMC, WOW, WDAF, WKY, KPRC, WEBC, WSM, WSB, WSMB, WFAA, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KSTP, KYW, WTMJ, KFSD, KTAR.

10:30 EDST (¾)—Circus Nights in Silvertown featuring Joe Cook, comedian, with B. A. Rolfe and his Silvertown Orchestra; Tim and Irene; Lucy Monroe, soprano; Phil Duey, baritone; Peg La Centra, contralto, and Silvertown Singers. (B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co.)
WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WFIL, WCKY, WENR, KSO, WREN, KOIL, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WTAR, WSOC, KWCR, WBAL, WIRE, WJW, CRCT, CFCF, WMT, WRVA.

11:15 EDST (¼)—Tony and Gus.
See Monday same time for stations.

11:30 EDST (¾)—Circus Nights in Silvertown. (B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co.)
WTMJ, WIBA, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, KVOO, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR, KSTP, KWK.

12:30 EDST (½)—Richard Himber and Studebaker Champions.
KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI, KFBK, KMJ, KWG, KERN, KDB, KLZ, KSL.

SATURDAYS

(July 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th)

7:00 EDST (½)—Soconyland Sketches (Socony-Vacuum Oil Co., Inc.)
WABC, WFBL, WHEC, WOKO, WNAC, WGR, WDRC, WEAN, WLBZ, WICC, WMAS, WORC.

7:45 EDST (¼)—Briggs Sport Review of the Air with Thornton Fisher. (P. Lorillard Co.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, KYW, WHIO, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WRVA, WPTF, WTAR, WSOC, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WAVE, WMC, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WCAE, WSAI, WSB, KOA, KDYL

8:00 EDST (1)—Modern Minstrels.
WABC and network.

8:00 EDST (1)—The Hit Parade—with Lennie Hayton and his orchestra; Gogo de Lys and Johnny Hauser, vocalists; and others. (American Tobacco Co.)
WEAF, WTIC, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WTAG, KYW, WHIO, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WLW, WTAM, WIRE, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WTAR, WSOC, WKY, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR, KGU, KVOO, KTHS, WWJ, (WTMJ, WFAA 8:30-9:00), (WSM, WBAP 8:00-8:30), WRVA.

9:00 EDST (½)—Radio City Party—Guest orchestra and soloists.
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, KYW, WHIO, WRC, WGY, WFBR, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, KSD, WLW, WMAQ, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, KSTP, WIBA, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WRVA, WTAR, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSOC, WAVE, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS, KOAI, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

9:30 EDST (1)—The Shell Chateau starring Al Jolson with guest artists; Victor Young and his orchestra. (Shell Eastern Petroleum Products, Inc.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, KYW, WHIO, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WSAI, WMAQ, WDAF, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, KDYL, WWJ, KSD, WHO, WOW, WTMJ.

9:30 EDST (1)—National Barn Dance. (Dr. Miles Laboratories.)
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WLS, WJR, WMT, KSO, WIRE, KWK, WBAL, WMAL, WREN, KPRC, KOIL, WFIL, WKY, KTBS, WBAP, WMC, WAVE, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, (WAPI, KTHS off 10:00) (KVOO on 10:00) WOAI, WLW.

9:30 EDST (½)—Melody Masterpieces. Mary Eastman, Soprano; Evan Evans, Baritone; Howard Barlow's Symphony Orchestra.
WABC and network.

10:00 EDST (½)—California Melodies.
WABC and network.

(*Continued from page 87*)

Miss Mary Joan Gilloon, 680 Ovington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Mildred Stargot, 1136 Sherman Ave., New York City
Miss Luella Harrison, Darragh, Penna.
Miss Mary Halloran, 3117 N. Spangler St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Miss Lenore Houston, 1709 Suburban Ave., Pittsburgh, Penna.
Miss Jeanne Barrett, Dalzell and Marie Wall, Penna.

RUDY VALLEE

Miss Lucille Jarrett, 619 Sixth Ave., Terre Haute, Indiana
Miss Kathleen Mercer, 630 Second St., Fall River, Mass.
Mr. Geo. Beach, Charles Henry St., Iselin, N. J.
Mr. Leo O. Miclon, West Thornton, N. H.
Miss Agnes M. Judge, 89 Bruce Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.
Miss Mary Errol Kitchen, P. O. Box 271, Hamilton, Bermuda

BING CROSBY

Miss Estelle Massa, Foxon Blvd, East Haven, Conn.
Miss Emely Wilson, Rawlings, Maryland
Mrs. F. Wassow, 2086 Blaine, Detroit, Michigan
Miss Marie Jane Zecca, 1240 Walton Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.
Miss M. Evelyn Illinow, Box 111 E. Main St., Princeton, Wisc.

PAUL WHITEMAN

Miss Isabel Gouthro, Box 81, Purves St., North Sydney, Nova Scotia, Canada

FRED WARING

Marguerite Mills, 120 Albion St., Fall River, Mass.
Miss Janice Roche, 223 Buffalo St., Hamburg, N. Y.
Mr. Israel Goldstein, 561 Southern Boulevard, Bronx, N. Y.

JESSICA DRAGONETTE

Miss Alice W. Arnold, 261 Puritan Ave., Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y.
C. F. Wylie, 113 South 11th St., Colorado Springs, Colo.

JERRY COOPER

Miss Jane Errante, 216 Montauk Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Evelyn Cerny, 1348 Lowrie, St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

NELSON EDDY

Miss Audrey Deutsch, 2315 Cropsey Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Nanise E. Johnson, 417 Edith Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

ANNETTE HANSHAW

Mr. Phil Earl, 625 Juniper Road, Fontana, California
Mr. Leo Lebeau, 45 Capen Lane, Willimantic, Conn.
Mr. Lloyd P. Russell, R. F. D. No. 1, Amherst, Mass.
Mr. Bill Ownes, c/o Steamer Thomas Lynch, Sault Ste Marie, Mich.
Miss Sara R. Vennel, Pages Lane, Moorestown, N. J.
Mr. Al Geller, 321 E. Houston, St., New York City
Mr. Edward Kupensky, 156 Bellman St., Dickson City, Penna.

CONRAD THIBAULT

Miss Barbara Hudson, 446 West 3rd St., Elmhurst, Illinois
Miss Winifred Whitney, 3 Washington St., South River, N. J.
Miss Leona Johnpoll, 3445 Olinville Ave., Brown, N. Y.
Miss Mabel Ely, 317 Young St., Middletown, Ohio
Miss Florence Bayle, 1639 Warrell St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BEN BERNIE

David W. Hayman, Robt. Brigham Hospital, 125 Parker Hill Ave., Roxbury, Boston, Mass.
Mr. Lee Edwin Hale, 2111-16th St. Lubbock, Texas

ROSEMARY LANE

Mr. Edward F. Roemer, 310 W. Alice St., Kingsville, Texas

KAY KAYSER

Miss Mary C. Funke, 1315 State St., La Crosse, Wis.

DON AMECHE

Miss M. J. Pundiville, 14 Parkway, Piedmont, Calif.

LEAH REAH

Miss Kathryn Gensbauer, 3756 North 9th St., Phila, Penna.

BURGESS MEREDITH

Miss Josephine Clay, 805 Third St., Versailles, Penna.

HAL KEMP

Mr. Robert Fulton, Main St., Irwin, Penna.

VIVIENNE SEGAL

Mr. Robert C. Staker, 808 East 44th St., Kansas City, Mo.
Emilie Kleckner, 2515 Kimball St., Phildelphia, Pa.

EDDIE CANTOR

Rayner E. Agner, 145 Wills St., Covington, Va.

EDWARD McHUGH

Miss Edna M. Scherrer, 100 Richards St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

GLADYS SWARTHOUT

Miss Frances Christensen, 5437 Boyd Ave., Oakland, Calif.

EDDIE DUCHIN

Miss Matilda Landsman, 1372 Grant Ave., New York City

DICK POWELL

Mr. Albert Haig, 830 N. 7th St., Camden, N. J.

MORTON DOWNEY

Miss Pearl I. Fitch, Middline Road, Ballston Spa; c/o G. E. Stack

ROSALINE GREENE

Miss Joan Berube, Central Avenue, Roslyn, L. I.

IRENE BEASLEY

Miss Florence Traver, 2239—8th Ave., New York City

JAMES MELTON

Miss Nell Flanigan, 219 Pike St., Lawrenceville, Ga.

LITTLE JACK LITTLE

Mr. Jack Crawford, Jr., 1250 Van Buren, Corvallis, Oregon

CURTIS ARNALL

Miss Marjorie Honey, 706 Oak Ave., Aurora, Ill.

WAYNE KING

Miss Mary F. Bergin, 6533 West Fort St., Detroit, Mich.

FRED ALLEN

Mr. Nathaniel F. Wood, 1470 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass.

ARMAND GIRARD

Mr. John G. Despeaux, 1119 N. Luzerne Ave., Baltimore, Md.

STOOPNAGLE & BUDD

D. E. Pitman, 235 Horton St., Wilkes-Barre, Penna.

JANE FROMAN

Miss Ruth Connell, Marysville, Wash.

GEORGE HALL

Peter Gorman, 445 East 179 St., Bronx, N. Y.

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Ray Lee Jackson

Here are the answers

A skeptical Chicago reader writes in to ask if the Answer Man really answers the questions readers write in, or if he makes them up. We put this up to the A. M. and he squealed with irritation. Seems as if he has enough trouble finding out the answers to what you ask, without dashing around making up any questions.

So if there is anything you want to know about radio stars and programs, send your queries to The Answer Man, RADIO STARS, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City.

THE SHEER joy of visiting his relatives in the country has impelled Uncle Answer Man to stay rather longer than he planned. How refreshing is their resulting coolness these hot summer days.

But the real happiness comes each night when my sweet little nephew and niece come to my easy chair and pounding their grimy little fists on my pate, demand, "Unkie; how come you write all those dopey rules about (1) Limiting each asker to two questions; (2) Not giving out artists' addresses; (3) Not being able to tell how to get artists' photographs; (4) Not being able to provide tickets for broadcasts, or (5) Not answering any but those questions asked the most number of times?"

"That's a question-answerer's professional secret," I tell them. "But if there are any other questions about radio stars you want to ask me, shoot."

Whereupon they let fly with their water pistols and after a good laugh all around, they begin like this:

Niece: Me first. I wanna know when I can hear **Shirley Howard** and just what she looks like.

Unkie: Try tuning in NBC red network stations Wednesdays and Fridays at five o'clock Eastern Standard. But you may not find her there. You know how these summer sustaining programs change. As for her looks—they're good. She's five feet six inches tall, weighs one hundred and twenty-eight pounds, has a light complexion and dark brown hair. She was born July 22nd, 1911, in Brooklyn, N. Y. So-ome babe!

Nephew: G'wan. You wouldn't stand a chance with her. Anyhow long's you're on the lookers, tell us about **Harriet Hilliard.**

Unkie: Well, this particular dream girl of radio is five feet four and three-quarters inches tall, weighs one hundred and fourteen pounds, has a very real, very blonde head of hair. Light complexion, of course. Her real name is Peggy Lou Snyder. Her father was a stage director, her mother an actress; she became a ballet dancer and wound up as a radio singer. **Ozzie Nelson** is said to be responsible for that, he having discovered her in New York's Hollywood restaurant where she was a sort of mistress of ceremonies. She hasn't had a vacation in five years.

Niece: Well, you have, loafer. So get busy and recite the cast of the **"Judy and Jane"** sketches.

Unkie: Sweet child! **Judy** is Margaret Evans; **Jane,** Joan Kay; other members who play various parts are Fred Von Ammon, Carl Hubbell, Charlie Calvert, Mary McCormack and Charles Dasch. Carl Buss is the author.

Nephew: All right, smartie. See what you can tell us about **Honeyboy** and **Sassafras.**

Unkie: Okay, brat. Honeyboy's real name is George Fields. He was born in Grove Springs, Missouri, March 27th, 1893. What does he look like? Well, he's five feet ten and one-half inches tall, has ruddy complexion and gray eyes. He went to public schools in Joplin, Mis- (*Continued on page 76*)

Who sees all, hears all, tells all? The Answer Man!

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